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THE
SUPPLEMENTARY WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE
SUPPLEMENTARY WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
COMPRISING
HIS POEMS AND DOUBTFUL PLAYS;
WITH
GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES.

A NEW EDITION,
BY WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO., FARRINGDON STREET.
1852.

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PREFACE.

THE Doubtful Plays of Shakspeare are printed with this edition of his undoubted works, because the mere fact of their having been repeatedly printed as his productions entitles them to popular perpetuation, and because there is fair presumption that, in greater or less proportion, several of them, at least, actually passed through his hands.

It is now a century and a half since they were all published together as his compositions, and four of them had been separately printed with his name in his lifetime; and for a still longer period various opinions have been entertained about them.

The decision of critics, however, on a point so long agitated, should not satisfy the curious and intelligent reader of Shakspeare. He will wish to see with his own eyes, and to decide by the power of his own understanding; and to him these performances, in their present form, will not be unacceptable. Indeed, considering them merely as productions of writers contemporary with our author, they may be perused with advantage; since, like most of the dramatic compositions of that time, they may serve to explain his phraseology, and illustrate his allusions.

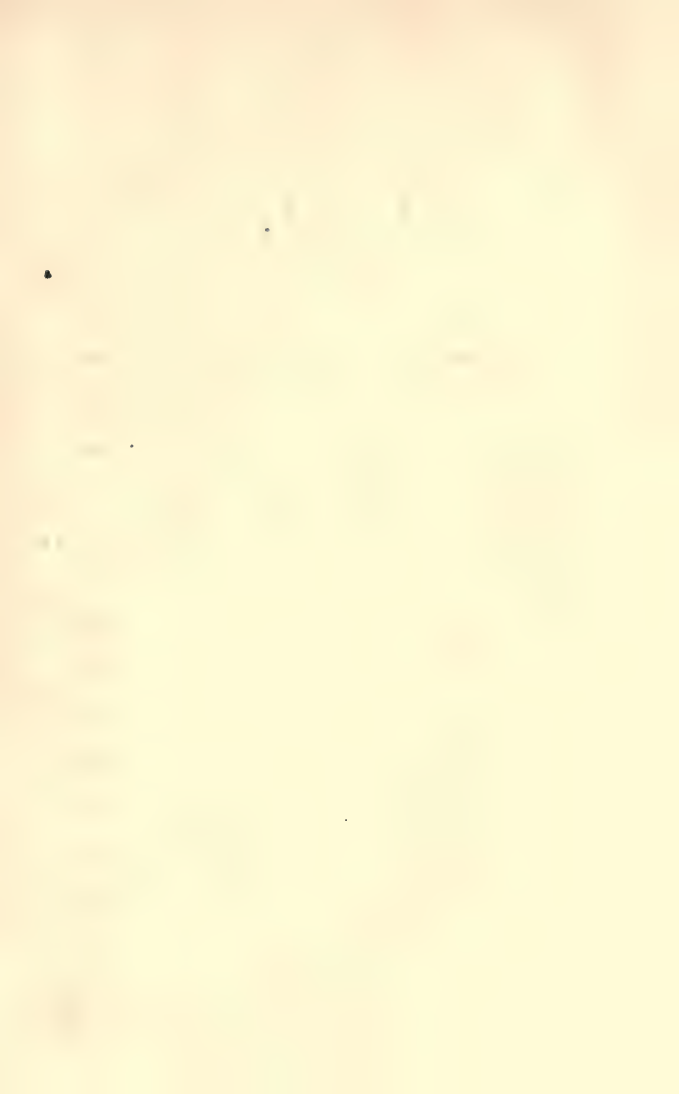
The text employed is that of Johnson, Steevens, and Reid, whose notes have been revised, and in some few instances augmented, by the present Editor. With

respect to the poems, up to the appearance of the text here adopted,—that of Malone,—no attempt was made to separate the genuine poetical compositions of Shakspeare from the spurious performances with which they had been so long intermixed, or to compare them with the earliest editions. Shortly after his death, a very incorrect impression of his poems was issued, which in every subsequent edition had been implicitly followed. In Malone's edition they were faithfully printed from the original copies, except his *Venus and Adonis*, which the Editor, unable to procure the first impression, printed from a copy of that poem published in 1600, which he carefully collated for his work.

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre, was entered on the Stationers' books May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, and was printed in the following year, by Henry Gosson. The text of this play, so printed, is corruption itself; and despite the infinite pains that have since been bestowed upon it, that text still remains, in all probability, far from accurate. As to the authorship of the play, though its position in this edition of Shakspeare indicates that the parentage has been doubted, yet the balance of criticism appears favourable to its claim upon the great poet: to what extent, is another question. Aulus Gellius tells us that several plays are ascribed absolutely to Plautus, which he merely repolished and retouched; and this, no doubt, was the case with Shakspeare. This, at all events, is certain, that the play was extremely successful on the stage.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *Two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*
MARSHAL.
A PANDER, *and his WIFE.*
BOULT, *their Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The DAUGHTER of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
DIANA.

LORDS, LADIES, KNIGHTS, GENTLEMEN, SAILORS, PIRATES, FISHERMEN, and MESSENGERS, &c.

SCENE.—Dispersedly in various countries.*

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festival,
On Ember-eves, and Holy ale;†
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives,
'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.

* That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; Tarsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and Ephesus, the capital of Ionia a country of the Lesser Asia.

† Whitsuntide, &c.

If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This city then, Antioch the Great
 Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria
 (I tell you what mine authors say):
 This king unto him took a pheere,*
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and fair of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account† no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow:
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow,
 Which to prevent, he made a law
 (To keep her still, and men in awe),
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.‡
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
 The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

[*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd),
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the DAUGHTER of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

* Wife, partner.

† Accounted.

‡ Pointing to the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of these
 unfortunate wights were fixed.

Of every virtue gives renown to men !
 Her face, the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.*
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love
 That have inflamed desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles, —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 A countless glory, which desert must gain :
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must :
 For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then ; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the DAUGHTER of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
 Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion† then ;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove prosperous !
 In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

* Companion of her mildness.

† Experiment, riddle.

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last :* but O you powers !
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;
Who, finger'd to make† man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken ;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired ;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear.
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd‡ hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

* *I. e.* the last line.

† (For).

‡ Conical.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head ! He has found the meaning ;—

But I will gloze* with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his DAUGHTER, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father) ;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though fed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke :
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;

* Flatter.

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Ant. Enough;
 Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit MESSENGER.*]

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
 Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
 Can get him once within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness [*Exit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: why this charge of thoughts?
 The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
 By me so used a guest is, not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
 (The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed me quiet!
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me,
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by miss-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares* it be not done.
 And so with me;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;

* Takes care.

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them),
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt LORDS.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns ?
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven from whence
They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*kneeling*]. I have ground the axe myself ;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee rise ;
Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer ;
I thank thee for it ; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !
Fit councillor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus :
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
The rest (hark in thine ear), as black as incest ;

Which, by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe: but thou know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
 And should he doubt it (as no doubt he doth),
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, Sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
 Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by public war, or private treason,
 Will take away your life.
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
 But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
 But in our orbs* we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,†
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

* In our different spheres.

† Overcome.

*SCENE III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.**Enter THALIARD.*

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre, Further to question of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the king gone![*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?[*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so: And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, To show his sorrow, would correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive[*Aside.*]

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king it sure must please, He scaped the land, to perish on the seas,— But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.*Thal.* From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles; But, since my landing, as I have understood, Your lord has took himself to unknown travels, My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,— As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]*SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.**Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here? And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it:

For who digs hills because they do aspire,
 Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that
 If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government
 (A city, on whom plenty held full hand),
 For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
 Whose men and dames so jetted* and adorn'd,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:
 Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defiled for want of use,
 They are now starved for want of exercise:
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nouse‡ up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
 So sharp are Hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

* Strutting.

‡ Nurse fondly.

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,*
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas† no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half-way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;‡
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, which haply you may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starved, half-dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,

* Forces.

† Where.

‡ Insist.

The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here a while,
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis,* to incest bring ;
 A better prince, and benign lord,
 Prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.
 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation†
 (To whom I give my benizon),
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can :
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue glorious :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a GENTLEMAN with a Letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON ; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c., severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labours ; forth‡ he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive ;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent, to murder him ;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest :
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
 For now the wind begins to blow ;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Makes such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;

* Know.

† Conduct.

‡ Thoroughly.

And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
And here he comes : what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower ; this 'longs* the text. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open place by the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three FISHERMEN.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ? they say, they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man ?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too : and when I

* Belongs to.

had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him.
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help,
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For* I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow. Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks,† and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the FISHERMEN.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

* As.

† Pancakes.

1 *Fish*. Hark you, Sir ! do you know where you are ?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish*. Why, I'll tell you : this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him ?

1 *Fish*. Ay, Sir ; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore ?

1 *Fish*. Marry, Sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish*. O, Sir, things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter the Two FISHERMEN, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish*. Help, master, help ; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law ; 'twill hardly come out. Ha ! bobs on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends ! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself ;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield

*'Twixt me and death ; (and pointed to this brace) :**

*For that it saved me, keep it ; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from ! it may defend thee.*

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it ;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd they give't again :
I thank thee for't ; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, Sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king ;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court.
Where with't I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't !

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up

* Armour for the arm.

this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain veils. I hope, Sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building* on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.†

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the KING, PRINCESS, LORDS, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them,‡ we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing, wonder at.

[*Exit a LORD.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer § himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father:
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

* Fixing.

† A sort of petticoat, worn by knights on horseback.

‡ *I. e.* give them notice.

§ Offer.

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura, que per fuerça.*
[*The third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third, of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
The word *Me pompæ prorexit apex.* [*The fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turn'd upside down ;
The word *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds ;
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried :
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.* [*The sixth Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems a stranger ; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral ;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend :
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practised more the whipstock,* than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming, we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet
prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, KNIGHTS, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous,
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are my guests.

* Carter's whip.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast
(For, daughter, so you are), here take your place :
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, Sir ; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, Sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me,* she† not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat ;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman ;
He has done no more than other knights have done ;
Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to a glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crown to his supremacy ;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;
Whereby I see, that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while ;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,

* *I. e.* these delicacies go against my stomach.

† *I. e.* Thaisa.

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his trance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [*Aside.*]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, Sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms);—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,*
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The KNIGHTS dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, Sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

* Prepared for combat.

Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures * are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The KNIGHTS and LADIES dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;

But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, conduct

These knights into their several lodgings: Yours, Sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—

Antiochus from incest lived not free;

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

When he was seated, and his daughter with him,

In a chariot of inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

That all those eyes† adored them, ere their fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though

This king were great, his greatness was no guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three LORDS.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And cursed be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me, then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,

Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;

* Dances.

† (Which).

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
 And be resolved,* he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:†

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof),
 Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
 If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
 To forbear choice i' the absence of your king;
 If in which time expired, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
 And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the KNIGHTS meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
 That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
 To her chamber, that it is impossible.
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So
 They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

* Satisfied.

† Judgment, opinion.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
 I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no!
 Well, I commend her choice;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, Sir! I am beholden to you,
 For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, Sir, of
 My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer: wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, Sir, thinks very well of you;
 Ay, so well, Sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

[*Aside.*

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
 A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, Sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, Sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king),
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
 That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
 And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, Sir, if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,

Or think, may be as great in blood as I).

[*Aside.*

Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—

And you, Sir, hear you.—Either be ruled by me,

Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked* hath the rout;†
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

* Quenched.

† Company.

A babe is moulded ;—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;*
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to the former.† Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c., retire.

Gow. By many a dearn‡ and painful perch,§
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,||
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,
 Can stead the quest.¶ At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire),
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought ; the tenour these :
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead ;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
 The mutiny there he hastes t' appease ;
 Says to them, If King Pericles
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,
 He, obedient to their doom,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king :
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen, with child, makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go
 (Omit we all their dole and woe) ;
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood**
 Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
 Varies again ; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,

* Eke out.

† As having succeeded to the thrones of Tyre and Antioch.

‡ Lonely.

§ The measure.

|| Corners.

¶ Help the search.

** Half the distance.

That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near ! *
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate, † action may
 Conveniently the rest convey :
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-toss'd prince appears to speak.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, ‡ rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy deaf'ning,
 Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble,
 Sulphureous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen ?—Thou storm, thou ! venomously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lychorida ! Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
 Too young for such a place, who if it had
 Conceit § would die as I am like to do.
 Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How ! how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good Sir ; do not assist the storm.
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,
 A little daughter ; for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,
 Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Vie || honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir,
 Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !
 For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions !

* Equivalent to "well-a-day."

‡ Expanse.

§ Thought.

† I will not.

|| (In).

For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
 Thou hast as chiding* a nativity,
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,†
 With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two SAILORS.

1 *Sail.* What courage, Sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;‡
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
 I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins§ there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
 Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the
 moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the
 wind is loud, and will not lie, till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, Sir; with us at sea it still hath been ob-
 served; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield
 her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, Sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear,
 No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining || lamps, the belching whale,
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and
 bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
 Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

* Noisy.

‡ Blast.

† Than thy entrance into life can requite.

§ Bowlines.

|| Ever-burning.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.

Enter CERIMON, a SERVANT, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men; it has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
 Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere your return:

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,

That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,

And tell me how it works. [*To PHILEMON.*]

[*Exeunt PHIL., SERV., and those who had been wrecked.*]

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 Gent. Good morrow, Sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook, as the earth did quake:

The very principals* did seem to rend,

And all to topple, pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.†

Cer. O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire‡ about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd

Cer. I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning§ were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have

* Chief rafters.

‡ Attire.

† I. e. prudence.

§ Knowledge.

(Together with my practice) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones:
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the Fool and Death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
 And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two SERVANTS with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, Sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
 It is a good constraint of fortune, that
 It belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!—Did the sea cast
 it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, Sir,
 As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
 Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
 O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured
 With bags of spices full! A passport too!
 Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[*Unfolds a scroll.*]

*Here I give to understand
 (If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
 I, King Pericles, have lost
 This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
 Who finds her, give her burying,
 She was the daughter of a king:
 Besides this treasure for a fee,
 The gods requite his charity!*

[*Reads.*]

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe ;—This chanced to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night :

For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a SERVANT, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block !—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air :—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live : nature awakes : a warmth
Breathes out of her ; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The heavens, Sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She's alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be ! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours ;
Lend me your hands : to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to.
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come ;
And Æsculapius guide us ! [*Exeunt carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III.—*Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace,* that fed my country with your corn
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you),
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,†
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd‡ Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Favour.

† Common people.

‡ Treacherous.

SCENE IV.—*Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time ; but whether there
Deliver'd or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say : But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date* expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite ; this maid
Hight Philoten : and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :

* *I. e.* of life.

Be't when she weaved the sleided* silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp need† wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records‡ with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute§ Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead;
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant|| instrument of wrath
 Prest¶ for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open place near the Seashore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee; but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
 Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
 Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

* Untwisted.

§ Accomplished, perfect.

† Needle.

‡ Prepared.

‡ Sings.

¶ Ready.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus* of her weeds,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina? Why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's† changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,‡
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come:—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
Is this wind westerly that blows?

[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;

* The earth.

† Countenance, look.

‡ *I. e.* ere the sea by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.

And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber : * *Ha !* says one,
Will out ? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern : the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this ?

Mar. It was when I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : Pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :
Your lady seeks my life : come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter PIRATES, whilst *MARINA* is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her
aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt* PIRATES with *MARINA*.

SCENE II.—The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ;
And they have seized *Marina*. Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,

* A ship-boy.

And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit

SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.**Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT**Pand.* Boul't.*Boul't.* Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full of gal-
lants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wench-
less.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have
but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do ; and
with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for
them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade,
we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 'tis not the bringing up of poor bas-
tards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But
shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind
will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true ; they are too unwholesome o' con-
science. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little
baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly poop'd him ; she made him roast meat
for worms : but I'll go search the market. [Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a pro-
portion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you ? Is it a shame to get
when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity ; nor the
commodity wages not* with the danger ; therefore, if in our youths
we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep
our door hatch'd.† Besides the sore terms we stand upon with
the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ; we offend worse.
Neither is our profession any trade ; it's no calling ;—but here
comes Boul't.

Enter the PIRATES and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boul't. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—My masters, you
say she's a virgin ?

1 *Pirate.* O, Sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece,‡ you see :
if you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities ?

* Is not equal to.

† I. e. half open.

‡ Bid a high price for her.

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.*

[*Exeunt PANDER and PIRATES.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates (Not enough barbarous) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,†

To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, Sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

* Green in her business.

† Misfortune.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well: as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere* profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyzza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat : * what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent, †
And for an honest attribute, cry out,

She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his preconsent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain ‡ my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. § It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, || as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

* *L. e.* of a piece with the rest of thy exploit.

† Idiot.

‡ Sully by contrast.

§ A coarse wench, not worth a 'good-morrow.'

|| Pleases me.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA, at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making* (to take your imagination),
From bourn to bourn,† region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime,
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas
(Attended on by many a lord and knight),
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs.
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel‡ tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit§
The epitaph is for Marina writ,
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S Monument.*]

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.*

* Travelling.

† Boundary.

‡ Body.

§ To know.

*She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis,* being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
 Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)†
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
 No visor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune ; while our scenes display
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen.*

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there ! Did you ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses : shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her ; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green sickness for me !

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now ? How † a dozen of virginities ?

* The sea.

† Never cease.

‡ How much.

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour !

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so ; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity ? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon ?

Bawd. We have here one, Sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee ?

Boult. O, Sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. *[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done ?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. *[Exeunt BAWD, PANDER, and BOULT.*

Lys. Go thy ways—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, Sir ?

Lys. What I cannot name, but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession ?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young ? were you a gamester* at five, or at seven ?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

* A wanton.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me here, within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
P'rséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent: for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee,—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! if thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* *LYSIMACHUS* is *putting up his purse*, *BOULT* enters.]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* *LYSIMACHUS*.]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you.
If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the
cheapest country under the cope,* shall undo a whole household,
let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common

* Canopy of heaven.

hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away: use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! she's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit BAWD.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel *

That hither comes, enquiring for his 'Tib; †

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty

Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:

For that which thou professest, a baboon,

Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place

Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

* Paltry fellow.

† Tabitha.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks* she dumbs; and with her neeld† composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses:
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;‡
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*]

* Learned men.

† Needle.

‡ Once more put your eyes under the guidance of your imagination.

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two SAILORS, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
[To the SAILOR of Mitylene.

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[The GENTLEMEN and the two SAILORS descend,
and go on board the Barge.

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and LORDS; the Tyrian
GENTLEMEN, and the two SAILORS.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, Sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, Sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue* his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, Sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

* Prolong.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, Sir [*PERICLES discovered*]: this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal* night
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal Sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,†
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow-maidens, now within
The leafy shelter, that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant LORDS.—Exit
LORD, in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, Sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, Sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the Barge, LORD, MARINA, and a young LADY.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?‡

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use

* Destructive.

† *I. e.* ears.

‡ A handsome form.

My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward* casualties

Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—

You are like something that—What country woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight:

As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cased as richly: in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?

And how achieved you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?†

Mar. Should I tell my history,

'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

* Adverse.

† Possess.

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 For the crown'd truth to dwell in : I'll believe thee,
 And make my senses credit thy relation,
 To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
 Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back
 (Which was when I perceived thee), that thou cam'st
 From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
 If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
 I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
 Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
 Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act.* What were thy friends ?
 How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?
 Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, Sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir,
 Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient ;
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name, Marina,
 Was given me by one that had some power ;
 My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
 And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
 I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
 Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
 No motion ? †—Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?
 And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
 For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ? thy mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
 Who died the very minute I was born,

* Disarming extreme calamity.

† No puppe dressed up.

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well :—where were you bred ?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me : 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? Where were you bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good Sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you weep ?

It may be,

You think me an impostor ; no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my gracious lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel. I know not ; but

Here is the regent, Sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell

Her parentage, being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd Sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us : This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? Tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect),

My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon), she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, Sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? my lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and
attendant LADY.]

SCENE II.—*The same.* PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA
appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.*
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe
Do it, and be happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*]

* Repeat the narrative of your adventures.

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,*
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown † sails; eftsoons ‡ I'll tell thee why.—

[*To* HELICANUS.

Shall we refresh us, Sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, Sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me
(For such kindness must relieve me),
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in nowise,
Till he § had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound. ||
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus: THAISA
standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins
on each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus
attending.

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train*; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, *and a* LADY.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;

* Silvery. † Swollen. ‡ Soon. § *I. e.* Pericles. || Consume.

Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery.* She at Tharsus
 Was nursed with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles. [*She faints.*]

Per. What means she? hum! she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble Sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
 'This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-joy'd.
 Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
 Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, and
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
 Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
 Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
 Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense † bend no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
 And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
 When we with tears parted ‡ Pentapolis,
 The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
 Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
 That on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
 A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. [*Kneels to THAISA.*]

* *I. e.* her white robe of innocence.

† Sensual passion.

‡ *I. e.* departed from.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, Madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple:

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament* that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,

Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

Will in that kingdom spend our following days;

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen

(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)

* *I. e.* his beard.

Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon, there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play is ending. [*Exit GOWER.*]

LOCRINE.

LOCRINE.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest Son of King Brutus, discoursinge the Warres of the Britaines, &c., was entered on the stationers' books by Thomas Crede, July 20, 1594. On this entry no mention is made of the author of the piece; but in the title-page of the first edition, printed in November or December, 1595, it is stated to be *newly set foorth, overseene, and corrected by W. S.* The editor of the folio Shakspeare of 1664 was, it is believed, the first who identified these initials, W. S., with William Shakspeare; for the play is not attributed to him in Kirkman's Catalogue of Plays, printed in 1661. Malone assigns the play to Christopher Marlowe, and identifies W. S. with William Smith, the author of a collection of sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate, despised Shepheard*, published in London, 1596. Dr. Farmer considers *Locrine* the production of the author of "Titus Andronicus."

LOCRINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BRUTUS, *King of Britain.*
 LOCRINE,
 CAMBER, } *his Sons.*
 ALBANACT, }
 CORINEUS, } *Brothers to Brutus.*
 ASSARACUS, }
 THRASIMACHUS, *Son of Corineus.*
 DEBON, *an Old British Officer.*
 HUMBER, *King of the Scythians.*
 HUBBA, *his Son.*
 SEGAR, } *Scythian Command-*
 THRASSIER, } *ers.*
 STRUMBO, *a Cobler.*
 TROMPART, *his Servant.*
 OLIVER, *a Clown.*
 WILLIAM, *his Son.*

GUENDOLEN, *Daughter to Corineus, and Wife of Locrine.*
 MADAN, *Daughter of Locrine and Guendolen.*
 ESTRILD, *Wife to Humber.*
 SABREN, *Daughter of Locrine and Estrild.*
 DOROTHY, *Strumbo's Wife.*
 MARGERY, *Daughter to Oliver.*

GHOSTS of Albanact and Corineus;
 ATE, the Goddess of Revenge, as
 CHORUS; LORDS, a CAPTAIN, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—Britain.

ACT I.

Dumb Show.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ATE in black, with a burning Torch in one hand, and a bloody Sword in the other. Presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear; then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb show, and then depart. ATE remains.

Até. *In pœnam sectatur et umbra.*
 A mighty lion, ruler of the woods,
 Of wondrous strength and great proportion,
 With hideous noise scaring the trembling trees,
 With yelling clamours shaking all the earth,
 Traversed the groves, and chased the wandering beasts:
 Long did he range amid the shady trees,
 And drove the silly beasts before his face;
 When suddenly from out a thorny bush
 A dreadful archer with his bow y-bent,
 Wounded the lion with a dismal shaft:
 So he him struck, that it drew forth the blood,
 And fill'd his furious heart with fretting ire.
 But all in vain he threat'neth teeth and paws

And sparkleth fire from forth his flaming eyes,
 For the sharp shaft gave him a mortal wound :
 So valiant brute, the terror of the world,
 Whose only looks did scare his enemies,
 The archer Death brought to his latest end.
 O, what may long abide above this ground,
 In state of bliss and healthful happiness !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter BRUTUS, carried in a chair ; LOCURINE, CAMBER, ALBANACT, CORINEUS, GUENDOLEN, ASSARACUS, DEBON, and THRASIMACHUS.

Bru. Most loyal lords, and faithful followers,
 That have with me, unworthy general,
 Passéd the greedy gulf of ocean,
 Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
 Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end,
 And I must leave you, though against my will.
 My sinews shrink, my numbed senses fail,
 A chilling cold possesseth all my bones ;
 Black ugly Death, with visage pale and wan,
 Presents himself before my dazzled eyes,
 And with his dart prepared is to strike.
 These arms, my lords, these never-daunted arms,
 That oft have quell'd the courage of my foes,
 And eke* dismay'd my neighbours' arrogance,
 Now yield to death, o'erlaid with crooked age,
 Devoid of strength and of their proper force.
 Even as the lusty cedar worn with years,
 That far abroad her dainty odour throws,
 'Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon,
 This heart, my lords, this ne'er-appalled heart,
 That was a terror to the bordering lands,
 A doleful scourge unto my neighbour kings,
 Now by the weapons of impartial death
 Is clove asunder, and bereft of life :
 As when the sacred oak with thunderbolts,
 Sent from the fiery circuit of the heavens,
 Sliding along the air's celestial vaults,
 Is rent and cloven to the very roots.
 In vain, therefore, I struggle with this foe ;
 Then welcome death, since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas ! my lord, we sorrow at your case,
 And grieve to see your person vexed thus.
 But whatsoe'er the Fates determined have,
 It lieth not in us to disannul ;
 And he that would annihilate their minds,†
 Soaring with Icarus too near the sun,
 May catch a fall with young Bellerophon.
 For when the fatal sisters have decreed

* Also.

† I. e. their wills.

To separate us from this earthly mould,
 No mortal force can countermand their minds.
 Then, worthy lord, since there's no way but one,*
 Cease your laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your highness knows how many victories,
 How many trophies I erected have
 Triumphantly in every place we came.
 The Grecian monarch, warlike Pandrasus,
 And all the crew of the Molossians;
 Goffarius, the arm-strong king of Gauls,
 Have felt the force of our victorious arms,
 And to their cost beheld our chivalry.
 Where'er Aurora, handmaid of the sun,
 Where'er the sun, bright guardian of the day,
 Where'er the joyful day with cheerful light,
 Where'er the light illuminates the world,
 The Trojans' glory flies with golden wings,
 Wings that do soar beyond fell envy's flight.
 The fame of Brutus and his followers
 Pierceth the skies, and, with the skies, the throne
 Of mighty Jove, commander of the world.
 Then, worthy Brutus, leave these sad laments;
 Comfort yourself with this your great renown,
 And fear not death, though he seem terrible.

Bru. Nay, Corineus, you mistake my mind,
 In construing wrong the cause of my complaints,
 I fear'd to yield myself to fatal death!
 God knows it was the least of all my thought:
 A greater care torments my very bones,
 And makes me tremble at the thought of it;
 And in you, lordings, doth the substance lie.

Thra. Most noble lord, if aught your loyal peers
 Accomplish may, to ease your lingering grief,
 I, in the name of all, protest to you,
 That we will boldly enterprise the same,
 Were it to enter to black Tartarus,
 Where triple Cerberus, with his venomous throat,
 Scareth the ghosts with high-resounding noise.
 We'll either rent the bowels of the earth,
 Searching the entrails of the brutish earth,
 Or, with Ixion's over-daring son,
 Be bound in chains of ever-during steel.

Bru. Then hearken to your sovereign's latest words,
 In which I will unto you all unfold
 Our royal mind and resolute intent.
 When golden Hebe, daughter to great Jove,
 Cover'd my manly cheeks with youthful down,
 The unhappy slaughter of my luckless sire
 Drove me and old Assaracus, mine eam,†
 As exiles from the bounds of Italy;
 So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly

* *I. e.* only the way of death.

† Uncle.

To Græcia's monarch, noble Pandrasus,
 There I alone did undertake your cause,
 There I restored your antique liberty,
 Though Græcia frown'd, and all Molossia storm'd ;
 Though brave Antigonus, with martial band,
 In pitched field encounter'd me and mine ;
 Though Pandrasus and his contributaries,
 With all the rout of their confederates,
 Sought to deface our glorious memory,
 And wipe the name of Trojans from the earth :
 Him did I captivate with this mine arm,
 And by compulsion forced him to agree
 To certain articles we did propound.
 From Græcia through the boisterous Hellespont
 We came unto the fields of Lestrigon,
 Whereas* our brother Corineus was,
 Since when we passed the Cilician gulf,
 And so transfreting † the Illyrian sea,
 Arrived on the coasts of Aquitain ;
 Where, with an army of his barbarous Gauls,
 Goffarius and his brother Gathelus
 Encountering with our host, sustain'd the foil ; ‡
 And for your sakes my Turinus there I lost,
 Turinus, that slew six hundred men-at-arms,
 All in an hour, with his sharp battle-axe.
 From thence upon the stronds of Albion
 To Corus' haven happily we came,
 And quell'd the giants, come of Albion's race,
 With Gogmagog, son to Samotheus,
 The cursed captain of that damned crew ;
 And in that isle at length I placed you.
 Now let me see, if my laborious toils,
 If all my care, if all my grievous wounds,
 If all my diligence, were well employ'd.

Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave king,
 I hazarded my life and dearest blood
 To purchase favour at your princely hands ;
 And for the same, in dangerous attempts,
 In sundry conflicts, and in divers broils,
 I show'd the courage of my manly mind.
 For this I combated with Gathelus,
 The brother to Goffarius of Gaul ;
 For this I fought with furious Gogmagog,
 A savage captain of a savage crew ;
 And for these deeds brave Cornwall I received,
 A grateful gift given by a gracious king ;
 And for this gift, his life and dearest blood
 Will Corineus spend for Brutus' good.

Deb. And what my friend, brave prince, hath vow'd to you,
 The same will Debon do unto his end.

Bru. Then, loyal peers, since you are all agreed,

* Where.

† Passing over.

‡ Underwent the sword.

And resolute to follow Brutus' 'hests,*
 Favour my sons, favour these orphans, lords,
 And shield them from the dangers of their foes.
 Locrine, the column of my family,
 And only pillar of my weaken'd age,
 Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy sire,
 And take thy latest blessings at his hands :
 And, for thou art the eldest of my sons,
 Be thou a captain to thy brethren,
 And imitate thy aged father's steps,
 Which will conduct thee to true honour's gate :
 For if thou follow sacred virtue's lore,†
 Thou shalt be crowned with a laurel branch,
 And wear a wreath of sempiternal fame,
 Sorted‡ amongst the glorious happy ones.

Loc. If Locrine do not follow your advice,
 And bear himself in all things like a prince
 That seeks to amplify the great renown
 Left unto him for an inheritance
 By those that were his glorious ancestors,
 Let me be flung into the ocean,
 Or swallow'd in the bowels of the earth :
 Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove
 Descend upon this my devoted head.

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
 Who shall be matched with our royal son,
 Locrine, receive this present at my hand ;

[*Taking GUENDOLEN by the hand.*

A gift more rich than are the wealthy mines
 Found in the bowels of America.
 Thou shalt be spoused to fair Guendolen :
 Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
 If so thy uncle and herself do please.

Cor. And herein how your highness honours me,
 It cannot now be in my speech express'd ;
 For careful parents glory not so much
 At their own honour and promotion,
 As for to see the issue of their blood
 Seated in honour and prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from any maiden's thoughts
 To contradict her aged father's will.
 Therefore, since he to whom I must obey,
 Hath given me now unto your royal self,
 I will not stand aloof from off the lure,§
 Like crafty dames that most of all deny
 That which they most desire to possess.

Bru. Then now, my son, thy part is on the stage,

[*Turning to LOCRINE, who kneels.*

For thou must bear the person of a king.

[*Puts the crown on his head.*

* Behests, commands.

† Having thy lot among.

‡ I.e. lesson.

§ The bait, in hawking.

Loerine, stand up, and wear the regal crown,
 And think upon the state of majesty,
 That thou with honour well mayst wear the crown :
 And, if thou tend'rest these my latest words,
 As thou requir'st my soul to be at rest,
 As thou desir'st thine own security,
 Cherish and love thy new-betrothed wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the crown,
 Than I do honour Guendolen.

Bru. Camber.

Cam. My lord.

Bru. The glory of mine age,
 And darling of thy mother Innogen,
 Take thou the South for thy dominion.
 From thee there shall proceed a royal race,
 That shall maintain the honour of this land,
 And sway the regal sceptre with their hands.
 And Albanact, thy father's only joy,
 Youngest in years, but not the young'st in mind,
 A perfect pattern of all chivalry,
 Take thou the North for thy dominion ;
 A country full of hills and ragged rocks,
 Replenished with fierce, untamed beasts,
 As correspondent to thy martial thoughts.
 Live long, my sons, with endless happiness,
 And bear firm concordance among yourselves.
 Obey the counsels of these fathers grave,
 That you may better bear out violence.—
 But suddenly, through weakness of my age,
 And the defect* of youthful puissance,
 My malady increaseth more and more,
 And cruel Death hasteneth his quicken'd pace,
 To dispossess me of my earthly shape.
 Mine eyes wax dim, o'ercast with clouds of age,
 The pangs of death compass my crazed bones ;
 Thus to you all my blessings I bequeath,
 And, with my blessings, this my fleeting soul.
 My soul in haste flies to the Elysian fields ;
 My glass is run, and all my miseries
 Do end with life ; death closeth up mine eyes.

[*Dies.*]

Loc. Accursed stars, damn'd and accursed stars,
 T'abbreviate my noble father's life !
 Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates,
 Thus to cut off my father's fatal thread !
 Brutus, that was a glory to us all,
 Brutus, that was a terror to his foes,
 Alas ! too soon by Demogorgon's knife
 The martial Brutus is bereft of life :
 No sad complaints may move just Æacus.

Cor. No dreadful threats can fear† just Rhadamanth.
 Wert thou as strong as mighty Hercules,

* *I. e.* want.

† *I. e.* appal.

That tamed the hugy monsters of the world,
 Play'dst thou as sweet on the sweet-sounding lute
 As did the spouse of fair Eurydice,
 That did enchant the waters with his noise,
 And made stones, birds, and beasts, to lead a dance,
 Constrain'd the hilly trees to follow him,
 Thou couldst not move the judge of Erebus,
 Nor move compassion in grim Pluto's heart;
 For fatal Mors* expecteth all the world,
 And every man must tread the way of death.
 Brave Tantalus, the valiant Pelops' sire,
 Guest to the gods, suffer'd untimely death;
 And old Tithonus, husband to the morn,
 And eke grim Minos, whom just Jupiter
 Deign'd to admit unto his sacrifice.
 The thundering trumpets of blood-thirsty Mars,
 The fearful rage of fell Tisiphone,
 The boisterous waves of humid ocean,
 Are instruments and tools of dismal death.
 Then, noble cousin, cease to mourn his chance,
 Whose age and years were signs that he should die.
 It resteth now that we inter his bones,
 That was a terror to his enemies.
 Take up the corse, and princes, hold† him dead,
 Who while he lived upheld the Trojan state.
 Sound drums and trumpets; march to Troynovant,
 There to provide our chieftain's funeral.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter STRUMBO above, in a gown, with ink and paper in his hand.

Strum. Either the four elements, the seven planets, and all the particular stars of the pole antastic, are adversative against me, or else I was begotten and born in the wane of the moon, when everything, as Lactantius in his fourth book of Constultations‡ doth say, goeth arseward. Ay, masters,§ ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you may joy, but I must sorrow; shedding salt tears from the watery fountains of my most dainty-fair eyes along my comely and smooth cheeks, in as great plenty as the water runneth from the bucking-tubs, or red wine out of the hogsheds. For trust me, gentlemen and my very good friends, and so forth, the little god, nay the desperate god,|| with one of his vengible bird-bolts, hath shot me into the heel: so not only, but also, (oh fine phrase!) *I burn, I burn, and I burn-a; in love, in love, and in love-a.*¶ Ah! Strumbo, what hast thou seen? not Dina** with the ass Tom?*** Yea, with these eyes, thou hast seen her; and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy bale.†† Ah! Strumbo, what hast thou heard?

* Death.

† Behold.

‡ *I. e.* constellations.§ *Viz.* the spectators.|| *I. e.* Cupid.

¶ The burthen of some old song.

*** *Viz.* Diana and Actæon.†† *I. e.* destruction.

not the voice of the nightingale, but a voice sweeter than hers; yea, with these ears hast thou heard it, and therefore cut them off, for they have caused thy sorrow. Nay, Strumbo, kill thyself, drown thyself, hang thyself, starve thyself. Oh, but then I shall leave my sweetheart. Oh my heart! Now, pate, for thy master! * I will 'dite an aliquant† love-pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my scripture, will love me presently. [Writes.] My pen is naught; gentlemen, lend me a knife;‡ I think the more haste the worse speed. [Writes again, and then reads.]

So it is, Mistress Dorothy, and the sole essence of my soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now increased to a great flame, and will, ere it be long, consume my poor heart, except you with the pleasant water of your secret fountain quench the furious heat of the same. Alas, I am a gentleman of good fame and name, majestical, in 'parel comely, in gait portly. Let not therefore your gentle heart be so hard as to despise a proper tall young man of a handsome life; and by despising him, not only but also to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell.

*Your servant,
SIGNIOR STRUMBO.*

O wit! O pate! O memory! O hand! O ink! O paper! Well, now I will send it away. Trompart, Trompart. What a villain is this? Why, sirrah, come when your master calls you. Trompart.

Enter TROMPART.

Trom. Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty boy, what a good master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the fruit of my loins, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then show thyself herein a trusty servant; and carry this letter to Mistress Dorothy, and tell her— [Whispers him. Exit TROMPART.] Nay, masters, you shall see a marriage by-and-by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous passions.

Enter DOROTHY and TROMPART.

Dor. Signior Strumbo, well met. I received your letters by your man here, who told me a pitiful story of your anguish; and so understanding your passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. O, my sweet and pigsney, the fecundity of my ingeny§ is not so great that may declare unto you the sorrowful sobs and broken sleeps that I suffered for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity:

* I. e. now head-piece, assist thy master.

† Viz. the gentlemen in the pit.

† Indite an eloquent.

§ Wit (ingenium).

*For your love doth lie
As near and as nigh
Unto my heart within,
As mine eye to my nose,
My leg unto my hose,
And my flesh unto my skin.*

Dor. Truly, master Strumbo, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your mind; and therefore tell your tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark riddles.

Strum. Alas, mistress Dorothy, this is my luck, that when I most would, I cannot be understood; so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain terms, I love you, mistress Dorothy, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

Strum. Sayest thou so, sweet wench, let me lick thy toes. Farewell, mistress. If any of you be in love [*turning to the audience*], provide ye a cap-case full of new-coined words, and then shall you soon have the *succado de labres*,* and something else. * [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter LOCRINE, GUENDOLEN, CAMBER, ALBANACT, CORINEUS, ASSARACUS, DEBON, and THRASIMACHUS.

Loc. Uncle, and princes of brave Brittany,
Since that our noble father is entomb'd,
As best beseem'd so brave a prince as he,
If so you please, this day my love and I,
Within the temple of Concordia,
Will solemnize our royal marriage.

Thra. Right noble lord, your subjects every one
Must needs obey your highness at command;
Especially in such a case as this,
That much concerns your highness' great content.

Loc. Then frolic, lordings, to fair Concord's walls,
Where we will pass the day in knightly sports,
The night in dancing and in figured masks,
And offer to god Risust† all our tasks.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter ATE, as before. *After a little lightning and thundering, let there come forth this Show:—Enter at one door* PERSEUS *and* ANDROMEDA, *hand in hand, and* CEPHEUS *also, with swords and targets. Then let there come out of another door* PHINEUS, *in black armour, with* Æthiopians *after him, driv-*

* I. e. the sweetness of lips.

† The deity presiding over merriment and laughter.

ing in PERSEUS; and having taken away ANDROMEDA, let them depart. ATE remains.

Até. Regit omnia numen.

When Perseus married fair Andromeda,
The only daughter of King Cepheus,
He thought he had establish'd well his crown,
And that his kingdom should for aye endure.
But lo! proud Phineus with a band of men,
Contrived of sun-burnt Æthiopians,
By force of arms the bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young Locrine and his love;
He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.
Behold where Humber and his Scythians
Approacheth nigh with all his warlike train.
I need not, I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragic chances fall out in this war.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter HUMBER, HUBBA, ESTRILD, SEGAR, and their Soldiers.

Hum. At length the snail doth climb the highest tops,
Ascending up the stately castle walls;
At length the water with continual drops
Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone;
At length we are arrived in Albion.
Nor could the barbarous Dacian sovereign,
Nor yet the ruler of brave Belgia,
Stay us from cutting over to this isle,
Where as I hear a troop of Phrygians,
Under the conduct of Posthumius' son,
Have pitched up lordly pavilions,
And hope to prosper in this lovely isle.
But I will frustrate all their foolish hope,
And teach them that the Scythian emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a chain of gold,
Constraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their regal diadem;
Which I will have, maugre their treble hosts,
And all the power their petty kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair Rhamnus' golden gate*
Grant us the honour of the victory,
As hitherto she always favour'd us,
Right noble father, we will rule the land
Enthronized in seats of topaz stones;
That Locrine and his brethren all may know,
None must be king but Humber and his son.

Hum. Courage, my son; Fortune shall favour us,
And yield to us the coronet of bay,
That decketh none but noble conquerors.

* *I. e.* Fortune, one of whose principal seats was Rhamnus, in Attica.

But what saith Estrild to these regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious eyes?

Est. The plains, my lord, garnish'd with Flora's wealth,
And overspread with party-colour'd flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind.
The airy hills enclosed with shady groves,
The groves replenish'd with sweet chirping birds,
The birds resounding heavenly melody,
Are equal to the groves of Thessaly;
Where Phœbus with the learned ladies nine,
Delight themselves with music's harmony,
And from the moisture of the mountain tops
The silent springs dance down with murmuring streams,
And water all the ground with crystal waves.
The gentle blasts of Eurus' modest wind,
Moving the pittering* leaves of Sylvan's woods,
Do equal it with Tempe's paradise;
And thus consorted† all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happy isles,
Most fortunate, if Humber may them win.

Hub. Madam, where resolution leads the way,
And courage follows with embolden'd pace,
Fortune can never use her tyranny:
For valiantness is like unto a rock,
That standeth in the waves of ocean;
Which though the billows beat on every side,
And Boreas fell, with his tempestuous storms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolved, thou glory of thy sire.
But, worthy Segar, what uncouth‡ novelties
Bring'st thou unto our royal majesty?

Seg. My lord, the youngest of all Brutus' sons,
Stout Albanact, with millions of men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the morn
To try your force by dint of fatal sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of hosts,
He shall find entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for those that are our enemies;
For we'll receive them at the lances' points,
And massacre their bodies with our blades:
Yea, though they were in number infinite,
More than the mighty Babylonian queen,
Semiramis, the ruler of the West,
Brought 'gainst the emperor of the Scythians,
Yet would we not start back one foot from them,
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now, by great Jove, the supreme king of heaven,
And the immortal gods that live therein,
When as the morning shows his cheerful face,

* The same as pattering.

† Concurring.

‡ Strange.

And Lucifer, mounted upon his steed,
 Brings in the chariot of the golden sun,
 I'll meet young Albanact in the open field,
 And crack* my lance upon his burgonet,†
 To try the valour of his boyish strength.
 There will I show such ruthless spectacles,
 And cause so great effusion of blood,
 That all his boys shall wonder at my strength :
 As when the warlike queen of Amazons,
 Penthesiléa, armed with her lance,
 Girt with a corslet of bright-shining steel,
 Coop'd up the faint-heart Grecians in the camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike knight, my noble son ;
 Nay, like a prince that seeks his father's joy.
 Therefore to-morrow, ere fair Titan shine,
 And bashful Eos, messenger of light,
 Expels the liquid sleep from out men's eyes,
 Thou shalt conduct the right wing of the host,
 The left wing shall be under Segar's charge,
 The rearward shall be under me myself.
 And lovely Estrild, fair and gracious,
 If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
 Thou shalt be queen of lovely Albion.
 Fortune *shall* favour me in mine attempts,
 And make thee queen of lovely Albion !
 Come, let us in, and muster up our train,
 And furnish up our lusty soldiers ;
 That they may be a bulwark to our state,
 And bring our wished joys to perfect end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter STRUMBO, DOROTHY, and TROMPART, cobling shoes,
and singing.

Trom. *We coblers lead a merry life :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *Void of all envy and of strife :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *Our ease is great, our labour small :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *And yet our gains be much withal :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *With this art so fine and fair :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Trom. *No occupation may compare :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *For merry pastime and joyful glee :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. *Most happy men we coblers be*

Dan diddle dan.

* Strike.

† Helmet.

*Trom. The can stands full of nappy ale :
Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

*Strum. In our shop still withouten fail
Dan diddle dan.*

*Dor. This is our meat, this is our food :
Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

*Trom. This brings us to a merry mood :
Dan diddle dan.*

*Strum. This makes us work for company :
Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

*Dor. To pull the tankards cheerfully :
Dan diddle dan.*

*Trom. Drink to thy husband, Dorothy :
Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

*Dor. Why, then, my Strumbo, here's to thee :
Dan diddle dan.*

*Strum. Drink thou the rest, Trompart, amain :
Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

*Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again :
Dan diddle dan.*

Enter a CAPTAIN.

*Capt. The poorest state is farthest from annoy :
How merrily he sitteth on his stool !
But when he sees that needs he must be press'd,
He'll turn his note, and sing another tune.
Ho. By your leave, master cobbler.*

Strum. You are welcome, gentleman. What, will you any old shoes or buskins, or will you have your shoes clouted ? I will do them as well as any cobbler in Caithness whatsoever.

Capt. O master cobbler, you are far deceived in me ; for don't you see this ? [Showing him press-money.] I come not to buy any shoes, but to buy yourself. Come, Sir, you must be a soldier in the king's cause.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir. Has your king any commission to take any man against his will ? I promise you, I can scant believe it : or did he give you commission ?*

Capt. O, Sir, you need not care for that : I need no commission. Hold here : I command you, in the name of our king Albanact, to appear to-morrow in the town-house of Caithness.

Strum. King Nactaball !† I cry God mercy ; what have we to do with him, or he with us ? But you, Sir, master Capontail, draw your pasteboard, or else, I promise you, I'll give you a canvasado‡ with a bastinado over your shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Capt. I pray thee, good fellow, be content ; I do the king's command.

Strum. Put me out of your book then.

Capt. I may not.

* Scarcely.

† A contemptuous perversion of the king's name.

‡ A particular stroke in sword-play.

Strum. No! Well, come, Sir, will your stomach serve you?
By gogs blue-hood* and halidom, I will have a bout with you.

[*STRUMBO snatches up a staff. They fight.*]

Enter THRASIMACHUS.

Thra. How now,
What noise, what sudden clamour's this
How now!

My captain and the cobbler so hard at it!

Sirs, what is your quarrel?

Capt. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take press-money.

Thra. Here, good fellow, take it at my command, unless you mean to be stretch'd.†

Strum. Truly, master gentleman, I lack no money: if you please I will resign it to one of these poor fellows.

Thra. No such matter.

Look you be at the common-house‡ to-morrow.

[*Exeunt THRASIMACHUS and CAPTAIN.*]

Strum. O wife, I have spun a fair thread! If I had been quiet, I had not been press'd, and therefore well may I wai-ment.§ But come, sirrah, shut up, for we must to the wars.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ALBANACT, DEBON, THRASIMACHUS, and LORDS.

Alba. Brave cavaliers, princes of Albany,
Whose trenchant blades, with our deceased sire
Passing the frontiers of brave Græcia,
Were bathed in our enemies' lukewarm blood,
Now is the time to manifest your wills,
Your haughty minds and resolutions.
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your earnest zeal,
Which you always protest to Albanact;
For at this time, yea, at this present time,
Stout fugitives, come from the Scythians' bounds,
Have pester'd every place with mutinies.
But trust me, lordings, I will never cease
To persecute the rascal runagates,
Till all the rivers, stained with their blood,
Shall fully show their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So shall your highness merit great renown,
And imitate your aged father's steps.

Alba. But tell me, cousin, cam'st thou through the plains?
And saw'st thou there the faint-heart fugitives,
Mustering their weather-beaten soldiers?
What order keep they in their marshalling?

Thra. After we pass'd the groves of Caledon,
Where murmuring rivers slide with silent streams,
We did behold the straggling Scythians' camp,
Replete with men, stored with munition.
There might we see the valiant-minded knights,

* *I. e.* blood.

† Put on a stretcher; or, have his neck stretched.

‡ *I. e.* the rendezvous.

§ *I. e.* woe-ment; lament.

Fetching careers* along the spacious plains.
 Humber and Hubba arm'd in azure blue,
 Mounted upon their coursers white as snow,
 Went to behold the pleasant flowering fields :
 Hector and Troilus, Priamus' lovely sons,
 Chasing the Grecians over Simois,
 Were not to be compared to these two knights.

Alba. Well hast thou painted out in eloquence
 The portraiture of Humber and his son,
 As fortunate as was Polycrates.†
 Yet shall they not escape our conquering swords,
 Or boast of aught but of our clemency.

Enter STRUMBO and TROMPART, crying often,

Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. What, Sirs, what mean you by these clamours made,
 These outcries raised in our stately court ?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Villains, I say, tell us the cause hereof.

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Tell me, you villains, why you make this noise,
 Or, with my lance I'll prick your bowels out.

Alba. Where are your houses ? where's your dwelling-place ?

Strum. Place ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! laugh a month and a day at him.
 Place ! I cry God mercy : Why, do you think that such poor
 honest men as we be, hold our habitacles in kings' palaces ?
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! But because you seem to be an abominable
 chieftain, I will tell you our state :

From the top to the toe,
 From the head to the shoe,
 From the beginning to the ending,
 From the building to the brending.‡

This honest fellow and I had our mansion-cottage in the
 suburbs of this city, hard by the temple of Mercury ; and by the
 common soldiers of the Shitens, the Scythians, (what do you call
 them ?) with all the suburbs, were burnt to the ground ; and
 the ashes are left there for the country wives to wash bucks §
 withal :

And that which grieves me most,
 My loving wife,
 (O cruel strife !)
 The wicked flames did roast.
 And therefore, Captain Crust,
 We will continually cry,
 Except you seek a remedy,
 Our houses to re-edify,
 Which now are burnt to dust.

[Both cry *Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.*

* Careering.

† Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, who having never suffered any real
 misfortune, was determined to try the effect of an imaginary one.

‡ I. e. burning.

§ A quantity of linen washed at once.

Alba. Well, we must remedy these outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful heads.
And you, good fellows, for your houses burnt,
We will remunerate you store of gold,
And build your houses by our palace-gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty treason to my person, nowhere else
but by your back-side? Gate! O, how I am vexed in my
choler! Gate! I cry God mercy. Do you hear, master king?
If you mean to gratify such poor men as we be, you must build
our houses by the tavern.

Alba. It shall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the tavern; ay, by our lady. Sir, it was spoken
like a good fellow. Do you hear, Sir? When our house is
builded, if you do chance to pass or repass that way, we will
bestow a quart of the best wine upon you.

[*Exeunt STRUMBO and TROMPART.*]

Alba. It grieves me, lordings, that my subjects' goods
Should thus be spoiled by the Scythians,
Who, as you see, with lightfoot foragers,
Depopulate the places where they come:
But, cursed Humber, thou shalt rue the day,
That e'er thou cam'st unto Cathnesia.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter HUMBER, HUBBA, SEGAR, THRASSIER, and their forces.

Hum. Hubba, go take a coronet* of our horse,
As many lancers, and light-armed knights,
As may suffice for such an enterprise,
And place them in the grove of Caledon:
With these, when as the skirmish doth increase,
Retire thou from the shelter of the wood,
And set upon the weaken'd Trojans' backs;
For policy, join'd with chivalry,
Can never be put back from victory.

[*Exit HUBBA.*]

Enter ALBANACT; STRUMBO and CLOWNS with him.

Alba. Thou base-born Hun, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to menace warlike Albanact,
The great commander of these regions?
But thou shalt buy thy rashness with thy death,
And rue too late thy over-bold attempts;
For with this sword, this instrument of death,
That hath been drenched in my foemen's blood,
I'll separate thy body from thy head,
And set that coward blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this staff, great Strumbo's instrument,
I'll crack thy cockscomb, paltry Scythian.

Hum. Naught reck I of thy threats, thou princex boy,†
Nor do I fear thy foolish insolence:
And, but thou better use thy bragging blade,

* A coronet's party.

† Conceited fellow.

Than thou dost rule thy overflowing tongue,
 Superbious Briton, thou shalt know too soon
 The force of Humber and his Scythians.

[*They fight. HUMBER and his soldiers fly. ALBANACT
 and his forces follow.*

Strum. O horrible, terrible!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Alarum. Enter HUMBER and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young Briton, Albanact,
 Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of war,
 Beating down millions with his furious mood,
 And in his glory triumphs over all,
 Moving the massy squadrons off the ground !
 Heaps hills on hills, to scale the starry sky :
 As when Briareus, arm'd with an hundred hands,
 Flung forth an hundred mountains at great Jove :
 As when the monstrous giant Monychus
 Hurl'd mount Olympus at great Mars's targe,
 And shot huge cedars at Minerva's shield.
 How doth he overlook with haughty front
 My fleeting hosts, and lifts his lofty face
 Against us all that now do fear his force !
 Like as we see the wrathful sea from far,
 In a great mountain heap'd, with hideous noise,
 With thousand billows beat against the ships,
 And toss them in the waves like tennis balls. [*An alarm sounded.*
 Ah me ! I fear my Hubba is surprised. [*Exit.*

*Alarum again. Enter ALBANACT, CAMBER, THRASIMACHUS,
 DEBON, and their Forces.*

Alba. Follow me, soldiers, follow Albanact ;
 Pursue the Scythians flying through the field.
 Let none of them escape with victory ;
 That they may know the Britons' force is more
 Than all the power of the trembling Huns.

Thra. Forward, brave soldiers, forward ; keep the chase.
 He that takes captive Humber or his son,
 Shall be rewarded with a crown of gold.

*An alarum sounded ; then they fight. HUMBER and his Army
 retreat. The Britons pursue. HUBBA enters at their rear, and
 kills DEBON : STRUMBO falls down ; ALBANACT runs out, and
 afterwards enters wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou cross'd me thus ?
 Thus in the morning of my victories,
 Thus in the prime of my felicity,
 To cut me off by such hard overthrow !
 Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
 But in the spring of all my dignities ?
 Hadst thou no place to spit thy venom out,
 But on the person of young Albanact ?
 I that e'erwhile did scare mine enemies,

And drove them almost to a shameful flight ;
 I that e'erwhile full lion-like did fare
 Amongst the dangers of the thick throng'd pikes,
 Must now depart, most lamentably slain
 By Humber's treacheries and Fortune's spites.
 Cursed be her charms, damn'd be her cursed charms,
 That do delude the wayward hearts of men,
 Of men that trust unto her fickle wheel,
 Which never leaveth turning upside-down !
 O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
 Where I may find her hateful mansion.
 I'll pass the Alps to wat'ry Meroe,
 Where fiery Phœbus in his chariot,
 The wheels whereof are deck'd with emeralds,
 Casts such a heat, yea such a scorching heat,
 And spoileth Flora of her chequer'd grass ;
 I'll overturn the mountain Caucasus,
 Where fell Chimæra in her triple shape,
 Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous paunch,
 Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge ;
 I'll pass the frozen zone, where icy flakes
 Stopping the passage of the fleeting ships,*
 Do lie, like mountains, in the congeal'd sea :
 Where if I find that hateful house of hers,
 I'll pull the fickle wheel from out her hands,
 And tie herself in everlasting bands.
 But all in vain I breathe these threatenings :
 The day is lost, the Huns are conquerors,
 Debon is slain, my men are done to death,
 The currents swift swim violently with blood,
 And last, (O that this last might so long last !)
 Myself with wounds past all recovery,
 Must leave my crown for Humber to possess.

Strum. Lord have mercy upon us, masters, I think this is a holy-day ; every man lies sleeping in the fields : but God knows full sore against their wills.

Thra. Fly, noble Albanact, and save thyself,
 The Scythians follow with great celerity,
 And there's no way but flight or speedy death ;
 Fly, noble Albanact, and save thyself. [*Exit THRA. Alarum.*]

Alba. Nay, let them fly that fear to die the death,
 That tremble at the name of fatal Mors.
 Ne'er shall proud Humber boast or brag himself,
 That he hath put young Albanact to flight :
 And lest he should triumph at my decay,
 This sword shall reave his master of his life,
 That oft hath saved his master's doubtful life :
 But oh, my brethren, if you care for me,
 Revenge my death upon his traitorous head.

*Et vos queis domus est nigrantis regia Ditis,
 Qui regitis rigido Stygios moderamine lucos,*

* I. e. floating.

*Nox cæci regina poli, furialis Erinny's,
 Diique decæque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
 Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude.
 Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.*
 [Stabs himself.]

Enter TROMPART.

O, what hath he done? his nose bleeds; but I smell a fox: look where my master lies. Master, master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one word, good master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. *And is my master dead?* [Singing.]

O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,

And is my master dead?

O you cockatrices, and you bablatrices,

That in the woods dwell:

You briers and brambles, you cook-shops and shambles,

Come howl and yell.

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,

Come you to lament,

O colliers of Croydon, and rustics of Roydon,

And fishers of Kent.

For Strumbo the cobbler, the fine merry cobbler

Of Caithness town,

At this same stour, at this very hour,*

Lies dead on the ground.

O master, thieves, thieves, thieves!

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin! let me be rising: be gone; we shall be robb'd by-and-by.

[*Exeunt STRUMBO and TROMPART.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter HUMBER, HUBBA, SEGAR, THRASSIER, ESTRILD, and Soldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful shocks of furious Mars,
 Thund'ring alarums, and Rhamnusius's drum,†
 We are retired with joyful victory.
 The slaughter'd Trojans, sweltering in their blood,
 Infect the air with their carcasses,
 And are a prey for every ravenous bird.

Est. So perish they that are our enemies!
 So perish they that love not Humber's weal!
 And, mighty Jove, commander of the world,
 Protect my love from all false treacheries!

Hum. Thanks, lovely Estrild, solace to my soul.
 But, valiant Hubba, for thy chivalry
 Declared against the men of Albany,
 Lo! here a flow'ring garland wreath'd of bay,
 As a reward for this thy forward mind. [*Sets it on HUBBA's head.*]

* Battle, tumult.

† Rhamnusius, a title of Nemesis.

Hub. This unexpected honour, noble sire,
Will prick my courage unto braver deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard exploits,
That all the world shall sound of Hubba's name.

Hum. And now, brave soldiers, for this good success,
Carouse whole cups of Amazonian wine,
Sweeter than Nectar, or Ambrosia;
And cast away the clods of cursed care,
With goblets crown'd with Semeleius' gifts.*
Now let us march to Abus' † silver streams,
That clearly glide along the champain fields,
And moist the grassy meads with humid drops.
Sound drums and trumpets, sound up cheerfully,
Sith we return with joy and victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter ATE as before. Then this dumb show. A crocodile sitting on a river's bank, and a little snake stinging it. Both of them fall into the water.

Até. Scelera in authorem cadunt.

High on a bank, by Nilus' boisterous streams,
Fearfully sat the Egyptian crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long teeth
The broken bowels of a silly fish.
His back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
With shields of brass that shined like burnish'd gold:
And as he stretched forth his cruel paws,
A subtle adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked sting into his claws,
Privily shed his poison through his bones,
Which made him swell, that there his bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
So Humber having conquer'd Albanact,
Doth yield his glory unto Locrine's sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see
That all our life is but a tragedy.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

*Enter LOCRINE, GUENDOLEN, CORINEUS, ASSARACUS,
THRASIMACHUS, and CAMBER.*

Loc. And is this true? Is Albanactus slain?
Hath cursed Humber, with his straggling host,
With that his army made of mongrel curs,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end?
O that I had the Thracian Orpheus' harp,
For to awake out of the infernal shade

* *I.e.* Bacchus, son of Semele.

† The Humber.

Those ugly devils of black Erebus,—
That might torment the damned traitor's soul !
O that I had Amphion's instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes and tunes
The flinty joints of every stony rock,
By which the Scythians might be punished !
For, by the lightning of almighty Jove,
The Hun shall die, had he ten thousand lives :
And would to God he had ten thousand lives,
That I might with the arm-strong Hercules
Crop off so vile an hydra's hissing heads !
But say, my cousin (for I long to hear),
How Albanact came by untimely death.

Thra. After the traitorous host of Scythians
Enter'd the field with martial equipage,
Young Albanact, impatient of delay,
Led forth his army 'gainst the straggling mates ;
Whose multitude did daunt our soldiers' minds.
Yet nothing could dismay the forward prince :
He with a courage most heroical,
Like to a lion 'mongst a flock of lambs,
Made havoc of the faint-heart fugitives,
Hewing a passage through them with his sword.
Yea, we had almost given them the repulse,
When, suddenly from out the silent wood,
Hubba, with twenty thousand soldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weaken'd backs,
And murther'd all with fatal massacre :
Amongst the which old Debon, martial knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the death ;
And Albanact, oppress'd with multitude,
Whilst valiantly he fell'd his enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the dust.
He being dead, the soldiers fled amain ;
And I alone escaped them by flight,
To bring you tidings of these accidents.

Loc. Not aged Priam, king of stately Troy,
Grand emperor of barbarous Asia,
When he beheld his noble-minded son
Slain traitorously by all the Myrmidons,
Lamented more than I for Albanact.

Guen. Not Hecuba the queen of Ilion,
When she beheld the town of Pergamus,
Her palace, burnt with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty sons and daughters, fresh of hue,
Murther'd by wicked Pyrrhus' bloody sword,
Shed such sad tears as I for Albanact.

Cam. The grief of Niobe, fair Amphion's queen,
For her seven sons magnanimous in field,
For her seven daughters, fairer than the fairest,
Is not to be compared with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughter'd prince,
In vain you sorrow for this overthrow.

He loves not most that doth lament the most,
 But he that seeks to 'venge the injury.
 Think you to quell the enemies' warlike train
 With childish sobs and womanish laments?
 Unsheathe your swords, unsheathe your conquering swords,
 And seek revenge, the comfort for this sore.
 In Cornwall, where I hold my regiment,*
 Even just ten thousand valiant men-at-arms
 Hath Corineus ready at command,
 All these and more, if need shall more require,
 Hath Corineus ready at command.

Cam. And in the fields of martial Cambria,
 Close by the boisterous Isca's silver streams,
 Where light-foot fairies skip from bank to bank,
 Full twenty thousand brave courageous knights
 Well exercised in feats of chivalry,
 In manly manner most invincible,
 Young Camber hath, with gold and victual.
 All these and more, if need shall more require,
 I offer up to 'venge my brother's death.

Loc. Thanks, loving uncle, and good brother too;
 For this revenge, for this sweet word, revenge,
 Must ease and cease my wrongful injuries:
 And by the sword of bloody Mars I swear,
 Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my front;
 Till I be 'venged on his traitorous head,
 That slew my noble brother Albanact.
 Sound drums and trumpets; muster up the camp;
 For we will straight march to Albania.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter HUMBER, ESTRILD, HUBBA, THRASSIER, and Soldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come victorious conquerors
 Unto the flowing current's silver streams,
 Which, in memorial of our victory,
 Shall be agnominated by our name,†
 And talked of by our posterity:
 For sure I hope before the golden sun
 Posteth his horses to fair Thetis' plains,‡
 To see the water turned into blood,
 And change his bluish hue to rueful red,
 By reason of the fatal massacre
 Which shall be made upon the virent§ plains.

Enter the Ghost of ALBANACT.

Ghost. See how the traitor doth presage his harm;
 See how he glories at his own decay;
 See how he triumphs at his proper|| loss;
 O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail!

* *I. e.* my government.

† The sea.

‡ *I. e.* surnamed

§ *I. e.* green.

| Own.

Hum. Methinks I see both armies in the field.
The broken lances climb the crystal skies ;
Some headless lie, some breathless, on the ground,
And every place is strew'd with carcasses :
Behold the grass hath lost its pleasant green,
The sweetest sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay, traitorous Humber, thou shalt find it so,
Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments.
The grassy plains, that now do please thine eyes,
Shall ere the night be colour'd all with blood.
The shady groves which now enclose thy camp,
And yield sweet savour to thy damned corps,
Shall ere the night be figured all with blood.
The profound stream that passeth by thy tents,
And with his moisture serveth all thy camp,
Shall ere the night converted be to blood.
Yea with the blood of those thy straggling boys :
For now revenge shall ease my lingering grief,
And now revenge shall glut my longing soul.

[*Exit.*

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out ;
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame renown'd for chivalry.
He is not worthy of the honeycomb,
That shuns the hives because the bees have stings.
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany ;
For nothing can dismay our regal mind,
Which aims at nothing but a golden crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they enchained in grim Pluto's court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish crew,
I would either quell the triple Cerberus,
And all the army of his hateful hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched Sisyphus.

Hum. Right martial be thy thoughts, my noble son,
And all thy words savour of chivalry.

Enter SEGAR.

But, warlike Segar, what strange accidents
Make you to leave the warding* of the camp ?

Segar. To arms, my lord, to honourable arms :
Take helm and targe in hand : The Britons come
With greater multitude than erst the Greeks
Brought to the ports of Phrygian Tenedos.

Hum. But what saith Segar to these accidents ?
What counsel gives he in extremities ?

Segar. Why this, my lord, experience teacheth us,
That resolution's a sole help at need.
And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise.

* Defence.

Then, since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

Hum. And resolute, Segar, I mean to be.
Perhaps some blissful star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed state.
Come, let us in, and fortify our camp,
So to withstand their strong invasion.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter STRUMBO, TROMPART, OLIVER, and WILLIAM.

Strum. Nay, neighbour Oliver, if you be so hot, come, prepare yourself, you shall find two as stout fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No, by my dorth,* neighbour Strumbo; Ich zee dat you are a man of small zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vriends, one of your vamiliar guests; and derefore zeeing your 'pinion is to deal withouten reason, Ich and my zon William will take dat course dat shall be fardest vrom reason. How zay you? will you have my daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, neighbour, but I will solve it as I may. What reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry, Sir, what reason had you, when my sister was in the barn, to tumble her upon the hay, and to fish her belly?

Strum. Mass, thou say'st true. Well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you: ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true gentleman.

Will. Then will we school you, ere you and we part hence.

[*They fight.*]

Enter MARGERY. *She snatches the staff out of her brother's hand, as he is fighting.*

Strum. Ay, you come in pudding-time, or else I had dress'd them.

Mar. You, master saucebox, lobcock, cockscomb; you, slop-sauce, lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to? me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, John Lack-honesty, Littlewit. Is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No, by my troth, mistress Nicebice.† How fine you can nick-name me! I think you were brought up in the University of Bridewell, you have your rhetoric so ready at your tongue's end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then, goodman Codshead, if you will have none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

* *I. e.* troth.

† *I. e.* Nicc-bit.

Mar. Nay, master Strumbo, ere you go from hence, we must have more words. You will have none of me? [*They fight.*]

Strum. Oh my head, my head! Leave, leave, leave; I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now, master Strumbo? Hath my daughter taught you a new lesson?

Strum. Ay, but hear you, goodman Oliver; it will not be for my ease to have my head broken every day; therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oliv. Well, zon, well (for you are my zon now), all shall be remedied. Daughter, be friends with him. [*They shake hands.*]

[*Exeunt OLIVER, WILLIAM, and MARGERY.*]

Strum. You are a sweet nut; the devil crack you! Masters, I think it be my luck. My first wife was a loving quiet wench; but this, I think, would weary the devil. I would she might be burnt as my other wife was; if not, I must run to the halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast 'done* thy master; this it is to be meddling with warm plackets.† [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter LOCRINE, CAMBER, CORINEUS, THRASIMACHUS, and ASSARACUS.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of men,
Whose haughty courage is invincible.
Now am I hemm'd with troops of soldiers,
Such as might force Bellona to retire,
And make her tremble at their puissance.
Now sit I like the mighty god of war,
When, armed with his coat of adamant,
Mounted in's chariot drawn with mighty bulls,
He drove the Argives over Xanthus' streams.
Now, cursed Humber, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the glory of thy victories,
And all thy fame, and all thy high renown,
Shall in a moment yield to Locrine's sword.
Thy bragging banners cross'd with argent streams,
The ornaments of thy pavilions,
Shall all be captivated with this hand;
And thou thyself at Albanactus' tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he lived.
But canst thou tell me, brave Thrasimachus,
How far we distant are from Humber's camp?

Thra. My lord, within yon foul accursed grove,
That bears the tokens of our overthrow,
This Humber hath intrench'd his damned camp.
March on, my lord, because I long to see
The treacherous Scythians swelt'ring in their gore.

* Destroyed.

† Under-petticoats.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour Locrine with a smile,
That I may 'venge my noble brother's death !
And in the midst of stately Troynovant
I'll build a temple to thy deity,
Of perfect marble, and of jacinth stones,
That it shall pass the high pyramidés,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong offspring of the doubled night,*
Stout Hercules, Alcmena's mighty son,
That tamed the monsters of the threefold world,
And rid the oppressed from the tyrants' yokes,
Did never show such valiantness in fight,
As I will now for noble Albanact.

Cor. Full fourscore years hath Corineus lived,
Sometimes in war, sometimes in quiet peace,
And yet I feel myself to be as strong
As erst I was in summer of mine age ;
Able to toss this great unwieldy club,
Which hath been painted with my foemen's brains :
And with this club I'll break the strong array
Of Humber and his straggling soldiers,
Or lose my life amongst the thickest press,
And die with honour in my latest days :
Yet, ere I die, they all shall understand,
What force lies in stout Corineus' hand.

Thra. And if Thrasimachus detract† the fight,
Either for weakness, or for cowardice,
Let him not boast that Brutus was his eam,‡
Or that brave Corineus was his sire.

Loc. Then courage, soldiers, first for your safety,
Next for your peace, last for your victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alarum. Enter HUBBA and SEGAB at one side of the stage,
and CORINEUS at the other.

Cor. Art thou that Humber, prince of fugitives,
That by thy treason slew'st young Albanact ?

Hub. I am his son that slew young Albanact ;
And if thou take not heed, proud Phrygian,
I'll send thy soul unto the Stygian lake,
There to complain of Humber's injuries.

Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the victory,
For Corineus is not so soon slain.
But, cursed Scythians, you shall rue the day,
That e'er you came into Albania.
So perish they that envy Britain's wealth,
So let them die with endless infamy :
And he that seeks his sovereign's overthrow,
Would this my club might aggravate his woe.

[*Strikes them with his club.* *Exeunt fighting.*]

* *I. e.* the night protracted to twice its usual length, which Jupiter passed with Alcmena.

† *I. e.* withdraw from.

‡ Uncle.

SCENE VI.

Enter HUMBER.

Hum. Where may I find some desert wilderness,
 Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
 And scare the earth with my condemning voice ;
 Where every echo's repercussion
 May help me to bewail mine overthrow,
 And aid me in my sorrowful laments ?
 Where may I find some hollow uncouth rock,
 Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
 The heavens, the hell, the earth, the air, the fire ;
 And utter curses to the concave sky
 Which may infect the airy regions,
 And light upon the Briton Locrine's head ?
 You ugly spirits that in Cocytus mourn,
 And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments ;
 You fearful dogs, that in black Lethe howl,
 And scare the ghosts with your wide open throats ;
 You ugly ghosts, that flying from these dogs
 Do plunge yourselves in Puryflegethon ;*
 Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
 Accompany the Britons' conquering host.
 Come, fierce Erinnyes, horrible with snakes ;
 Come, ugly furies, armed with your whips ;
 You threefold judges of black Tartarus,
 And all the army of your hellish fiends,
 With new-found torments rack proud Locrine's bones !
 O gods and stars ! damn'd be the gods and stars,
 That did not drown me in fair Thetis' plains !
 Curst be the sea, that with outrageous waves,
 With surging billows, did not rive my ships
 Against the rocks of high Ceraunia,
 Or swallow me into her wat'ry gulf !
 Would God we had arrived upon the shore
 Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell ;
 Or where the bloody Anthropophagi
 With greedy jaws devour the wandering wights !

Enter the GHOST of ALBANACT.

But why comes Albanactus' bloody ghost,
 To bring a cor'sive† to our miseries ?
 Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
 But we must be tormented now with ghosts, -
 With apparitions fearful to behold ?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfy your wandering ghost
 But dire revenge ; nothing but Humber's fall ;
 Because he conquer'd you in Albany.
 Now, by my soul, Humber would be condemn'd

* *I. e.* Pyriphlegethon, Phlegethon.† *I. e.* a corrosive.

To Tantal's hunger, or Ixion's wheel,
 Or to the vulture of Prometheus,
 Rather than that this murder were undone.
 When as I die, I'll drag thy cursed ghost
 Through all the rivers of foul Erebus,
 Through burning sulphur of the limbo-lake,
 To allay the burning fury of that heat,
 That rageth in mine everlasting soul.

Ghost. *Vindicta! vindicta!*

[*Ereunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter ATE as before. Then OMPHALE, having a club in her hand, and a lion's skin on her back; HERCULES following with a distaff. OMPHALE turns about, and taking off her pantofle, strikes HERCULES on the head; then they depart. ATE remains.*

Até. *Quem non Argolici mandata severa tyranni,
 Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout Hercules, the mirror of the world,
 Son to Alcmena and great Jupiter,
 After so many conquests won in field,
 After so many monsters quell'd by force,
 Yielded his valiant heart to Omphale,
 A fearful woman, void of manly strength.
 She took the cub, and wore the lion's skin;
 He took the wheel, and maidenly 'gan spin.
 So martial Locrine, cheer'd with victory,
 Falleth in love with Humber's concubine,
 And so forgetteth peerless Guendolen:
 His uncle Corineus storms at this,
 And forceth Locrine for his grace to sue.
 Lo here the sum; the process doth ensue.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter LOCRINE, CAMBER, CORINEUS, ASSARACUS, THRASIMACHUS, and Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of Bellona's broils,
 With sound of drum, and trumpets' melody,
 The Britain king returns triumphantly.
 The Scythians slain with great ocision,†
 Do equalize the grass in multitude;
 And with their blood have stain'd the streaming brooks,
 Offering their bodies, and their dearest blood,
 As sacrifice to Albanactus' ghost.
 Now, cursed Humber, hast thou paid thy due,
 For thy deceits and crafty treacheries,

* *c.* her slipper.

† *I. e.* slaughter.

For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems,
 With loss of life and ever-during shame.
 Where are thy horses trapp'd with burnish'd gold?
 Thy trampling coursers ruled with foaming bits?
 Where are thy soldiers, strong and numberless?
 Thy valiant captains, and thy noble peers?
 Even as the country clowns with sharpest scythes
 Do mow the wither'd grass from off the earth,
 Or as the ploughman with his piercing share
 Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,
 And rippeth up the roots with razors keen,
 So Locrine, with his mighty curtle-axe,
 Hath cropped off the heads of all thy Huns:
 So Locrine's peers have daunted all thy peers,
 And drove thine host unto confusion,
 That thou mayst suffer penance for thy fault,
 And die for murdering valiant Albanact.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be served
 That seek to enter Albion, 'gainst our wills.
 If the brave nation of the Troglodytes,
 If all the coal-black Æthiopians,
 If all the forces of the Amazons,
 If all the hosts of the barbarian lands,
 Should dare to enter this our little world,
 Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts;
 That after us our progeny may say,
 There lie the beasts that sought to usurp our land.

Loc. Ay, they are beasts that seek to usurp our land,
 And like to brutish beasts they shall be served.
 For, mighty Jove, the supreme king of heaven,
 That guides the concourse of the meteors,
 And rules the motion of the azure sky,
 Fights always for the Britons' safety.
 But stay; methinks I hear some shrieking noise,
 That draweth near to our pavilion.

Enter Soldiers, leading in ESTRILD.

Est. What prince soe'er, adorn'd with golden crown,
 Doth sway the regal sceptre in his hand,
 And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
 Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
 Let him behold poor Estrild in this plight,
 The perfect platform* of a troubled wight.
 Once was I guarded with Mavortial bands,†
 Compass'd with princes of the noblest blood;
 Now am I fallen into my foemen's hands,
 And with my death must pacify their mood.‡
 O life, the harbour of calamities!
 O death, the haven of all miseries!
 I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,

* *I. e.* model.

† Mavors, a poetical name for Mars.

‡ *I. e.* anger.

Thou wretched queen of wretched Pergamus,
 But that thou view'dst thy enemy's overthrow.
 Nigh to the rock of high Caphareus
 Thou saw'st their death and then departedst thence :
 I must abide the victors' insolence.

The gods that pitied thy continual grief,
 Transform'd thy corps,* and with thy corps thy care :
 Poor Estrild lives, despairing of relief,
 For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
 What, said I, few ? ay, few or none at all,
 For cruel Death made havoc of them all.

Thrice happy they, whose fortune was so good
 To end their lives, and with their lives their woes !
 Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
 That cruelly she gave me to my foes !

O soldiers, is there any misery
 To be compared to Fortune's treachery ?

Loc. Camber, this same should be the Scythian queen.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a dame mine eyes did never see ;
 With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O, hath she not a cause for to be sad ?

Loc. [*aside*]. If she have cause to weep for Humber's death,
 And shed salt tears for her overthrow,
 Locrine may well bewail his proper † grief,
 Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.
 He, being conquer'd, died a speedy death,
 And felt not long his lamentable smart :
 I, being conqueror, live a lingering life,
 And feel the force of Cupid's sudden dart.
 I gave him cause to die a speedy death ;
 He left me cause to wish a speedy death.
 O, that sweet face, painted with nature's dye,
 Those roseal cheeks mix'd with a snowy white,
 That decent ‡ neck surpassing ivory,
 Those comely breasts which Venus well might spite,
 Are like to snares, which wily fowlers wrought,
 Wherein my yielding heart is prisoner caught !
 The golden tresses of her dainty hair,
 Which shine like rubies glittering with the sun,
 Have so entrapp'd poor Locrine's love-sick heart,
 That from the same no way it can be won.
 How true is that which oft I heard declared,
 One dram of joy must have a pound of care.

Est. Hard is their fall, who from a golden crown
 Are cast into a sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by Cupido's frown
 Are wrapp'd in waves of endless carefulness.

Est. O kingdom, object § to all miseries !

[*Aside.*]

* Body.

‡ Becoming, beautiful.

† Own.

§ I. e. exposed.

Loc. O love, the extrem'st of all extremities ! *[Aside.*
[Goes into his chair.

Sold. My lord, in ransacking the Scythian tents,
I found this lady, and to manifest
That earnest zeal I bear unto your grace,
I here present her to your majesty.

2 Sold. He lies, my lord ; I found the lady first,
And here present her to your majesty.

1 Sold. Presumptuous villain, wilt thou take my prize ?

2 Sold. Nay, rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1 Sold. Resign thy title, caitiff, unto me,
Or with my sword I'll pierce thy coward's loins.

2 Sold. Soft words, good sir ; 'tis not enough to speak :
A barking dog doth seldom strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent villains, strive you in our sight ?
Take them hence, jailer, to the dungeon ;
There let them lie, and try their quarrel out.
But thou, fair princess, be no whit dismay'd,
But rather joy that Locrine favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my spouse ?

Loc. The chance of war, my love, took him from thee.

Est. But Locrine was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an enemy to Locrine's state,
And slew my noble brother Albanact.

Est. But he was link'd to me in marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his slaughterer ?

Loc. Better to live,* than not to live at all.

Est. Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than live with shame and endless infamy.
What would the common sort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee ?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences.†

Est. But ladies must regard their honest name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in marriage-bonds ?

Est. No, but to be a strumpet to a king.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to Locrine's burning love,
Thou shalt be queen of fair Albania.

Est. But Guendolen will undermine my state.

Loc. Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Est. Then lo ! brave Locrine, Estrild yields to thee ;
And, by the gods, whom thou dost invoke,
By the dread ghost of thy deceased sire,
By thy right hand, and by thy burning love,
Take pity on poor Estrild's wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath Locrine then forgot his Guendolen,
That thus he courts the Scythian's paramour ?
What, are the words of Brute so soon forgot ?
Are my deserts so quickly out of mind ?
Have I been faithful to thy sire, now dead ?
Have I protected thee from Humber's hand,

* *I. e.* on any terms.

† Opinions.

And dost thou quit me with ingratitude?
Is this the guerdon * for my grievous wounds?
Is this the honour for my labours past?
Now, by my sword, Locrine, I swear to thee,
This injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your royal sovereign,
As if we stood for ciphers in the court?
Upbraid you me with those your benefits?
Why, 'twas a subject's duty so to do.
What you have done for our deceased sire,
We know; and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avaunt, proud princex! brav'st thou me withal?
Assure thyself, though thou be emperor,
Thou ne'er shalt carry this unpunished.

Camb. Pardon, my brother, noble Corineus,
Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Assa. Cousin, remember Brutus' latest words,
How he desired you to cherish them:
Let not this fault so much incense your mind,
Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then, Locrine, lo I reconcile myself;
But as thou lov'st thy life, so love thy wife.
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.
Come, let us back to stately Troynovant,
Where all these matters shall be settled.

Loc. [*aside*]. Millions of devils wait upon thy soul!
Legions of spirits vex thy impious ghost!
Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones!
Let everything that hath the use of breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter HUMBER, his hair hanging over his shoulders, his arms all bloody, and a dart in his hand.

Hum. What basilisk was hatched in this place,
Where everything consumed is to nought?
What fearful fury haunts these cursed groves,
Where not a root is left for Humber's meat?
Hath fell Alecto, with envenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender plains?
Hath triple Cerberus, with contagious foam,
Sow'd aconitum 'mongst these wither'd herbs?
Hath dreadful Fames,† with her charming‡ rods,
Brought barrenness on every fruitful tree?
What, not a root, no fruit, no beast, no bird,
To nourish Humber in this wilderness!
What would you more, you fiends of Erebus?

* *I. e.* reward.

† *I. e.* hunger personified

‡ *I. e.* magic.

My very entrails burn for want of drink ;
 My bowels cry, Humber, give us some meat ;
 But wretched Humber can give you no meat,
 These foul accursed groves afford no meat,
 This fruitless soil, this ground, brings forth no meat,
 The gods, hard-hearted gods, yield me no meat :
 Then how can Humber give you any meat ?

Enter STRUMBO, wearing a Scotch cap, with a pitchfork in his hand.

Strum. How do you, masters,* how do you ? how have you scaped hanging this long time ? I' faith I have scaped many a scouring this year ; but I thank God I have pass'd them all with a good coraggio, and my wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood and my strength. For I will tell you, masters : Upon a certain day at night I came home, to say the very truth, with my stomach full of wine, and ran up into the chamber, where my wife soberly sat rocking my little baby, leaning her back against the bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with my nose foremost, thinking that I had been drunk (as I was indeed), she snatched up a fagot-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me, with a big face, as though she would have eaten me at a bit ; thundering out these words unto me : *Thou drunken knave, where hast thou been so long ? I shall teach thee how to benight me † another time :* and so she began to play knaves trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten commandments ‡ in my face, I ran within her, and delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me *sweet husband* ; and so banished brawling for ever. And to see the good-will of the wench !—She bought with her portion a yard of land, and by that I am now become one of the richest men in our parish. Well, masters, what's o'clock ? It is now breakfast time ; you shall see what meat I have here for my breakfast.

[Sits down, and takes out his victuals.]

Hum. Was ever land so fruitless as this land ?
 Was ever grove so graceless as this grove ?
 Was ever soil so barren as this soil ?
 Oh no : the land where hungry Fames dwelt,
 May no ways equalize this cursed land ;
 No, even the climate of the torrid zone
 Brings forth more fruit than this accursed grove.
 Ne'er came sweet Ceres, ne'er came Venus here ;
 Triptolemus, the god of husbandmen,
 Ne'er sow'd his seed in this foul wilderness.
 The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,
 Chased from the nine-fold Pyriphlegethon,
 Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.
 The iron-hearted Furies, arm'd with snakes,

* *Viz.* the spectators.

† To come home so late at night.

‡ *I. e.* her nails.

Scatter'd huge Hydras over all the plains ;
Which have consumed the grass, the herbs, the trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing water-springs.

STRUMBO, hearing his voice, starts up, and puts his meat in his pocket, endeavouring to hide himself.

Thou great commander of the starry sky,
That guid'st the life of every mortal wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting clouds
Rain down some food, or else I faint and die :
Pour down some drink, or else I faint and die.
O Jupiter, hast thou sent Mercury
In clownish shape to minister some food ?
Some meat, some meat, some meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, you are deceived. I am not Mercury ; I am Strumbo.

Hum. Give me some meat, villain, give me some meat,
Or 'gainst this rock I'll dash thy cursed brains,
And rent thy bowels with my bloody hands.
Give me some meat, villain ; give me some meat.

Strum. By the faith of my body, good fellow, I had rather give an whole ox, than that thou shouldst serve me in that sort. Dash out my brains ! O horrible ! terrible ! I think I have a quarry of stones in my pocket. *[Aside.*

[He makes as though he would give him some, and as he puts out his hand, the GHOST of ALBANACT enters, and strikes him on the hand. STRUMBO runs out, HUMBER following him.

Ghost. Lo, here the gift of fell ambition,
Of usurpation and of treachery !
Lo, here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others' lands,
Which are not under their dominion.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter LOCRINE.

Loc. Seven years hath aged Corineus lived
To Locrine's grief, and fair Estrilda's woe,
And seven years more he hopeth yet to live.
O supreme Jove, annihilate this thought !
Should he enjoy the air's fruition,
Should he enjoy the benefit of life,
Should he contemplate the radiant sun,
That makes my life equal to dreadful death ?
Venus, convey this monster from the earth,
That disobeyeth thus thy sacred 'hests !
Cupid, convey this monster to dark hell,
That disannuls thy mother's sugar'd laws !
Mars, with thy target all beset with flames,
With murdering blade bereave him of his life,
That hind'reth Locrine in his sweetest joys !
And yet, for all his diligent aspect,
His wrathful eyes, piercing like lynxes' eyes,

Well have I overmatch'd his subtilty.
Nigh Duroлитum,* by the pleasant Ley,
Where brackish 'Thamis slides with silver streams,
Making a breach into the grassy downs,
A curious arch, of costly marble wrought,
Hath Locrine framed underneath the ground;
The walls whereof, garnish'd with diamonds,
With opals, rubies, glistening emeralds,
And interlaced with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the room with artificial day:
And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is derived into this arch,
Where I have placed fair Estrild secretly.
Thither eftsoons, accompanied with my page,
I visit covertly my heart's desire,
Without suspicion of the meanest eye,
For love aboundeth still with policy.
And thither still means Locrine to repair,
Till Atropos cut off mine uncle's life.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter HUMBER.

Hum. *O vita, misero longa, felici brevis!*
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum!
Long have I lived in this desert cave,
With eating haws and miserable roots,
Devouring leaves and beastly excrements.
Caves were my beds, and stones my pillowberes,
Fear was my sleep, and horror was my dream;
For still, methought, at every boisterous blast,
Now Locrine comes, now, Humber, thou must die;
So that for fear and hunger Humber's mind
Can never rest, but always trembling stands.
O, what Danubius now may quench my thirst?
What Euphrates, what light-foot Euripus
May now allay the fury of that heat,
Which raging in my entrails eats me up?
You ghastly devils of the ninefold Styx,
You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,
You mournful souls, vex'd in Abyssus' vaults,
You coal-black devils of Avernus' pond,
Come, with your flesh-hooks rent my famish'd arms,
These arms that have sustain'd their master's life.
Come, with your razors rip my bowels up,
With your sharp fire-forks crack my starved bones:
Use me as you will, so Humber may not live.
Accursed gods, that rule the starry poles,
Accursed Jove, king of the cursed gods,
Cast down your lightning on poor Humber's head
That I may leave this death-like life of mine!

* Leyton, in Essex.

What! hear you not? and shall not Humber die?
 Nay, I will die, though all the gods say nay.
 And, gentle Abus,* take my troubled corpse,
 Take it, and keep it from all mortal eyes,
 That none may say, when I have lost my breath,
 The very floods conspired for Humber's death.

[*Flings himself into the river.*]

Enter the GHOST of ALBANACT.

Ghost. *En cædem sequitur cædes, in cæde quiesco.*
 Humber is dead. Joy heavens, leap earth, dance trees—
 Now mayst thou reach thy apples, Tantalus,
 And with them feed thy hunger-bitten limbs.
 Now Sisyphus, leave the tumbling of thy rock,
 And rest thy restless bones upon the same.
 Unbind Ixion, cruel Rhadamanth,
 And lay proud Humber on the whirling wheel.
 Back will I post to hell-mouth Tænarus,
 And pass Cocytus, to the Elysian fields,
 And tell my father Brutus of this news.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

Enter ATE, as before. Then enter JASON, leading CREON'S daughter; MEDEA following, with a garland in her hand. She puts the garland on the head of CREON'S daughter; sets it on fire; and then, killing her and JASON, departs.

Até. *Non tam Trinacriis exæstuat Ætna cavernis.
 Læsa furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.*
 Medea seeing Jason leave her love,
 And choose the daughter of the Theban king,
 Went to her devilish charms to work revenge;
 And raising up the triple Hecate,
 With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
 Framed a garland by her magic skill,
 With which she wrought Jason and Creon's ill.
 So Guendolen, seeing herself misused,
 And Humber's paramour possess her place,
 Flies to the dukedom of Cornubia,
 And with her brother, stout Thrasimachus,
 Gathering a power of Cornish soldiers,
 Gives battle to her husband and his host,
 Nigh to the river of great Mercia.
 The chances of this dismal massacre
 That which ensueth shortly will unfold.

[*Exit.*]

* The Humber.

SCENE I.

Enter LOCRINE, CAMBER, ASSARACUS, and THRASIMACHUS.

Assa. But tell me, cousin, died my brother so ?

Now who is left to helpless Albion,

That as a pillar might uphold our state,

That might strike terror to our daring foes ?

Now who is left to hapless Brittany,

That might defend her from the barbarous hands

Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,

And seek to work her downfall and decay ?

Cam. Ay, uncle, death 's our common enemy,

And none but death can match our matchless power.

Witness the fall of Albioneus' crew,

Witness the fall of Humber and his Huns ;

And this foul death hath now increased our woe,

By taking Corineus from this life,

And in his room leaving us worlds of care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful hearse,

Than I that am the issue of his loins.

Now foul befall that cursed Humber's throat,

That was the causer of his ling'ring wound !

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the dead again.—

But where's my lady mistress, Guendolen ?

Thra. In Cornwall, Locrine, is my sister now,

Providing for my father's funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning weeds,

And mourn for ever her own widowhood.

Ne'er shall she come within our palace gate,

To countercheck brave Locrine in his love.

Go, boy, to Durolitum, down the Ley,

Unto the arch where lovely Estrild lies ;

Bring her and Sabren straight unto the court :

She shall be queen in Guendolena's room.

Let others wail for Corineus' death ;

I mean not so to macerate* my mind,

For him that barr'd me from my heart's desire.

Thra. Hath Locrine then forsook his Guendolen ?

Is Corineus' death so soon forgot ?

If there be gods in heaven, as sure there be,

If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,

They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,

And pour their plagues upon thy cursed head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, peasant, to thy sovereign ?

Or art thou stricken in some ecstasy ?

Dost thou not tremble at our royal looks ?

Dost thou not quake, when mighty Locrine frowns ?

Thou beardless boy, were't not that Locrine scorns

To vex his mind with such a heartless child,

With the sharp point of this my battle-axe

I'd send thy soul to Pyriphlegethon.

* *I. e.* to mortify.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with Locrine when he dares.
My noble father with his conquering sword
Slew the two giants, kings of Aquitain.
Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
That he should fear and tremble at the looks
Or taunting words of a Venerean squire.*

Loc. Menacest thou thy royal sovereign?
Uncivil, not beseeming such as you.
Injurious traitor (for he is no less
That at defiance standeth with his king),
Leave these thy taunts, leave these thy bragging words,
Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched life.

Thra. If princes stain their glorious dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous infamy,
They leese† their former estimation,
And throw themselves into a hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,
As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn?
Proud boy, that thou mayst know thy prince is moved,
Yea, greatly moved at this thy swelling pride,
We banish thee for ever from our court.

Thra. Then, losel‡ Locrine, look unto thyself;
Thrasimachus will 'venge this injury.

[*Exit.*

Loc. Farewell, proud boy, and learn to use§ thy tongue.

Assa. Alas, my lord, you should have call'd to mind
The latest words that Brutus spake to you;
How he desired you, by the obedience
That children ought to bear unto their sire,
To love and favour Lady Guendolen.
Consider this, that if the injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and dissension follows speedily.
What though her power be not so great as yours?
Have you not seen a mighty elephant
Slain by the biting of a silly mouse?
Even so the chance of war inconstant is.

Loc. Peace, uncle, peace, and cease to talk hereof;
For he that seeks, by whispering this or that,
To trouble Locrine in his sweetest life,
Let him persuade himself to die the death.

Enter ESTRILD, SABREN, and a PAGE.

Est. O say me,|| page, tell me, where is the king.
Wherefore doth he send for me to the court?
Is it to die? is it to end my life?

Say me, sweet boy; tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, trust me, madam: if you will credit the little

* A follower of Venus.

† An unworthy wretch.

|| Say to me.

‡ I. e. loose.

§ I. e. use it with propriety.

honesty that is yet left me, there is no such danger as you fear.
But prepare yourself; yonder 's the king.

Est. Then, Estrild, lift thy dazzled spirits up,
And bless that blessed time, that day, that hour,
That warlike Locrine first did favour thee.

Peace to the king of Brittany, my love!

Kneeling.

Peace to all those that love and favour him!

Loc. Doth Estrild fall with such submission
Before her servant, king of Albion?

Arise, fair lady, leave this lowly cheer;

[Taking her up.]

Lift up those looks that cherish Locrine's heart,

That I may freely view that roseal face,

Which so entangled hath my love-sick breast.

Now to the court, where we will court it out,

And pass the night and day in Venus' sports.

Frolic, brave peers; be joyful with your king.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter GUENDOLEN, THRASIMACHUS, MADAN, and Soldiers.

Guen. You gentle winds, that with your modest blasts

Pass through the circuit of the heavenly vault,

Enter the clouds, unto the throne of Jove,

And bear my prayers to his all-hearing ears,

For Locrine hath forsaken Guendolen,

And learn'd to love proud Humber's concubine.

You happy sprites, that in the concave sky

With pleasant joy enjoy your sweetest love,

Shed forth those tears with me, which then you shed

When first you woo'd your ladies to your wills:

Those tears are fittest for my woeful case,

Since Locrine shuns my nothing-pleasant face.

Blush heavens, blush sun, and hide thy shining beams;

Shadow thy radiant locks in gloomy clouds;

Deny thy cheerful light unto the world,

Where nothing reigns but falsehood and deceit.

What said I? falsehood? ay, that filthy crime,

For Locrine hath forsaken Guendolen.

Behold the heavens do wail for Guendolen;

The shining sun doth blush for Guendolen;

The liquid air doth weep for Guendolen;

The very ground doth groan for Guendolen.

Ay, they are milder than the Britain king,

For he rejecteth luckless Guendolen.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause,

This open wrong must have an open plague,

This plague must be repaid with grievous war

This war must finish with Locrinus' death:

His death must soon extinguish our complaints.

Guen. O no; his death will more augment my woes:

He was my husband, brave Thrasimachus,

More dear to me than the apple of mine eye;
Nor can I find in heart to work his scathe.*

Thra. Madam, if not your proper injuries,
Nor my exile, can move you to revenge,
Think on our father Corineus' words;
His words to us stand always for a law.
Should Locrine live, that caused my father's death?
Should Locrine live, that now divorceth you?
The heavens, the earth, the air, the fire reclaim;†
And then why should all we deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womanish complaints!
All childish pity henceforth then farewell!
But cursed Locrine, look unto thyself;
For Nemesis, the mistress of revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismal blades:
And cursed Estrild, that inflamed his heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful death.

Mad. Mother, though nature makes me to lament
My luckless father's froward lechery,
Yet, for he wrongs my lady mother thus,
I, if I could, myself would work his death.

Thra. See, madam, see! the desire of revenge
Is in the children of a tender age.

Forward, brave soldiers, into Mercia,
Where we shall brave the coward to his face.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter LOCRINE, ESTRILD, SABREN, ASSARACUS, and Soldiers.

Loc. Tell me, Assaracus, are the Cornish choughs
In such great number come to Mercia?
And have they pitched there their petty host,
So close unto our royal mansion?

Assa. They are, my lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that Guendolen
Should have the heart to come in arms against me.

Est. Alas, my lord, the horse will run amain,
When as the spur doth gall him to the bone:
Jealousy, Locrine, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Say'st thou so, Estrild, beauty's paragon?
Well, we will try her choler to the proof,
And make her know, Locrine can brook no braves.
March on, Assaracus; thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud pavilion.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *I. e.* his destruction.

† *I. e.* cry out against.

SCENE IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter the GHOST of CORINEUS.

Ghost. Behold, the circuit of the azure sky
 Throws forth sad throbs, and grievous suspires,*
 Prejudicating Locrine's overthrow.
 The fire casteth forth sharp darts of flames;
 The great foundation of the triple world
 Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
 Presaging bloody massacres at hand.
 The wandering birds that flutter in the dark
 (When hellish Night in cloudy chariot seated,
 Casteth her mists on shady Tellus' face,
 With sable mantles covering all the earth),
 Now fly abroad amid the cheerful day,
 Foretelling some unwonted misery.
 The snarling curs of darken'd Tartarus,
 Sent from Avernus' ponds by Rhadamanth,
 With howling ditties pester every wood.
 The wat'ry Naiads, and the lightfoot Fauns,
 And all the rabble of the woody nymphs,
 All trembling hide themselves in shady groves,
 And shroud themselves in hideous hollow pits.
 The boisterous Boreas thund'reth forth revenge :
 The stony rocks cry out on sharp revenge :
 The thorny bush pronounceth dire revenge. [Alarum.
 Now, Corineus, stay and see revenge,
 And feed thy soul with Locrine's overthrow.
 Behold they come ; the trumpets call them forth :
 The roaring drums summon the soldiers.
 Lo where their army glistereth on the plains.
 Throw forth thy lightning, mighty Jupiter,
 And pour thy plagues on cursed Locrine's head ! [Stands aside.
Enter LOCRINE, ESTRILD, ASSARACUS, SABREN and their Soldiers at one side ; THRASIMACHUS, GUENDOLEN, MADAN, and their followers at another.

Loc. What, is the tiger started from his cave ?
 Is Guendolen come from Cornubia,
 That thus she braveth Locrine to the teeth ?
 And hast thou found thine armour, pretty boy,
 Accompanied with these thy straggling mates ?
 Believe me, but this enterprise was bold,
 And well deserveth commendation.

Guen. Ay, Locrine, traitorous Locrine, we are come,
 With full pretence† to seek thine overthrow.
 What have I done, that thou shouldst scorn me thus ?
 What have I said, that thou shouldst me reject ?
 Have I been disobedient to thy words ?
 Have I bewray'd thy arcane secrecy ?‡

* Suspirations, signs.

† Intention.

‡ I. e. thy secret secrecy.

Have I dishonoured thy marriage bed
 With filthy crimes, or with lascivious lusts ?
 Nay, it is thou that hast dishonour'd it ;
 Thy filthy mind, o'ercome with filthy lusts,
 Yieldeth unto affection's filthy darts.
 Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest feere ;*
 Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest friend ;
 Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful Brutus' laws ;
 Forgetting father, uncle, and thyself.

Est. Believe me, Loocrine, but the girl is wise,
 And well would seem to make a vestal nun :
 How finely frames she her oration !

Thra. Loocrine, we came not here to fight with words,
 Words that can never win the victory ;
 But, for you are so merry in your frumps,†
 Unsheathe your swords, and try it out by force,
 That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold Thrasimachus ?
 Think'st thou to fear‡ me with thy taunting braves ?§
 Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee ?
 Soon shall I show thee my fine cutting blade,
 And with my sword, the messenger of death,
 Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter LOCRINE, ASSARACUS, and Soldiers at one door ; GUENDOLEN, THRASIMACHUS, and his forces at another. They fight. LOCRINE and his followers are driven back. Then re-enter LOCRINE and ESTRILDA.

Loc. O fair Estrilda, we have lost the field ;
 Thrasimachus hath won the victory,
 And we are left to be a laughing-stock,
 Scoff'd at by those that are our enemies.
 Ten thousand soldiers, arm'd with sword and shield,
 Prevail against an hundred thousand men.
 Thrasimachus, incensed with fuming ire,
 Rageth amongst the faint-heart soldiers,
 Like to grim Mars, when, cover'd with his targe,
 He fought with Diomedes in the field,
 Close by the banks of silver Simois.
 O lovely Estrild, now the chase begins :
 Ne'er shall we see the stately Troynovant,
 Mounted on coursers garnish'd all with pearls ;
 Ne'er shall we view the fair Concordia,
 Unless as captives we be thither brought.
 Shall Loocrine then be taken prisoner
 By such a youngling as Thrasimachus ?
 Shall Guendolena captivate my love ?
 Ne'er shall mine eyes behold that dismal hour,
 Ne'er will I view that ruthless spectacle ;
 For with my sword, this sharp curtle-axe,

[*Alarum.*]

* *I. e.* mate.

† *Appl.*

‡ *I. e.* gibes, sneers.

§ *Bravadoes.*

I'll cut in-sunder my accursed heart,
But, O you judges of the ninefold Styx,
Which with incessant torments rack the ghosts
Within the bottomless abyssus' pits;
You gods, commanders of the heavenly spheres,
Whose will and laws irrevocable stand,
Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed sin!
Forget, O gods, this foul condemned fault!
And now, my sword, that in so many fights [*Kisses his sword.*
Hast saved the life of Brutus and his son,
End now his life that wisheth still for death,
Work now his death that wisheth still for death,
Work now his death that hateth still his life!
Farewell, fair Estrild, beauty's paragon,
Framed in the front of forlorn miseries!
Ne'er shall mine eyes behold thy sunshine eyes,
But when we meet in the Elysian fields.
Thither I go before with hasten'd pace.
Farewell, vain world, and thy enticing snares!
Farewell, foul sin, and thy enticing pleasures;
And welcome, death, the end of mortal smart,
Welcome to Locrine's over-burthened heart!
[*Stabs himself, and dies.*

Est. Break heart, with sobs and grievous suspires!
Stream out, you tears, from forth my wat'ry eyes;
Help me to mourn for warlike Locrine's death!
Pour down your tears, you wat'ry regions,
For mighty Locrine is bereft of life!
O fickle Fortune! O unstable world!
What else are all things that this globe contains,
But a confus'd chaos of mishaps?
Wherein, as in a glass, we plainly see
That all our life is but a tragedy;
Since mighty kings are subject to mishap,
Since martial Locrine is bereft of life.
Shall Estrild live then after Locrine's death?
Shall love of life bar her from Locrine's sword?
O no; this sword that hath bereft his life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting soul.
Strengthen these hands, O mighty Jupiter,
That I may end my woeful misery!
Locrine, I come; Locrine, I follow thee! [*Kills herself.*

Alarum. Enter SABREN.

Sab. What doleful sight, what ruthless spectacle
Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless heart?
My father slain with such a fatal sword,
My mother murder'd by a mortal wound!
What Thracian dog, what barbarous Myrmidon,
Would not relent at such a ruthless case?
What fierce Achilles, what hard stony flint,
Would not bemoan this mournful tragedy?
Locrine, the map of magnanimity,

Lies slaughter'd in this foul accursed cave.
 Estrild, the perfect pattern of renown,
 Nature's sole wonder, in whose beauteous breasts
 All heavenly grace and virtue was enshrined,
 Both massacred, are dead within this cave;
 And with them dies fair Pallas and sweet Love.
 Here lies a sword, and Sabren hath a heart;
 This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,
 And bring my soul unto my parents' ghosts,
 That they that live and view our tragedy,
 May mourn our case with mournful plaudits.

[Attempts to kill herself.]

Ah me, my virgin hands are too, too weak!
 To penetrate the bulwark of my breast.
 My fingers, used to tune the amorous lute,
 Are not of force to hold this steely glaive:*
 So I am left to wail my parents' death,
 Not able for to work my proper † death.
 Ah, Locrine, honour'd for thy nobleness,
 Ah, Estrild, famous for thy constancy,
 Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal ends!

Enter GUENDOLEN, THRASIMACHUS, MADAN, and Soldiers.

Guen. Search, soldiers, search; find Locrine and his love,
 Find the proud strumpet, Humber's concubine,
 That I may change those her so pleasing looks
 To pale and ignominious aspect.
 Find me the issue of their cursed love,
 Find me young Sabren, Locrine's only joy,
 That I may glut my mind with lukewarm blood,
 Swiftly distilling from the bastard's breast.
 My father's ghost still haunts me for revenge,
 Crying, *Revenge my over-hasten'd death.*
 My brother's exile and mine own divorce
 Banish remorse clean from my brazen heart,
 All mercy from mine adamantine breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy husband, lovely Guendolen,
 That wonted was to guide our stayless steps,
 Enjoy this light: see where he murder'd lies
 By luckless lot and froward frowning fate;
 And by him lies his lovely paramour,
 Fair Estrild, gor'd with a dismal sword,
 And, as it seems, both murder'd by themselves;
 Claspings each other in their feeble arms,
 With loving zeal, as if for company
 Their discontented corps were yet content
 To pass foul Styx in Charon's ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud Estrild then prevented ‡ me?
 Hath she escaped Guendolena's wrath,
 By violently cutting off her life?
 Would God she had the monstrous Hydra's lives,

* I. e. sword.

† Own.

‡ Anticipated.

That every hour she might have died a death
Worse than the swing of old Ixion's wheel,
And every hour revive to die again !
As Tityus, bound to houseless Caucasus,
Doth feed the substance of his own mishap,
And every day for want of food doth die,
And every night doth live, again to die.
But stay ; methinks I hear some fainting voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckless death.

Sab. You mountain nymphs which in these deserts reign,
Cease off your hasty chase of savage beasts !
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with care ;
Address your ears to hear a mournful style !
No human strength, no work can work my weal,
Care in my heart so tyrant-like doth deal.
You Dryades, and light-foot Satyri,
You gracious fairies, which at even-tide
Your closets leave, with heavenly beauty stored,
And on your shoulders spread your golden locks ;
You savage bears, in caves and darken'd dens,
Come wail with me the martial Locrine's death ;
Come mourn with me for beauteous Estrild's death !
Ah ! loving parents, little do you know
What sorrow Sabren suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible ?
Lives Sabren yet to expiate my wrath ?
Fortune, I thank thee for this courtesy ;
And let me never see one prosperous hour,
If Sabren die not a reproachful death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that, when the wretched call,
Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all ;
But in the midst of fortune's good success
Uncalled com'st, and sheer'st our life in twain ;
When will that hour, that blessed hour draw nigh,
When poor distressed Sabren may be gone ?
Sweet Atropos, cut off my fatal thread !
Where art thou, Death ? shall not poor Sabren die ?

Guen. Yes, damsel, yes, Sabren shall surely die,
Though all the world should seek to save her life,
And not a common death shall Sabren die,
But, after strange and grievous punishments,
Shortly* inflicted on thy bastard's head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed streams,
And feed the fishes with thy tender flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel homicide,
That these thy deeds shall be unpunished ?
No, traitor, no ; the gods will 'venge these wrongs,
The fiends of hell will mark these injuries.
Never shall these blood-sucking mastiff curs
Bring wretched Sabren to her latest home.
For I myself, in spite of thee and thine,

* Soon to be.

Mean to abridge my former destinies ;
And that which Locrine's sword could not perform,
This present stream shall present bring to pass.

[*She drowns herself.*]

Guen. One mischief follows on another's neck.
Who would have thought so young a maid as she
With such a courage would have sought her death ?
And, for because this river was the place
Where little Sabren resolutely died,
Sabren for ever shall this same be call'd.
And as for Locrine, our deceased spouse,
Because he was the son of mighty Brute,
To whom we owe our country, lives, and goods,
He shall be buried in a stately tomb,
Close by his aged father Brutus' bones,
With such great pomp and great solemnity,
As well beseems so brave a prince as he.
Let Estrild lie without the shallow vaults,
Without the honour due unto the dead,
Because she was the author of this war.
Retire, brave followers, unto Troynovant,
Where we will celebrate these exequies,
And place young Locrine in his father's tomb.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ATE.

Até. Lo ! here the end of lawless treachery,
Of usurpation and ambitious pride.
And they that for their private amours dare
Turmoil our land, and set their broils abroad,
Let them be warned by these premises.
And as a woman was the only cause
That civil discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned maid
That eight and thirty years the sceptre sway'd,
In quiet peace and sweet felicity ;
And every wight that seeks her grace's smart,
Would that this sword were pierced in his heart !

[*Exit.*]

FIRST PART
OF
SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

FIRST PART OF SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

THE history of Sir John Oldcastle (who having married the heiress of Lord Cobham, was summoned to Parliament by that title on the 18th of December, 1409) may be found in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 544 et seq., and in many other books. In order to heighten his character, the author of this drama has departed from historical truth; for the conspiracy of the earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, &c. against King Henry V. was discovered by Edmund, earl of March, and not by Sir John Oldcastle, who was himself engaged in a traitorous design against Henry, and hanged about four years after the execution of these conspirators. The present play was entered on the Stationers' books on the 4th of August, 1600, by Thomas Pavier, under the title of "The First Part of the History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham." At the same time was entered "The Second Part of the History of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom;" but this was never published.

In the title-page of the original edition, in 1600, the name of William Shakspeare is printed at length.

"I do not perceive," says Mr. Malone, "the least trace of our great poet in any part of this play. It is observable that in the entry on the Stationers' books the author's name is not mentioned. The printer, Pavier (whose name is not prefixed to any of Shakspeare's undisputed performances, except 'King Henry V.' and two parts of 'King Henry VI.,' of which plays he issued out copies manifestly spurious and imperfect), when he published it, was induced, I imagine, to ascribe it to Shakspeare by the success of the 'First Part of King Henry IV.' The character of Falstaff having been formed, as I conceive, on the Sir John Oldcastle of an elder drama, a hope was probably entertained that the public might be deceived, and suppose this piece also to be Shakspeare's performance." On the other hand, Schlegel classes "Sir John Oldcastle" among Shakspeare's "best and maturest works." Dr. Farmer assigns the production to Heywood.

FIRST PART

OF

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
 SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, *Lord Cobham*.
 LORD HERBERT.
 LORD POWIS.
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
 EARL OF HUNTINGTON.
 EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } *Conspirators*
 LORD SCROOPE, }
 SIR THOMAS GREY, } *against the King*.
 SIR ROGER ACTON, }
 SIR RICHARD LEE, } *Rebels*.
 MASTER BOURN, }
 MASTER BEVERLEY, } *Murley, a Brewer of Dunstable*.
 BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.
 TWO JUDGES OF ASSIZE.
 LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.
 MR. BUTLER, *Gentleman of the Privy Chamber*.
 CHARTRES, *a French Agent*.
 CROMER, *Sheriff of Kent*.
 MAYOR OF HEREFORD.
 SHERIFF OF HEREFORDSHIRE.

SIR JOHN, *the Parson of Wrotham*.
 LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.
 MAYOR OF ST. ALBANS.
 GAOLER OF ST. ALBANS.
 A KENTISH CONSTABLE, and an ALE-MAN.
 DICK and TOM, *Servants to Murley*.
 AN IRISHMAN.
 HARPOOL, *Servant to Lord Cobham*.
 GOUGH, *Servant to Lord Herbert*.
 OWEN and DAVY, *Servants to Lord Powis*.
 CLUN, *Sumner to the Bishop of Rochester*.
 ———
 LADY COBHAM.
 LADY POWIS.
 DOLL, *Concubine to the Parson of Wrotham*.
 KATE, *the Carrier's Daughter*.
 ———
 AN HOST, OSTLER, CARRIERS, SOLDIERS, BEGGARMEN, CONSTABLES, WARDERS OF THE TOWER, BAILIFFS, MESSENGERS, and other ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—England.

PROLOGUE.

The doubtful title, gentlemen, prefix'd
 Upon the argument we have in hand,
 May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturb
 The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
 To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice:
 It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
 Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin

But one, whose virtue shone above the rest,
 A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer ;
 In whose true faith and loyalty, express'd
 Unto his sovereign and his country's weal,
 We strive to pay that tribute of our love
 Your favours merit. Let fair truth be graced,
 Since forged invention former time defaced.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Hereford. A street.

Enter LORD HERBERT, LORD POWIS, OWEN, GOUGH, DAVY,
and several other followers of the Lords HERBERT and
POWIS. They fight. Then enter the SHERIFF of Hereford-
shire and a BAILIFF.

Sher. My lords, I charge ye, in his highness' name, to keep the
 peace ; you and your followers.

Her. Good master sheriff, look unto yourself.

Pow. Do so, for we have other business.

[*They attempt to fight again.*]

Sher. Will ye disturb the judges, and the assize ?
 Hear the king's proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then ; let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O——yes.

Davy. Cossone,* make shorter O, or shall mar your yes.

Bail. O——yes.

Owen. What, has hur nothing to say, but O yes ?

Bail. O——yes.

Davy. O nay ; py coss plut, down with hur, down with hur.

A Powis, a Powis.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert, and down with Powis.

[*They fight again.*]

Sher. Hold, in the king's name, hold.

Owen. Down with a' knave's name, down.

[*The Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff runs away.*]

Her. Powis, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my sword came near thy heart.

Her. Thy heart's best blood shall pay the loss of mine.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Davy. A Powis, a Powis.

As they are fighting, Enter the MAYOR of Hereford, his Officers
and Townsmen, with clubs.

May. My lords, as you are liegemen to the crown,
 True noblemen, and subjects to the king,
 Attend his highness' proclamation,

* Zounds.

Commanded by the judges of assize,
For keeping peace at this assembly.

Her. Good master mayor of Hereford, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the proclamation.

Ser. The king's justices, perceiving what public mischief may ensue this private quarrel, in his majesty's name do straitly charge and command all persons, of what degree soever, to depart this city of Hereford, except such as are bound to give attendance at this assize, and that no man presume to wear any weapon, especially Welsh-hooks and forest bills ;—

Owen. Haw ! No pill, nor Wells hoog ? ha ?

May. Peace, and hear the proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Powis do presently disperse and discharge his retinue, and depart the city in the king's peace, he and his followers, on pain of imprisonment.

Davy. Haw ? pud her Lord Powis in prison ! A Powis, a Powis. Cossoon, hur will live and tye with hur lord.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

[*They fight.* LORD HERBERT is wounded, and falls to the ground. The Mayor and his Attendants interpose. LORD POWIS runs away.

Enter two JUDGES, the SHERIFF and his BAILIFFS before them.

1 *Judge.* Where's the Lord Herbert ? Is he hurt or slain ?

Sher. He's here, my lord.

2 *Judge.* How fares his lordship, friends ?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless ; he cannot live.

1 *Judge.* Convey him hence, let not his wounds take air ;
And get him dress'd with expedition.

[*Exeunt LORD HERBERT and GOUGH.*

Master mayor of Hereford, master sheriff o' the shire,
Commit Lord Powis to safe custody,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord Herbert's peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the king's commissioners :
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Please it your lordship, my Lord Powis is gone past all recovery.

2 *Judge.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them : Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us ? and why ? what has hur done, I pray you ?

Sher. Disarm them, bailiffs.

May. Officers, assist.

Davy. Hear you, lord shudge, what resson is for this ?

Owen. Cossoon, pe 'puse for fighting for our lord ?

1 *Judge.* Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my lord.

Owen. Gough, my Lord Herbert's man, is a shotten knave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be prison.

Davy. Prison! no; lord shudge, I wool give you pail, good surety.

2 Judge. What bail? what sureties?

Davy. Hur cozen ap Rice—ap Evan—ap Morice—ap Morgan—ap Lluellyn—ap Madoc—ap Meredith—ap Griffin—ap Davy—ap Owen—ap Skinken—ap Shones.

2 Judge. Two of the most sufficient are enough.

Sher. An it please your lordship, these are all but one.

1 Judge. To gaol with them, and the Lord Herbert's men: We'll talk with them, when the assize is done.

[*Exeunt Bailiffs, OWEN, DAVY, &c.*]

Riotous, audacious, and unruly grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the bench,
To quiet brawls, which every constable
In other civil places can suppress?

2 Judge. What was the quarrel that caused all this stir?

Sher. About religion, as I heard, my lord.
Lord Powis detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff's doctrine to be true,
And Rome's erroneous: hot reply was made
By the Lord Herbert: "they were traitors all
That would maintain it." Powis answered,
"They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he; they would defend it with their lives!"
He named, for instance, Sir John Oldcastle,
The Lord Cobham: Herbert replied again:
"He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold."
The lie was given, the several factions drawn,
And so enraged that we could not appease it.

1 Judge. This case concerns the king's prerogative,
And 's dangerous to the state and commonwealth.
Gentlemen, justices, master mayor, and master sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us,
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except soldiers' musters,
For the king's preparation into France.
We hear of secret conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious arms,
When the king's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perilous fray:
What factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the king and realm?
Yet, in my conscience, Sir John Oldcastle's
Innocent of it; only his name was used.
We therefore from his highness give this charge:
You, master mayor, look to your citizens;
You, master sheriff, unto your shire; and you
As justices, in every one's precinct
There be no meetings: when the vulgar sort
Sit on their ale-bench, with their cups and cans,
Matters of state be not their common talk,

Nor pure religion by their lips profaned.
Let us return unto the bench again,
And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a BAILIFF and a SERJEANT.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord Powis yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 Judge. They that are left behind, shall answer all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Eltham. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK, Bishop of ROCHESTER, BUTLER, and SIR JOHN of Wrotham.

Suff. Now, my lord bishop, take free liberty
To speak your mind: what is your suit to us?

Roch. My noble lord, no more than what you know,
And have been oftentimes invested with.

Grievous complaints have pass'd between the lips

Of envious persons, to upbraid the clergy;

Some carping at the livings which we have,

And others spurning at the ceremonies

That are of ancient custom in the church:

Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chief.

What inconvenience may proceed hereof,

Both to the king, and to the commonwealth,

May easily be discern'd, when, like a frenzy,

This innovation shall possess their minds.

These upstarts will have followers to uphold

Their damn'd opinion, more than Henry shall,

To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the French.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,

That what you say the law may justify?

Roch. They give themselves the name of Protestants,
And meet in fields and solitary groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my lord, the like till now?

That thieves and rebels, s' blood, my lord, heretics,

Plain heretics (I'll stand to't to their teeth),

Should have, to colour their vile practices,

A title of such worth, as *Protestant*?

Enter a Messenger with a letter, which he gives to the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Suf. O, but you must not swear; it ill becomes
One of your coat to rap out bloody oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my lord; it is his zeal.

An honest country prelate, who laments

To see such foul disorder in the church.

S. John. There's one, they call him Sir John Oldcastle;

He has not his name for nought; for, like a castle,

Doth he encompass them within his walls:

But till that castle be subverted quite,

We ne'er shall be at quiet in the realm.

Roch. That is our suit, my lord; that he be ta'en,
And brought in question for his heresy.
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my lord of Hereford writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the 'sises there
(For they had much ado to calm the rage),
And that the valiant Herbert is there slain.

Suf. A fire that must be quench'd. Well, say no more;
The king anon goes to the council-chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his grace
Concerning your petition. Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember me.*

But. I will, my lord.

Roch. Not as a recompense,
But as a token of our love to you,
By me, my lords, the clergy doth present,
This purse, and in it full a thousand angels,
Praying your lordship to accept their gift.

[*Offers the Duke a purse.*]

Suf. I thank them, my lord bishop, for their love,
But will not take their money; if you please
To give it to this gentleman, you may.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my lord of Rochester.

Roch. Nay, pray you take it, trust me Sir, you shall,
S. John [*aside*]. Were ye all three upon Newmarket Heath,
You should not need strain curt'sy who should have it;
Sir John would quickly rid ye of that care.

Suf. The king is coming. Fear ye not, my lord;
The very first thing I will break with him,
Shall be about your matter.

Enter KING HENRY and the Earl of HUNTINGTON.

K. Henry. My lord of Suffolk,
Was it not said the clergy did refuse
To lend us money toward our wars in France?

Suf. It was, my lord, but very wrongfully.

K. Henry. I know it was: for Huntington here tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious lord, to be so,
Hoping your majesty will think on them
As of your loving subjects, and suppress
All such malicious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

K. Henry. God else forbid!—Why, Suffolk, is there
Any new rupture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new, my lord; the old is great enough;
And so increasing, as, if not cut down,
Will breed a scandal to your royal state,

* *I. e.* remind me.

And set your kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The Kentish knight, Lord Cobham, in despite
Of any law, or spiritual discipline,
Maintains this upstart new religion still;
And divers great assemblies, by his means,
And private quarrels, are commenced abroad,
As by this letter more at large, my liege,
Is made apparent.

K. Henry. We do find it here,
There was in Wales a certain fray of late
Between two noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it straight, Lord Cobham must be he
Did cause the same? I dare be sworn, good knight,
He never dream'd of any such contention.

Roch. But in his name the quarrel did begin,
About the opinion which he held, my liege.

K. Henry. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them, or abet them in it?
If brabbling* fellows, whose enkindled blood
Seeths in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of some words that pass'd
Either of you, or you, amongst their cups,
Is the fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your highness, my dread lord,
Such little sparks, neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all;
He doth beside maintain a strange religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to mass.

Roch. We do beseech you, therefore, gracious prince,
Without offence unto your majesty,
We may be bold to use authority.

K. Henry. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the Arches,†
Where such offences have their punishment.

K. Henry. To answer personally? is that your meaning?

Roch. It is, my lord.

K. Henry. How, if he appeal?

Roch. My lord, he cannot in such a case as this.

Suf. Not where religion is the plea, my lord.

K. Henry. I took it always, that ourself stood out
As a sufficient refuge, unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal.
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For Sir John Oldcastle, whom you accuse,
Let me entreat you to dispense awhile
With your high title of pre-eminence.
Report did never yet condemn him so,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And, in my knowledge, I can say thus much,
That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable.

* Quarrelsome.

† *I. e.* the Court of Arches.

If any way his conscience be seduced
To waver in his faith, I'll send for him,
And school him privately: if that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him.
Butler, be you the messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to court.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, HUNTINGTON, SUFFOLK,
and BUTLER.

S. John. How now, my lord? why stand you discontent?
In sooth, methinks the king hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, Sir John, if he would keep his word:
But I perceive he favours him so much
As this will be to small effect, I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do:
If you suspect the king will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a process too,
To serve upon him; so you may be sure
To make him answer it, howsoe'er it fall.

Roch. And well remember'd; I will have it so;
A sumner* shall be sent about it straight.

[*Exit.*

S. John. Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains
For kind Sir John of Wrotham, honest Jack.
Methinks the purse of gold the bishop gave
Made a good show, it had a tempting look:
Beshrew me, but my fingers' ends do itch
To be upon those golden ruddocks.† Well, 'tis thus;
I am not as the world doth take me for:
If ever wolf were clothed in sheep's coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang‡ i' faith:
A priest in show, but, in plain terms, a thief.
Yet let me tell you too, an honest thief;
One that will take it where it may be spared,
And spend it freely in good fellowship.
I have as many shapes as Proteus had;
That still when any villainy is done,
There may be none suspect it was Sir John.
Besides, to comfort me (for what's this life,
Except§ the crabbed bitterness thereof
Be sweeten'd now and then with lechery?)
I have my Doll, my concubine as 'twere,
To frolic with; a lusty bouncing girl.
But whilst I loiter here, the gold may scape,
And that must not be so: it is mine own.
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to court,
And shrive him of it;|| there will be the sport.

[*Exit.*

* A sumner is an apparitor or messenger employed to summon persons to appear in the spiritual court.

† Robin red-breasts: the word is here used as a cant term for money.

‡ A sharp old fellow.

§ Unless.

|| I. e. ease him.

SCENE III.—Kent. An outer Court before LORD COBHAM'S House. A Public Road leading to it; and an Alehouse appearing at a little distance.

Enter two OLD MEN, and two SOLDIERS.

1 *Sold.* God help, God help ! there's law for punishing,
But there's no law for our necessity :
There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in,
Than there be houses to relieve them at.

1 *Old M.* Ay, housekeeping decays in every place,
Even as Saint Peter writ, still worse and worse.

2 *Old M.* Master mayor of Rochester has given command,
that none shall go abroad out of the parish ; and has set down
an order forsooth, what every poor householder must give for
our relief ; where there be some 'sessed,* I may say to you, had
almost as much need to beg as we.

1 *Old M.* It is a hard world the while.

2 *Old M.* If a poor man ask at door for God's sake, they ask
him for a license, or a certificate from a justice.

1 *Sold.* 'Faith we have none but what we bear upon our bodies,
our maim'd limbs, God help us.

2 *Sold.* And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the king into France,
if I can but crawl a shipboard. I had rather be slain in
France, than starve in England.

1 *Old M.* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at Shrewsbury
battle, I would not do as I do :—but we are now come to the good
Lord Cobham's, the best man to the poor in all Kent.

2 *Old M.* God bless him ! there be but few such.

Enter LORD COBHAM and HARPOOL.

Cob. Thou peevish, froward man, what wouldst thou have ?

Har. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggary.
I served your father, and your grandfather ;
Show me such two men now : no, no ! your backs,
Your backs,† the devil and pride, has cut the throat
Of all good house-keeping ; they were the best
Yeomen's masters that ever were in England.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,
There is no hospitality with thee.

Har. They may sit at the gate well enough, but the devil of
anything you give them, except they'll eat stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of such hungry knaves as you :
Yea, Sir, here's your retinue ; your guests be come ;
They know their hours, I warrant you.

1 *Old M.* God bless your honour ! God save the good Lord
Cobham, and all his house !

1 *Sold.* Good your honour, bestow your blessed alms upon
poor men.

Cob. Now, Sir, here be your alms-knights : now are you
As safe as the emperor.

* *I. e.* taxed.

† *I. e.* the sumptuousness of your apparel.

Har. My alms-knights? Nay, they're yours: it is a shame for you, and I'll stand to't; your foolish alms maintains more vagabonds than all the noblemen in Kent beside. Out, you rogues, you knaves, work for your livings. Alas, poor men [*aside*], they may beg their hearts out; there's no more charity among men than among so many mastiff dogs. What make you here, you needy knaves? Away, away, you villains.

2 *Sold.* I beseech you, Sir, be good to us.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough; I think That all the beggars in this land are thy Acquaintance: go bestow your alms, none will Control you, Sir.

Har. What should I give them? you are grown so beggarly that you can scarce give a bit of bread at your door. You talk of your religion so long, that you have banish'd charity from you. A man may make a flax-shop in your kitchen chimneys, for any fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence: Let them not stand here starving in the cold.

Har. Who! I drive them hence? If I drive poor men from the door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may come to myself. God help ye, poor knaves, ye see the world. Well, you had a mother; O God be with thee, good lady, thy soul's at rest! She gave more in shirts and smocks to poor children, than you spend in your house; and yet you live a beggar too.

[*To LORD COBHAM.*]

Cob. Even the worst deed that e'er my mother did, Was in relieving such a fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a fool still: with all your wit you'll die a beggar; go to.

Cob. Go, you old fool, give the poor people something. Go in, poor men, into the inner court, And take such alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God bless your honour!

Har. Hang you, rogues, hang you; there's nothing but misery amongst you; you fear no law, you.

2 *Old M.* God bless you, good master Ralph, God save your life; you are good to the poor still.

[*Exeunt HARPOOL, Old Men, and Soldiers.*]

Enter LORD POWIS, disguised.

Cob. What fellow's yonder comes along the grove? Few passengers there be that know this way. Methinks, he stops, as though he stay'd for me, And meant to shroud himself among the bushes. I know, the clergy hates me to the death, And my religion gets me many foes: And this may be some desperate rogue, suborn'd To work me mischief:—as it pleaseth God. If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming, Be he but one man, whatsoe'er he be. [*LORD POWIS advances.* I have been well acquainted with that face.

Pow. Well met, my honourable lord and friend.

Cob. You are very welcome, Sir, whate'er you be ;
But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your honour ;
My name is Powis, an old friend of yours.

Cob. My honourable lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent ?
And thus disguised in this strange attire ?

Pow. My lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforced me to these parts,
And thus it happ'd. Not yet full five days since,
Now at the last assize at Hereford,
It chanced that the Lord Herbert and myself,
'Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,
Did fall in speech about some certain points
Of Wickliff's doctrine, 'gainst the papacy
And the religion Catholic maintain'd
Through the most part of Europe at this day.
This wilful testy lord stuck not to say,
That Wickliff was a knave, a schismatic,
His doctrine devilish, and heretical ;
And whatsoever he was, maintain'd the same,
Was traitor both to God, and to his country.
Being moved at his peremptory speech,
I told him, some maintained those opinions,
Men, and truer subjects than Lord Herbert was :
And he replying in comparisons,
Your name was urged, my lord, against his challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the truth.
And, to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our servants, and our tenants taking parts ;—
Many on both sides hurt ; and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified ;
Until the judges, rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forced to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no man was violently slain.

Pow. 'Faith none, I trust, but the Lord Herbert's self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good lord, for these ill news.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into Kent,
To shroud myself with you, so good a friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your lordship is most welcome unto Cobham ;
But I am very sorry, my good lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many enemies,
That threaten malice and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,
And keep yourself here secret in my house,
Until we hear how the Lord Herbert speeds.

Enter HARPOOL.

Here comes my man : sirrah, what news ?

Har. Yonder's one Master Butler, of the privy chamber, is sent unto you from the king.

Pow. Pray God that the Lord Herbert be not dead,
And the king, hearing whither I am gone,
Hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort yourself, my lord ; I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee ? dost thou quake ? dost thou shake ? dost thou tremble ? ha ?

Cob. Peace, you old fool. Sirrah, convey this gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, Sir, you're welcome, if you love my lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle friend. [*Exeunt POWIS and HARPOOL.*]

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long
Before I heard of something from the king,
About this matter.

Enter HARPOOL and BUTLER.

Har. Sir, yonder my lord walks, you see him ; I'll have your men into the cellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master Butler.

But. Thanks, my good lord. His majesty doth commend his love unto your lordship, and wills you to repair unto the court.

Cob. God bless his highness, and confound his enemies !
I hope his majesty is well.

But. In good health, my lord.

Cob. God long continue it ! Methinks you look
As though you were not well : what ail ye, Sir ?

But. 'Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance,
That angers me. Coming o'er Shooter's-hill,
There came one to me like a sailor, and
Ask'd my money ; and whilst I stay'd my horse,
To draw my purse, he takes the advantage of
A little bank, and leaps behind me, whips
My purse away, and with a sudden jerk,
I know not how, threw me at least three yards
Out of my saddle. I never was so robb'd
In all my life.

Cob. I am very sorry, Sir, for your mischance ;
We will send our warrant forth, to stay all such
Suspicious persons as shall be found :
Then, Master Butler, we'll attend on you.

But. I humbly thank your lordship,
I'll attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.**Enter a SUMNER.*

Sum. I have the law to warrant what I do; and though the Lord Cobham be a nobleman, that dispenses not with law, I dare serve a process, were he five noblemen. Though we sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty wench, a sumner must not go always by seeing: a man may be content to hide his eyes where he may feel his profit. Well, this is Lord Cobham's house; if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my citation upon his door; so my lord of Rochester bade me: but methinks here comes one of his men.

Enter HARPOOL.

Har. Welcome, good fellow, welcome; whom wouldst thou speak with?

Sum. With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his men: but thou canst not speak with my lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy errand.

Sum. I will not tell my errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thyself, and walk like a knave as thou cam'st.

Sum. I tell thee, my lord keeps no knaves, sirrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What lord is thy master?

Sum. My lord of Rochester.

Har. In good time: And what wouldst thou have with my Lord Cobham?

Sum. I come, by virtue of a process, to cite him to appear before my lord in the court at Rochester.

Har. [*aside*]. Well, God grant me patience! I could eat this conger. My lord is not at home; therefore it were good, sumner, you carried your process back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here; and see you he take knowledge of it.

[*Fixes a citation on the gate.*]

Har. Zounds, you slave, do you set up your bills here? Go to; take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a process?

Sum. Yes, marry do I; on Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet. And sirrah, dost thou not know that the Lord Cobham is a brave lord, that keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at his gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows?*

Sum. What's that to my process?

* *I. e.* stout fighting men.

Har. Marry this, Sir; is this process parchment?

Sum. Yes, marry is it.

Har. And this seal wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah, summer, despatch; devour, sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my lord of Rochester's sumner; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing, but betake yourself to your teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee. Thou bring'st it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

Har. O, do you *Sir* me now? All's one for that; I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a stomach. [Beats him.]

Sum. O hold, hold, good master servingman; I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chewing, Sir, or I'll chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest honey.

Sum. The purest honey!—O Lord, Sir! Oh! oh! [Eats.]

Har. Feed, feed; 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome. Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process? If thy seal were as broad as the lead that covers Rochester church, thou shouldst eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choked, I am almost choked.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my lord? is there no beer in the house? Butler, I say.

Enter BUTLER.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him beer. There; tough old sheep-skin's but dry meat. [The Sumner drinks.]

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no further; I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean you shall eat more than your own word; for I'll make you eat all the words in the process. Why, you drabmonger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a citation, with a pox? I'll cite you.—A cup of sack for the sumner.

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now, if thou find'st thy stomach well, because thou shalt see my lord keeps meat in his house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy breakfast.

Sum. No, I am very well, good master servingman, I thank you; very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't: then be walking towards Rochester to keep your stomach warm. And, sumner, if I do know you

disturb a good wench within this diocese, if I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in it, I am a villain.

Sum. God be wi' you, master servingman. [*Exit SUMNER.*]

Har. Farewell, sumner.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Con. Save you, Master Harpool.

Har. Welcome constable, welcome constable; what news with thee?

Con. An't please you, Master Harpool, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one eye, that has robbed two clothiers; and am to crave your hindrance to search all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

Har. Hast thou been at the ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord Cobham's liberty, except I had some of his servants for my warrant.

Har. An honest constable: Call forth him that keeps the ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Enter ALE-MAN.

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, master constable, and Master Harpool? you're welcome with all my heart. What make you here so early this morning?

Har. Sirrah, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bore, I am sorry for't. I' faith, Sir, I lodge nobody, but a good honest priest, called Sir John a Wrotham, and a handsome woman that is his niece, that he says he has some suit in law for; and as they go up and down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

Har. What, is she here in thy house now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir; I promise you, Sir, he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many rooms, he makes the woman lie every night at his bed's feet.

Har. Bring her forth, constable; bring her forth: let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-man. Dorothy, you must come down to master constable.

Enter DOROTHY.

Doll. Anon forsooth.

Har. Welcome, sweet lass, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and master constable also.

Har. A plump girl, by the mass, a plump girl. Ha, Doll, ha! Wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me, Doll?

Con. Ah! well said, Master Harpool; you are a merry old man i' faith; you will never be old. Now by the mack,* a pretty wench indeed.

* The Macke was a game at cards.

Har. You old mad merry constable, art thou advised of that ?
Ha, well said, Doll ; fill some ale here.

Doll. Oh, if I wist this old priest would not stick to me, by Jove I would ingle this old servingman. [*Aside.*

Har. O you old mad colt, i' faith I'll ferk you : fill all the pots in the house there.

Con. Oh ! well said, Master Harpool ; you are a heart of oak, when all's done.

Har. Ha, Doll, thou hast a sweet pair of lips, by the mass.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old man, as ever I saw ; by my troth, you have a face able to make any woman in love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet Doll, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. " I pledge you, Sir, and thank you therefore,
 " And I pray you let it come."*

Har. [*embracing her*]. Doll, canst thou love me ? A mad merry lass ; would to God I had never seen thee !

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts this twelvemonth ; truly you are as full of favour,† as a man may be. Ah, these sweet grey locks ! by my troth, they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Master Harpool, I'll have one buss too.

Har. No licking for you, constable ; hands off, hands off.

Con. By'r lady, I love kissing as well as you.

Doll. O, you are an old boy, you have a wanton eye of your own : Ah, you sweet sugar-lipp'd wanton, you will win as many women's hearts as come in your company.

Enter SIR JOHN of Wrotham.

Sir John. Doll, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, sweet love.

Sir John. Hands off, old fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spite of thee. Is this fit stuff for a priest to carry up and down with him ?

Sir John. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good-fellow parson may have a chapel of ease, where his parish church is far off ?

Har. You whorson-stoned vicar.

Sir John. You old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold.‡

Har. Zounds, vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*

Con. Keep the king's peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder !

Ale-man. Hold, as you are men, hold ; for God's sake be quiet : put up your weapons, you draw not in my house.

Har. You whorson bawdy priest.

Sir John. You old mutton-monger.§

Con. Hold, Sir John, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, sweet heart, be quiet : I was but sitting to

* Part of some old ballad.

† *I. e.* your countenance is as perfect.

‡ *I. e.* you old ram. Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, were famous for their sheep.

§ Mutton was formerly a cant term for a strumpet.

drink a pot of ale with him; even as kind a man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a thief, I warrant thee.

Sir John. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy days. Let's not be ashamed of our trade; the king has been a thief himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet. Hast thou sped?

Sir John. I have, wench; here be crowns i' faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all friends then.

Con. Well said, Mistress Dorothy.

Har. Thou art the maddest priest that ever I met with.

Sir John. Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow. I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher,* a wench; I can say a mass, and kiss a lass: 'faith, I have a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serveth me for a sexton.

Har. Well said, mad priest; we'll in, and be friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. A room in the Axe Inn, without Bishopgate.

Enter SIR ROGER ACTON, BOURN, BEVERLEY, and MURLEY.

Act. Now, Master Murley, I am well assured
You know our errand, and do like the cause,
Being a man, affected as we are.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye,† dainty my dear: no master, good Sir Roger Acton, Master Bourn, and Master Beverley, gentlemen and justices of the peace; no master, I, but plain William Murley, the brewer of Dunstable, your honest neighbour and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

Bev. Professed friends to Wickliff, foes to Rome.

Mur. Hold by me, lad; lean upon that staff, good Master Beverley; all of a house. Say your mind, say your mind.

Act. You know, our faction now is grown so great
Throughout the realm, that it begins to smoke
Into the clergy's eyes, and the king's ears.
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our general and officers appointed;
And wars, you wot, will ask great store of coin.
Able‡ to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a colonel
Over a regiment of fifteen bands.

Mur. Phew, paltry, paltry! in and out, to and fro, be it more or less upon occasion. Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plain brewer, you know. Will lusty cavaliering captains, gentlemen, come at my calling, go at my bidding? dainty my dear, they'll do a dog of wax, a horse of cheese, a prick and a pudding. No, no: ye must appoint some lord, or knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, Master Murley, you shall be a knight.
Were you not in election to be sheriff?
Have you not pass'd all offices but that?

* One that sits on benches before alehouses.

† Yield (request) you.

‡ I. e. if you are able.

Have you not wealth to make your wife a lady?

I warrant you, my lord, our general,
Bestows that honour on you at first sight.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my dear. But tell me, who shall be our general? Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle, that noble alms-giver, house-keeper, virtuous, religious gentleman? Come to me there, boys; come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he shall be our general?

Mur. And shall he knight me and make me colonel?

Act. My word for that, Sir William Murley, knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir Roger Acton, knight, all fellows, I mean in arms, how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beside the king are mighty: be it more or less upon occasion, reckon our force.

Act. There are of us, our friends, and followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least;
Of northern lads four thousand, beside horse;
From Kent there comes, with Sir John Oldcastle,
Seven thousand: then from London issue out,
Of masters, servants, strangers, 'prentices,
Forty odd thousand into Ficket-field,
Where we appoint our special rendezvous.

Mur. Phew, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro. Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! Where's that Ficket-field, Sir Roger?

Act. Behind St. Giles's in the Field, near Holbourn.

Mur. Newgate, up Holbourn, St. Giles's in the Field, and to Tyburn; an old saw. For the day, for the day?

Act. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of January.

Mur. Tilly valley, trust me never, if I have any liking of that day. Phew, paltry, paltry! Friday, quoth-a, a dismal day: Childermas day this year was Friday.

Bev. Nay, Master Murley, if you observe such days,
We make some question of your constancy:
All days are alike to men resolved in right.

Mur. Say amen, and say no more, but say and hold, Master Beverley: Friday next, and Ficket-field, and William Murley and his merry men shall be all one. I have half a score jades that draw my beer-carts; and every jade shall bear a knave, and every knave shall wear a jack,* and every jack shall have a skull,† and every skull shall show a spear, and every spear shall kill a foe at Ficket-field, at Ficket-field. John and Tom, Dick and Hodge, Ralph and Robin, William and George, and all my knaves, shall fight like men at Ficket-field, on Friday next.

Bourn. What sum of money mean you to disburse?

Mur. It may be, modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred pound.

Act. Five hundred, man! five thousand's not enough:
A hundred thousand will not pay our men
Two months together. Either come prepared
Like a brave knight and martial colonel,

* A coat of mail.

† A helmet.

In glittering gold, and gallant furniture,
Bringing in coin, a cart-load at the least,
And all your followers mounted on good horse,
Or never come disgraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen treasurer ;
Ten thousand pounds, the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro : upon occasion I have ten thousand pound to spend, and ten too. And rather than the bishop shall have his will of me, for my conscience, it shall all go. Flame and flax, flax and flame. It was got with water and malt, and it shall fly with fire and gunpowder. Sir Roger, a cart-load of money, till the axletree crack ; myself and my men in Ficket-field on Friday next : remember my knight-hood and my place : there's my hand, I'll be there.

[*Exit MURLEY.*

Act. See what ambition may persuade men to :
In hope of honour he will spend himself.

Bourn. I never thought a brewer half so rich.

Bev. Was never bankrupt brewer yet but one,
With using too much malt, too little water.

Act. That is no fault in brewers now-a-days :
Come, let's away about our business.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Audience-chamber in the Palace at Eltham.*

Enter KING HENRY, the Duke of SUFFOLK, BUTLER, and LORD COBHAM. He kneels to the King.

K. Henry. 'Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to submit ;
You must forsake your gross opinion.
The bishops find themselves much injured ;
And though, for some good service you have done,
We for our part are pleased to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfied.

Cob. My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
Next unto my God, I do owe my life ;
And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.
But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
I owe him none ; nor shall his shaveling priests
That are in England alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands :
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
My conscience may not be encroach'd upon.

K. Henry. We would be loth to press our subjects' bodies,
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the ruler of us all :
Yet let me counsel you, that might command,
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house, but to the uttermost
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.

Cob. My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
Here stand I, craving no remorse* at all,
But even the utmost rigour may be shown.

K. Henry. Let it suffice we know your loyalty.
What have you there?

Cob. A deed of clemency;
Your highness' pardon for Lord Powis' life,
Which I did beg, and you, my noble lord,
Of gracious favour did vouchsafe to grant.

K. Henry. But yet it is not signed with our hand.

Cob. Not yet, my liege.

K. Henry. The fact you say was done
Not of pretended† malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine honour so, no otherwise.

K. Henry. There is his pardon; bid him make amends,

[*Signs the pardon.*]

And cleanse his soul to God for his offence:
What we remit is but the body's scourge.‡
How now, lord bishop?

Enter Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Roch. Justice, dread sovereign:
As thou art king, so grant I may have justice.
K. Henry. What means this exclamation? let us know.
Roch. Ah, my good lord, the state is much abused,
And our decrees most shamefully profaned.

K. Henry. How? or by whom?

Roch. Even by this heretic,
This Jew, this traitor to your majesty.

Cob. Prelate, thou li'st, even in thy greasy maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the name
Of either traitor or of heretic.

K. Henry. Forbear, I say: and bishop, show the cause
From whence this late abuse hath been derived.

Roch. Thus, mighty king. By general consent
A messenger was sent to cite this lord
To make appearance in the consistory;
And coming to his house, a ruffian slave,
One of his daily followers, met the man;
Who, knowing him to be a 'paritor,§
Assaults him first, and after, in contempt
Of us and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written process, parchment, seal and all;
Whereby his master neither was brought forth,
Nor we but|| scorn'd for our authority.

K. Henry. When was this done?

* *I. e.* no mercy.

† *I. e.* malice aforethought.

‡ *I. e.* our pardon extends only to the remission of corporal punishment.

§ *I. e.* apparitor.

|| Only.

Rock. At six o'clock this morning.

K. Henry. And when came you to court?

Cob. Last night, my liege.

K. Henry. By this, it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong to accuse him so.

Rock. But it was done, my lord, by his appointment;
Or else his man durst not have been so bold.

K. Henry. Or else you durst not be bold to interrupt
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints.
Is this the duty you do bear to us?

Was't not sufficient we did pass our word
To send for him, but you, misdoubting it,
Or, which is worse, intending to forestall
Our regal power, must likewise summon him?
This savours of ambition, not of zeal;
And rather proves you malice his estate,
Than any way that he offends the law.

Go to, we like it not; and he your officer
Had his desert for being insolent,
That was employ'd so much amiss herein.
So, Cobham, when you please, you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my liege. [Exit COBHAM.]

Enter HUNTINGTON.

K. Henry. Farewell. What is the news by Huntington?

Hun. Sir Roger Acton, and a crew, my lord,
Of bold seditious rebels, are in arms,
Intending * reformation of religion,
And with their army they intend to pitch
In Ficket-field, unless they be repulsed.

K. Henry. So near our presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud war and eager thirst of blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our native bounds?
Must we be forced to handsel our sharp blades
In England here, which we prepared for France?
Well, a God's name be it. What's their number, say,
Or who's the chief commander of this rout?†

Hun. Their number is not known as yet, my lord;
But, 'tis reported, Sir John Oldecastle
Is the chief man on whom they do depend.

K. Henry. How! the Lord Cobham?

Hun. Yes, my gracious lord.

Rock. I could have told your majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.

Suf. Send post, my lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his country, how he smooth'd,‡
And seem'd as innocent as truth itself!

* *I. e.* pretending.

† *I. e.* rabble-rout, body.

‡ How submissive and dutiful he appeared.

K. Henry. I cannot think it yet he would be false;
But if he be, no matter;—let him go:
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON,
and BUTLER.

Roch. This falls out well; and at the last I hope
To see this heretic die in a rope.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Avenue leading to LORD COBHAM'S House in Kent.

Enter the Earl of CAMBRIDGE, LORD SCROOPE, SIR THOMAS GREY, and CHARTRES.

Scroope. Once more, my lord of Cambridge, make rehearsal
How you do stand entitled to the crown:
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,
And every man the better be resolved,
When he perceives his quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, Lord Scroope, Sir Thomas Grey, and you,
Monsieur de Chartres, agent for the French:
This Lionel, duke of Clarence (as I said),
Third son of Edward, England's king, the third,
Had issue, Philip, his sole daughter and heir;
Which Philip afterward was given in marriage
To Edmund Mortimer, the earl of March,
And by him had a son called Roger Mortimer;
Which Roger likewise had of his descent,
Edmund and Roger, Anne and Eleanor,
Two daughters and two sons; but of those, three
Died without issue. Anne, that did survive,
And now was left her father's only heir,
My fortune was to marry; being too,
By my grandfather, of King Edward's line:
So of his surname, I am call'd, you know,
Richard Plantagenet: my father was
Edward the duke of York, and son and heir
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.

Scroope. So that it seems your claim comes by your wife,
As lawful heir to Roger Mortimer,
The son of Edmund, which did marry Philip,
Daughter and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence.

Cam. True; for this Harry, and his father both,
Harry the Fourth, as plainly doth appear,
Are false intruders, and usurp the crown.
For when young Richard was at Pomfret slain,
In him the title of Prince Edward died,
That was the eldest of King Edward's sons.
William of Hatfield, and their second brother,

Death in his nonage had before bereft :
 So that my wife, derived from Lionel,
 Third son unto King Edward, ought proceed,*
 And take possession of the diadem,
 Before this Harry, or his father king,
 Who fetch their title but from Lancaster,
 Fourth of that royal line. And being thus,
 What reason is't, but she should have her right?

Scroope. I am resolved† our enterprise is just.

Grey. Harry shall die, or else resign his crown.

Char. Perform but that, and Charles the king of France
 Shall aid you, lords, not only with his men,
 But send you money to maintain your wars.
 Five hundred thousand crowns he bade me proffer,
 If you can stop but Harry's voyage for France.

Scroope. We never had a fitter time than now,
 The realm in such division as it is.

Cam. Besides, you must persuade you, there is due
 Vengeance for Richard's murder, which although
 It be deferr'd, yet it will fall at last,
 And now as likely as another time.
 Sin hath had many years to ripen in ;
 And now the harvest cannot be far off,
 Wherein the weeds of usurpation
 Are to be cropp'd, and cast into the fire.

Scroope. No more, Earl Cambridge ; here I plight my faith
 To set up thee and thy renowned wife.

Grey. Grey will perform the same, as he is knight.

Char. And, to assist ye, as I said before,
 Chartres doth 'gage the honour of his king.

Scroope. We lack but now Lord Cobham's followship,
 And then our plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my lord ; his life pursued
 By the incensed clergy, and of late
 Brought in displeasure with the king, assures
 He may be quickly won unto our faction.
 Who hath the articles were drawn at large
 Of our whole purpose?

Grey. That have I, my lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his house.
 Our serious conference hath beguiled the way ;
 See where his castle stands. Give me the writing ;
 When we are come unto the speech of him,
 Because we will not stand to make recount
 Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
 Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter LORD COBHAM.

Scroope. A ready way. Here comes the man himself,
 Booted and spurr'd ; it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord Cobham.

* Precede.

† I. e. convinced.

Cob. My lord of Cambridge !
 Your honour is most welcome into Kent,
 And all the rest of this fair company.
 I am new come from London, gentle lords :
 But will ye not take Cowling* for your host,
 And see what entertainment it affords ?

Cam. We were intended to have been your guests :
 But now this lucky meeting shall suffice
 To end our business, and defer that kindness.

Cob. Business, my lord ? what business should let†
 You to be merry ? We have no delicacies :
 Yet this I'll promise you ; a piece of venison,
 A cup of wine, and so forth, hunters' fare :
 And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves
 Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.

Scroope. That is indeed the thing we all desire.

Cob. My lords, and you shall have your choice with me.

Cam. Nay, but the stag which we desire to strike,
 Lives not in Cowling : if you will consent,
 And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest
 Where runs a lusty herd ; among the which
 There is a stag superior to the rest,
 A stately beast, that, when his fellows run,
 He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
 As though he scorn'd it with his trampling hoofs ;
 Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast,
 Like a huge bulwark, counter-checks the wind :
 And, when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
 His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
 To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly beast should die.

Cam. Not so, Sir John ; for he is tyrannous,
 And gores the other deer, and will not keep
 Within the limits are appointed him.
 Of late he's broke into a several,‡
 Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
 Both corn and pasture. Two of his wild race,
 Alike for stealth and covetous encroaching,
 Already are removed ; if he were dead,
 I should not only be secure from hurt,
 But with his body make a royal feast.

Scroope. How say you then ? will you first hunt with us ?

Cob. Faith, lords, I like the pastime : where's the place ?

Cam. Peruse this writing, it will show you all,
 And what occasion we have for the sport. [*Presents a paper.*]

Cob. [*reads*]. Call ye this hunting, my lords ? Is this the stag
 You fain would chase, Harry, our most dread king ?
 So we may make a banquet for the devil ;
 And, in the stead of wholesome meat, prepare
 A dish of poison to confound ourselves.

* The name of Lord Cobham's seat.

† *I. e.* hinder you.

‡ Portions of common land assigned for a time to particular proprietors.

Cam. Why so, Lord Cobham? See you not our claim?
And how imperiously he holds the crown?

Scroope. Besides, you know yourself is in disgrace,
Held as a recreant, and pursued to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,
And 'stablish your religion through the land.

Cob. Notorious treason! yet I will conceal
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
My lord of Cambridge, I do see your claim,
And what good may redound unto the land,
By prosecuting of this enterprise.

[*Aside.*

But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order such an action? We are weak;
Harry, you know, is a mighty potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are beloved,
And many will be glad to follow you;
We are the like, and some will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from France: here's an ambassador
That promiseth both men and money too.
The commons likewise, as we hear, pretend*
A sudden tumult; we will join with them.

Cob. Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed:
But how shall I believe this in plain truth?
You are, my lords, such men as live in court,
And have been highly favour'd of the king,
Especially Lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bed-fellow:
And you, Lord Grey, are of his privy council:
Is not this a train laid to entrap my life?

Cam. Then perish may my soul! What, think you so?

Scroope. We'll swear to you.

Grey. Or take the sacrament.

Cob. Nay, you are noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I crave no other testimony but this:
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our hearts: Who hath any pen and ink?

Scroope. My pocket should have one: O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord Scroope. There is my name.

Scroope. And there is my name.

Grey. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave
That you would likewise write your name with theirs,
For confirmation of your master's words,
The king of France.

Char. That will I, noble lord.

Cob. So now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you: where's our meeting, lords?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of July next.

* *I. e.* intend.

Cob. In Kent? agreed. Now let us in to supper,
I hope your honours will not away to-night.

Cam. Yes, presently, for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other friends.

Scroope. And we would not be absent from the court,
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the king.

Cob. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my lord, we thank you; so farewell.

[*Exeunt SCROOPE, GREY, CAMBRIDGE, and CHARTRES.*]

Cob. Farewell, my noble lords.—My noble lords!
My noble villains, base conspirators!
How can they look his highness in the face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known:
This head shall not be burthen'd with such thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceal a deed
Of such impiety against my king.
Madam, how now?

Enter LADY COBHAM, LORD POWIS, LADY POWIS, and HARPOOL.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my lord:
Why seem you so unquiet in your looks?
What hath befall'n you that disturbs your mind?

L. Pow. Bad news, I am afraid, touching my husband.

Cob. Madam, not so; there is your husband's pardon:
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a kindness, as I know not how
To make reply;—my sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, madam, stay me not,
For I must back unto the court again,
With all the speed I can: Harpool, my horse.

L. Cob. So soon, my lord? what, will you ride all night?

Cob. All night or day; it must be so, sweet wife.
Urge me not why, or what my business is,
But get you in.—Lord Powis, bear with me;
And, madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse;
My house is at your use. Harpool, away.

Har. Shall I attend your lordship to the court?

Cob. Yea, Sir; your gelding mount you presently.

[*Exit COBHAM.*]

L. Cob. I prythee, Harpool, look unto thy lord;
I do not like this sudden posting back.

[*Exit HARPOOL.*]

Pow. Some earnest business is afoot belike;
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath so highly us bestead.

L. Cob. Come, madam, and my lord, we'll hope the best;
You shall not into Wales till he return.

Pow. Though great occasion be we should depart,
Yet, madam, will we stay to be resolved
Of this unlooked-for, doubtful accident.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE II.—A Road near Highgate.**Enter MURLEY and his Followers.*

Mur. Come, my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely; no man afore his leader: follow your master, your captain, your knight that shall be, for the honour of mealmen, millers, and malt-men. Dun is the mouse.* Dick and Tom, for the credit of Dunstable, ding down the enemy to-morrow. Ye shall not come into the field like beggars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence, my two loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! I would give a couple of shillings for a dozen of good feathers for you, and forty pence for as many scarfs to set you out withal. Frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no babes, our town foot-balls can bear witness: this little 'parel we have, shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of Lawrence' mind for that, for he means to leave his life behind him; he and Leonard, your two loaders, are making their wills, because they have wives; and we bachelors bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die. But, master, pray ye let me ride upon Cut.

Mur. Meal and salt, wheat and malt, fire and tow, frost and snow; why Tom thou shalt. Let me see, here are you: William and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my own two horses; proper men, handsome men, tall men, true men.

Dick. But master, master; methinks you are mad to hazard your own person, and a cart-load of money too.

Tom. Yea, and master, there's a worse matter in't; if it be, as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned bishops, that should give us their blessing: and if they curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay by'r lady, some say the king takes their part; and, master, dare you fight against the king?

Mur. Fye, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion; if the king be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What, if you should kill the king?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do you not speak treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honour. Little know you what is in my bosom; look here, mad knaves, a pair of gilt spurs.

Tom. A pair of golden spurs? Why do you not put them on your heels? Your bosom's no place for spurs.

Mur. Be't more or less upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us. 'Tom, thou'rt a fool, and thou speakest treason to knight-hood. Dare any wear gold or silver spurs, till he be a knight? No, I shall be knighted to-morrow, and then they shall on. Sirs, was it ever read in the church-book of Dunstable, that ever malt-man was made knight?

* A proverbial saying of no fixed import.

Tom. No, but you are more: you are mealman, maltman, miller, corn-master, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a brewer too, and the devil and all for wealth: you bring more money with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my honour; I shall be a knight to-morrow. Let me 'spose* my men; Tom upon Cut, Dick upon Hob, Hodge upon Ball, Ralph upon Sorrel, and Robin upon the fore-horse.

Enter ACTON, BOURN, and BEVERLEY.

Tom. Stand; who comes there?

Act. All friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellows indeed, Sir Roger.

Act. Why, thus you show yourself a gentleman, To keep your day, and come so well prepared. Your cart stands yonder guarded by your men, Who tell me it is laden well with coin. What sum is there?

Mur. Ten thousand pound, Sir Roger; and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be knighted.

Act. Gilt spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our army, Sir?

Act. Dispersed in sundry villages about: Some here with us in Highgate, some at Finchley, Tot'nam, Enfield, Edmonton, Newington, Islington, Hogsdon,† Pancras, Kensington; Some nearer 'Thames, Ratcliff, Blackwall, and Bow: But our chief strength must be the Londoners, Which, ere the sun to-morrow shine Will be near fifty thousand in the field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my dear; but upon occasion, Sir Roger Acton, doth not the king know of it, and gather his power against us?

Act. No, he's secure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the clergy?

Act. They fear extremely, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall carry the world afore us. I vow, by my worship, when I am knighted, we'll take the king napping, if he stand on their part.

Act. This night we few in Highgate will repose; With the first cock we'll rise and arm ourselves, To be in Ficket-field by break of day, And there expect our general, Sir John Oldcastle.

Mur. What if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our action stands; Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

Mur. True, Master Bourn; but who shall make me knight?

Bev. He that hath power to be our general.

Act. Talk not of trifles; come let us away; Our friends of London long till it be day.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Dispose.

† Hoxton.

SCENE III.—*A High-road in Kent.**Enter SIR JOHN and DOLL.**Doll.* By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.*Sir John.* Canst thou blame me, Doll? thou art my lands, my goods, my jewels, my wealth, my purse: none walks within forty miles of London, but 'a plies thee as truly as the parish does the poor man's box.*Doll.* I am as true to thee as the stone is in the wall; and thou know'st well enough I was in as good doing when I came to thee, as any wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tried me, that thou hast: and I will not be kept as I have been, that I will not.*Sir John.* Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a pedlar walks with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with thy ready money in a merchant's shop: we'll have as good silver as the king coins any.*Doll.* What, is all the gold spent you took the last day from the courtier?*Sir John.* 'Tis gone, Doll, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone. He comes a horseback that must pay for all; we'll have as good meat as money can get, and as good gowns as can be bought for gold: be merry, wench, the maltman comes on Monday.*Doll.* You might have left me at Cobham, until you had been better provided for.*Sir John.* No, sweet Doll, no; I like not that. Yon old ruffian is not for the priest: I do not like a new clerk should come in the old belfry.*Doll.* Thou art a mad priest, i' faith.*Sir John.* Come Doll, I'll see thee safe at some ale-house here at Cray; and the next sheep that comes shall leave behind his fleece.
[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*Blackheath.**Enter KING HENRY disguised, SUFFOLK, and BUTLER.**K. Henry.* My lord of Suffolk, post away for life,
And let our forces of such horse and foot
As can be gathered up by any means,
Make speedy rendezvous in Tothill-fields.
It must be done this evening, my lord;
This night the rebels mean to draw to head
Near Islington; which if your speed prevent not,
If once they should unite their several forces,
Their power is almost thought invincible.
Away, my lord, I will be with you soon.*Suf.* I go, my sovereign, with all happy speed.*K. Henry.* Make haste, my lord of Suffolk, as you love us.[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]*Butler,* post you to London with all speed:
Command the mayor and sheriffs, on their allegiance,
The city gates be presently shut up,

And guarded with a strong sufficient watch ;
And not a man be suffered to pass
Without a special warrant from ourself.
Command the postern by the Tower be kept,
And proclamation, on the pain of death,
That not a citizen stir from his doors,
Except such as the mayor and shrieves shall choose
For their own guard, and safety of their persons.
Butler away, have care unto my charge.

But. I go, my sovereign.

K. Henry. Butler.

But. My lord.

K. Henry. Go down by Greenwich, and command a boat
At the Friars-bridge attend my coming down.

But. I will, my lord.

[*Exit BUTLER.*]

K. Hen. It's time, I think, to look unto rebellion,
When Acton doth expect unto his aid
No less than fifty thousand Londoners.
Well, I'll to Westminster in this disguise,
To hear what news is stirring in these brawls.

Enter SIR JOHN and DOLL.

Sir John. Stand true man, says a thief.

K. Henry. Stand thief, says a true man : how if a thief ?

Sir John. Stand thief too.

K. Henry. Then thief or true man, I must stand, I see. How-
soever the world wags, the trade of thieving yet will never down.
What art thou ?

Sir John. A good fellow.

K. Henry. So I am too ; I see thou dost know me.

Sir John. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellow's
part ; deliver thy purse without more ado.

K. Henry. I have no money.

Sir John. I must make you find some before we part. If you
have no money, you shall have ware ; as many sound blows as
your skin can carry.

K. Henry. Is that the plain truth ?

Sir John. Sirrah, no more ado ; come, come, give me the
money you have. Despatch, I cannot stand all day.

K. Henry. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is. Just
the proverb, one thief robs another. Where the devil are all my
old thieves ? Falstaff that villain is so fat, he cannot get on
his horse ; but methinks Poins and Peto should be stirring
hereabouts.

Sir John. How much is there on't, o' thy word ?

K. Henry. A hundred pound in angels, on my word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadst pass'd this way, as I
Have now.

Sir John. Sirrah, what art thou ? thou seem'st a gentleman ?

K. Henry. I am no less ; yet a poor one now, for thou hast all
my money.

Sir John. From whence cam'st thou ?

K. Henry. From the court at Eltham.

Sir John. Art thou one of the king's servants?

K. Henry. Yes, that I am, and one of his chamber.

Sir John. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou mayst the better spare thy money: and think you thou mightst get a poor thief his pardon, if he should have need?

K. Henry. Yes, that I can.

Sir John. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

K. Henry. Yes, 'faith will I, so it be for no murder.

Sir John. Nay, I am a pitiful* thief; all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, I'll kill no man.

K. Henry. Then, on my word I'll do't.

Sir John. Give me thy hand on the same.

K. Henry. There 'tis.

Sir John. Methinks the king should be good to thieves, because he has been a thief himself, although I think now he be turned a true man.

K. Henry. 'Faith, I have heard indeed he has had an ill name that way in his youth; but how canst thou tell that he has been a thief?

Sir John. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the trade myself, when that foul villainous guts, that led him to all that roguery, was in his company there, that Falstaff.

K. Henry. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*] Thou knowest not the king now, I think, if thou sawest him?

Sir John. Not I, i' faith.

K. Henry. So it should seem.

[*Aside.*

Sir John. Well, if old King Harry had lived, this king that is now, had made thieving the best trade in England.

K. Henry. Why so?

Sir John. Because he was the chief warden of our company. It's pity that e'er he should have been a king, he was so brave a thief. But sirrah, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

K. Henry. Yes, 'faith will I.

Sir John. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou mayst hap (being so early) be met with again before thou come to Southwark, if any man, when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but *Sir John*, and they will let thee pass.

K. Henry. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Sir John. Nay, sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time, not knowing thee, here I'll break this angel: take thou half of it; this is a token betwixt thee and me.

K. Henry. God-a-mercy; farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir John. O my fine golden slaves! here's for thee, wench, i' faith. Now, Doll, we will revel in our bower; this is a tithe pig of my vicarage. God-a-mercy, neighbour Shooter's-hill, you

ha' paid your tithe honestly. Well, I hear there is a company of rebels up against the king, got together in Ficket-field, near Holborn; and, as it is thought here in Kent, the king will be there to-night in his own person. Well, I'll to the king's camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good booty among them. *[Exeunt SIR JOHN and DOLL.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Field near London. KING HENRY'S camp.

Enter KING HENRY disguised, SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON, and Attendants with torches.

K. Henry. My lords of Suffolk and of Huntington, Who scouts it now? or who stand sentinels?

What men of worth, what lords, do walk the round?

Suf. May it please your highness—

K. Henry. Peace, no more of that:
The king's asleep; wake not his majesty
With terms, nor titles; he's at rest in bed.
Kings do not use to watch themselves; they sleep,
And let rebellion and conspiracy
Revel and havoc in the commonwealth.
Is London look'd unto?

Hunt. It is, my lord;
Your noble uncle Exeter is there,
Your brother Gloucester, and my lord of Warwick;
Who, with the mayor and the aldermen,
Do guard the gates, and keep good rule within.
The earl of Cambridge and Sir Thomas Grey
Do walk the round; Lord Scroope and Butler scout:
So, though it please your majesty to jest,
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.

K. Henry. I thank ye, lords; but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect night-walker.
London, you say, is safely look'd unto
(Alas, poor rebels, there your aid must fail);
And the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle,
Quiet in Kent. Acton, you are deceived;
Reckon again, you count without your host;
To-morrow you shall give account to us:
Till when, my friends, this long cold winter's night
How can we spend? King Harry is asleep,
And all his lords; these garments tell us so;
All friends at foot-ball, fellows all in field,
Harry, and Dick, and George. Bring us a drum;
Give us square dice; we'll keep this court of guard*
For all good fellows' companies that come.

* *I. e.* the guard-room.

Where's that mad priest ye told me was in arms,
To fight as well as pray, if need required?

Suf. He's in the camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.

K. Henry. Trip Dick, trip George.

Hunt. I must have the dice: what do we play at?

Suf. Passage, if you please.*

Hunt. Set round then: so; at all.

K. Henry. George, you are out;

Give me the dice, I pass for twenty pound:

Here's to our lucky passage into France.

Hunt. Harry, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A sign King Harry shall sweep all in France.

Enter SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Edge ye, good fellows; take a fresh gamester in.

K. Henry. Master parson, we play nothing but gold.

Sir John. And, fellow, I tell thee that the priest hath gold.
Gold! what? ye are but beggarly soldiers to me; I think I have
more gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be so; but we believe it not.

K. Henry. Set, priest, set: I pass for all that gold.

Sir John. You pass indeed!

K. Henry. Priest, hast any more?

Sir John. More! what a question's that?

I tell thee I have more than all you three.

At these ten angels.

K. Henry. I wonder how thou com'st by all this gold.

How many benefices hast thou, priest?

Sir John. 'Faith but one. Dost wonder how I come by gold?
I wonder rather how poor soldiers should have gold. For I'll
tell thee, good fellow; we have every day tithes, offerings, chris-
tenings, weddings, burials; and you poor snakes come seldom to
a booty. I'll speak a proud word; I have but one parsonage,
Wrotham; 'tis better than the bishopric of Rochester: there's
ne'er a hill, heath, nor down, in all Kent, but 'tis in my parish;
—Barham-down, Cobham-down, Gad's-hill, Wrotham-hill, Black-
heath, Cocks-heath, Birchen-wood, all pay me tithe. Gold
quoth-a? ye pass not for that.

Suf. Harry, you are out: now, parson, shake the dice.

Sir John. Set, set, I'll cover ye;—at all:—a plague on't, I am
out. The devil, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

Suf. Say'st thou so, priest? set fair; at all for once.

K. Henry. Out, Sir, pay all.

Sir John. Sir, pay me angel gold:

I'll none of your crack'd French crowns, nor pistolets;

Pay me fair angel gold, as I pay you.

K. Henry. No crack'd French crowns! I hope to see more
crack'd French crowns ere long.

Sir John. Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's crowns, when the
king's in France.

* A game at tables.

Hunt. Set round, at all.

Sir John. Pay all. This is some luck.

K. Henry. Give me the dice; 'tis I must shrieve the priest :
At all, Sir John.

Sir John. The devil and all is yours. At that.
'Sdeath, what casting's this?

Suf. Well thrown, Harry, i' faith.

K. Henry. I'll cast better yet.

Sir John. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, hast thou not given
thy soul to the devil for casting?

K. Henry. I pass for all.

Sir John. Thou passest all that e'er I played withal.
Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?

K. Henry. Set, parson, set; the dice die in my hand.
When, parson, when? * what, can you find no more?
Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your store?

Sir John. All's gone but that.

Hunt. What? half a broken angel.

Sir John. Why, Sir, 'tis gold.

K. Henry. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Sir John. The devil give ye good on't! I am blind :
You have blown me up.

K. Henry. Nay, tarry, priest; you shall not leave us yet :
Do not these pieces fit each other well?

Sir John. What if they do?

K. Henry. Thereby begins a tale.

There was a thief, in face much like Sir John
(But 'twas not he—that thief was all in green),
Met me, last day, on Black-heath, near the Park :
With him a woman. I was all alone
And weaponless; my boy had all my tools,
And was before, providing me a boat.
Short tale to make, Sir John—the thief I mean—
Took a just hundred pound in gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be revenged,
If ere we met. He, like a lusty thief,
Brake with his teeth this angel just in two,
To be a token at our meeting next;
Provided I should charge no officer
To apprehend him, but at weapon's point
Recover that and what he had beside.
Well met, Sir John; betake you to your tools,
By torchlight; for, master parson, you are he
That had my gold.

Sir John. Zounds I won it in play, in fair, square play, of the
keeper of Eltham-park; and that I will maintain with this poor
whynniard. Be you two honest men, to stand and look upon us,
and let us alone, and take neither part.

K. Henry. Agreed; I charge ye do not budge a foot :
Sir John, have at ye.

* An exclamation indicating impatience : *come, parson, come!*

Sir John. Soldier, 'ware your sconce.

[*As they are preparing to engage, BUTLER enters and draws his sword to part them.*]

But. Hold, villain, hold; my lords, what do ye mean,
To see a traitor draw against the king?

Sir John. The king? God's will, I am in a proper pickle.

K. Henry. Butler, what news, why dost thou trouble us?

But. Please your majesty, it is break of day;

And as I scouted near to Islington,
The grey-eyed morning gave me glimmering
Of armed men coming down Highgate-hill,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

K. Henry. Let us withdraw, my lords; prepare our troops
To charge the rebels, if there be such cause.
For this lewd priest, this devilish hypocrite,
That is a thief, a gamester, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for example sake.

Sir John. Not so, my gracious sovereign. I confess I am a
frail man, flesh and blood as others are; but set my imperfec-
tions aside, you have not a taller man, nor a truer subject to the
crown and state, than Sir John of Wrotham is.

K. Henry. Will a true subject rob his king?

Sir John. Alas, 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

K. Henry. 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as salt
To season others with good document;
Your lives, as lamps to give the people light;
As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock:
Go hang him, Butler. Didst thou not rob me?

Sir John. I must confess I saw some of your gold; but, my
dread lord, I am in no humour for death. God wills that sin-
ners live; do not you cause me to die. Once in their lives the
best may go astray; and if the world say true, yourself, my liege,
have been a thief.

K. Henry. I confess I have;
But I repent and have reclaim'd myself.

Sir John. So will I do, if you will give me time.

K. Henry. Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Sir John. I ask no more.

K. Henry. And we will grant thee that;
Live and repent, and prove an honest man;
Which when I hear, and safe return from France,
I'll give thee living. Till when, take thy gold,
But spend it better than at cards, or wine;
For better virtues fit that coat of thine.

Sir John. *Vivat rex, et currat lex.* My liege, if ye have cause
of battle, ye shall see Sir John bestir himself in your quarrel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near London.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON, and SIR JOHN, bringing forth ACTON, BEVERLEY, and MURLEY. prisoners.

K. Henry. Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our overthrow :
But now ye see, base villains, what success
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'st the name
Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd
Than join with peasants : gentry is divine,
But thou hast made it more than popular.*

Act. Pardon, my lord, my conscience urged me to it.

K. Henry. Thy conscience ! then thy conscience is corrupt ;
For in thy conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy conscience thou shouldst love thy country :
Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil manners of the Turk ?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your majesty,
But reformation of religion.

K. Henry. Reform religion ? was it that you sought ?
I pray, who gave you that authority ?
Belike then we do hold the sceptre up,
And sit within the throne but for a cipher.
Time was, good subjects would make known their grief,
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Unless their king were tyrant ; which I hope
You cannot justly say that Harry is.
What is that other ?

Suf. A malt-man, my lord,
And dwelling in Dunstable, as he says.

K. Henry. Sirrah, what made you leave your barley-broth,
To come in armour thus against your king ?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occasion,
what a world is this ! Knighthood, my liege, 'twas knighthood
brought me hither ; they told me I had wealth enough to make
my wife a lady.

K. Henry. And so you brought those horses which we saw
Trapp'd all in costly furniture ; and meant
To wear these spurs when you were knighted once ?

Mur. In and out upon occasion, I did.

K. Henry. In and out upon occasion, therefore,
You shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing
These spurs upon your heels, about your neck
They shall bewray your folly to the world.

Sir John. In and out, upon occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro. Good my liege, a pardon ;
I am sorry for my fault.

K. Henry. That comes too late. But tell me, went there none

* *I. e.* made it vulgar.

Beside Sir Roger Acton, upon whom
You did depend to be your governor?

Mur. None, my good lord, but Sir John Oldcastle.

K. Henry. Bears he a part in this conspiracy?

Act. We look'd, my lord, that he would meet us here.

K. Henry. But did he promise you that he would come?

Act. Such letters we received forth of Kent.

Enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Roch. Where is my lord the king? Health to your grace.

Examining, my lord, some of these rebels,
It is a general voice among them all,
That they had never come into this place,
But to have met their valiant general,
The good Lord Cobham, as they title him;
Whereby, my lord, your grace may now perceive,
His treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his flattery.

K. Henry. Now, by my royalty I would have sworn,
But for his conscience, which I bear withal,
There had not lived a more true-hearted subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious lord;
And therefore may it please your majesty
To set your hand unto this precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the law.

K. Henry. Not only that, but take commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my lord, without delay.
So, now I hold, Lord Cobham, in my hand,
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

[*Aside.*

K. Henry. I think the iron age begins but now,
Which learned poets have so often taught;
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either words, or looks, or solemn oaths:
For if there were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tuned the music of his tongue!
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but hypocrisy!

Enter COBHAM.

Cob. Long life and prosperous reign unto my lord.

K. Henry. Ah, villain! canst thou wish prosperity,
Whose heart includeth nought but treachery?
I do arrest thee here myself, false knight,
Of treason capital against the state.

Cob. Of treason, mighty prince? your grace mistakes;
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

K. Henry. Thy neck shall feel it is in earnest, shortly.
Dar'st thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How heinously thou hast offended us?
But this is thy accustomed deceit;

Now thou perceiv'st thy purpose is in vain,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To clear thyself of this rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion ! good my lord, I know of none.

K. Henry. If you deny it, here is evidence.
See you these men ? you never counselled,
Nor offer'd them assistance in their wars ?

Cob. Speak, sirs, not one but all ; I crave no favour ;
Have ever I been conversant with you,
Or written letters to encourage you ?
Or kindled but the least or smallest part
Of this your late unnatural rebellion ?
Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon occasion, I know you not.

K. Henry. No ! didst thou not say, that Sir John Oldcastle
Was one with whom you purposed to have met ?

Mur. True, I did say so ; but in what respect ?
Because I heard it was reported so.

K. Henry. Was there no other argument but that ?

Act. To clear my conscience ere I die, my lord,
I must confess we have no other ground
But only rumour, to accuse this lord ;
Which now I see was merely fabulous.

K. Henry. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my lord, which I present your grace,
Speak for my loyalty ; read these articles,
And then give sentence of my life or death.

K. Henry. Earl Cambridge, Scroope, and Grey, corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My crown from me, or secretly contrive
My death by treason ! Is it possible ?

Cob. There is the platform,* and their hands, my lord,
Each severally subscribed to the same.

K. Henry. Oh never-heard-of, base ingratitude !

Even those I hug within my bosom most,
Are readiest evermore to sting my heart.
Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong ;
Hereafter I will live to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so near hand ?
We'll meet with them, but little for their ease,
If God permit. Go take these rebels hence,
Let them have martial law : but as for thee,
Friend to thy king and country, still be free.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and COBHAM.*]

Mur. Be it more or less, what a world is this ?
Would I had continued still of the order of knaves,
And ne'er sought knighthood, since it costs so dear :
Sir Roger, I may thank you for all.

Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prythee, Murley, do not urge me with it.

* Plan, outline, list.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as occasion serves :
If you be so hasty, take my place.

Hunt. No, good sir knight, e'en take it yourself.

Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Kent. Court before LORD COBHAM'S House.*

Enter the BISHOP of Rochester, LORD WARDEN of the Cinque Ports, CROMER, LADY COBHAM, and Attendants.

Roch. I tell ye, lady, 'tis not possible
But you should know where he conveys himself ;
And you have hid him in some secret place.

L. Cob. My lord, believe me, as I have a soul,
I know not where my lord my husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to ; you are an heretic,
And will be forced by torture to confess,
If fair means will not serve to make you tell.

L. Cob. My husband is a noble gentleman,
And need not hide himself for any fact
That e'er I heard of ; therefore wrong him not.

Roch. Your husband is a dangerous schismatic,
Traitor to God, the king, and commonwealth ;
And therefore, Master Cromer, shrieve of Kent,
I charge you take her to your custody,
And seize the goods of Sir John Oldcastle
To the king's use ; let her go in no more,
To fetch so much as her apparel out :
There is your warrant from his majesty.

L. War. Good my lord bishop, pacify your wrath
Against the lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
Where Oldcastle her husband is conceal'd.

L. War. I dare engage mine honour and my life,
Poor gentlewoman, she is ignorant
And innocent of all his practices,
If any evil by him be practised.

Roch. If, my lord warden ? Nay then I charge you,
That all cinque-ports, whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith ;* that he escapes us not.
Show him his highness' warrant, master sheriff.

L. War. I am sorry for the noble gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here ; now do your office.

Enter COBHAM and HARPOOL.

Cob. Harpool, what business have we here in hand ?
What makes the bishop and the sheriff here ?
I fear my coming home is dangerous ;
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

Har. Be of good cheer, my lord : if they be foes, we'll scramble shrewdly with them ; if they be friends, they are welcome.

* Be watched by persons employed to waylay and observe all who attempt to leave the kingdom.

Crom. Sir John Oldecastle, Lord Cobham, in the king's name,
I arrest you of high treason.

Cob. Treason, Master Cromer!

Har. Treason, master sheriff! what treason?

Cob. Harpool, I charge thee, stir not, but be quiet.

Do you arrest me of treason, master sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of high treason, traitor, heretic.

Cob. Defiance in his face that calls me so:

I am as true a loyal gentleman

Unto his highness, as my proudest enemy.

The king shall witness my late faithful service,

For safety of his sacred majesty.

Roch. What thou art, the king's hand shall testify:
Show him, lord warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me!

Is't possible your cunning could so temper

The princely disposition of his mind,

To sign the damage of a loyal subject?

Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,

Procured by my absence and your malice.

But I, since that, have show'd myself as true

As any churchman that dare challenge me.

Let me be brought before his majesty;

If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

Roch. We are not bound to do kind offices
For any traitor, schismatic, nor heretic.

The king's hand is our warrant for our work,

Who is departed on his way for France,

And at Southampton doth repose this night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles of it, on
Salisbury plain! I would lose my head if thou brought'st thy
head hither again. *[Aside.]*

Cob. My lord warden of the cinque-ports, and lord of
Rochester, ye are joint commissioners: favour me so much, on
my expense, to bring me to the king.

Roch. What, to Southampton?

Cob. Thither, my good lord:

And if he do not clear me of all guilt,

And all suspicion of conspiracy,

Pawning his princely warrant for my truth,

I ask no favour, but extremest torture.

Bring me, or send me to him, good my lord;

Good my lord warden, master shrieve, entreat.

[They both entreat for him.]

Come hither, lady;—nay, sweet wife, forbear

To heap one sorrow on another's neck.

'Tis grief enough falsely to be accused,

And not permitted to acquit myself;

Do not thou, with thy kind respective* tears,

Torment thy husband's heart, that bleeds for thee;

But be of comfort. God hath help in store

* *I. e.* respectful.

For those that put assured trust in him.
Dear wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come up to London, to your sister's house;
That, being near me, you may comfort me.
One solace find I settled in my soul,
That I am free from treason's very thought.
Only my conscience for the Gospel's sake
Is cause of all the troubles I sustain.

L. Cob. O my dear lord, what shall betide of us?
You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doors;
Our substance seized unto his highness' use,
Even to the garments 'longing to our backs?

Har. Patience, good madam, things at worst will mend;
And if they do not, yet our lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more! for if an angel spake,
I swear by sweet St. Peter's blessed keys,
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

Crom. But, by your leave, this warrant doth not stretch
To imprison her.

Roch. No; turn her out of doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee, thou blood-thirsty man!

Cob. May it not be, my lord of Rochester?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
That my appeal unto the king's denied?

Roch. No hate of mine, but power of holy church,
Forbids all favour to false heretics.

Cob. Your private malice, more than public power,
Strikes most at me; but with my life it ends.

Har. O that I had the bishop in that fear
That once I had his sumner by ourselves!

Crom. My lord, yet grant one suit unto us all;
That this same ancient servingman may wait
Upon my lord his master, in the Tower.

Roch. This old iniquity, this heretic,
That, in contempt of our church discipline,
Compell'd my sumner to devour his process!
Old ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatic,
Had not the king pray'd us to pardon you,
You had fri'd for't, you grizzled heretic.

Har. 'Sblood, my lord bishop, you wrong me; I am neither
heretic nor Puritan, but of the old church. I'll swear, drink ale,
kiss a wench, go to mass, eat fish all Lent, and fast Fridays with
cakes and wine, fruit and spicery; shrive me of my old sins afore
Easter, and begin new before Whitsuntide.

Crom. A merry, mad, conceited knave, my lord.

Har. That knave was simply put upon the bishop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in charity wish his soul no hurt.

Cob. God bless my soul from such cold charity!

Roch. To the Tower with him; and when my leisure serves,

I will examine him of articles.

Look, my lord warden, as you have in charge,
The shrieve perform his office.

War. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt* LORD WARDEN, CROMER, and LORD COBHAM.]

Enter, from LORD COBHAM'S house, SUMNER with books.

Roch. What bring'st thou there? what, books of heresy?

Sum. Yea, my lord, here's not a Latin book, no not so much as our Lady's Psalter. Here's the *Bible*, the *Testament*, the *Psalms* in metre, *The Sick Man's Salve*, the *Treasure of Gladness*, all English; no not so much but the Almanac's English.

Roch. Away with them, to the fire with them, Clun:
Now fye upon these upstart heretics.

All English! burn them, burn them quickly, Clun.

Har. But do not, Sumner, as you'll answer it; for I have there English books, my lord, that I'll not part withal for your bishopric: *Bevis of Hampton*, *Owleglass*, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Elinour Rummig*, *Robin Hood*, and other such godly stories; which if ye burn, by this flesh I'll make you drink their ashes in Saint Marget's ale.*

[*Exeunt* Bishop of ROCHESTER, LADY COBHAM, HARPOOL, and SUMNER.]

SCENE IV.—The entrance of the Tower.

Enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER, attended.

1 *Ser.* Is it your honour's pleasure we shall stay,
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you?

Roch. Now you have brought me here into the Tower,
You may go back unto the porter's lodge,
Where, if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some officer to call you to me.
Into the city go not, I command you:
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 *Ser.* We will attend your honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a quart of wine at the Rose at Barking, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 *Ser.* We must hie us then.

3 *Ser.* Let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Roch. Ho, master lieutenant.

Enter LIEUTENANT of the Tower.

Lieu. Who calls there?

Roch. A friend of yours.

Lieu. My lord of Rochester! your honour's welcome.

Roch. Sir, here is my warrant from the council,
For conference with Sir John Oldcastle,
Upon some matter of great consequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir John.

Har. [*within*]. Who calls there?

* *I. e.* water.

Lieu. Harpool, tell Sir John, that my lord of Rochester Comes from the council to confer with him.
I think you may as safe without suspicion
As any man in England, as I hear,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

Roch. I did, Sir,
And nothing do repent it, I assure you.

Enter LORD COBHAM and HARPOOL.

Master lieutenant, I pray you give us leave;
I must confer here with Sir John a little.

Lieu. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exit* LIEUTENANT.]

Har. My lord, be ruled
By me; take this occasion while 'tis offer'd,
And on my life your lordship will escape. [*Aside.*

Cob. No more, I say; peace, lest he should suspect it.

Roch. Sir John, I am come to you from the lords o' the council,

To know if yet you do recant your errors.

Cob. My lord of Rochester, on good advice,
I see my error; but yet understand me;
I mean not error in the faith I hold,
But error in submitting to your pleasure.

Therefore your lordship, without more to do,
Must be a means to help me to escape.

Roch. What means, thou heretic?
Dar'st thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thousand pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper garments a little:
not a word more; peace for waking the children. There; put
them on; despatch, my lord; the window that goes out into the
leads is sure enough: as for you, I'll bind you surely in the
inner room.

[*Carries the Bishop into the Tower, and returns.*

Cob. This is well begun; God send us happy speed:
Hard shift, you see, men make in time of need.

[*Puts on the Bishop's cloak.*

Re-enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER's Servants.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my lord should stay so long.

2 *Ser.* He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time; see where he is coming.

Har. I beseech you, good my lord of Rochester,
Be favourable to my lord and master.

Cob. The inner rooms be very hot and close;
I do not like this air here in the Tower.

Har. His case is hard, my lord. [*Aside.*] You shall scarcely
get out of the Tower, but I'll down upon them: in which time
get you away. Hard under Islington wait you my coming; I
will bring my lady ready with horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto thy lord,
And counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good lord of Rochester, I'll bring you to St. Albans, through the woods, I warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Har. Nay, since I am past the Tower's liberty,
You part not so.

[*He draws.*]

Cob. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1 *Ser.* Murder, murder, murder.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out, you cowardly rogues.

[*COBHAM escapes.*]

Enter LIEUTENANT of the Tower and WARDERS.

Lieu. Who is so bold to dare to draw a sword
So near unto the entrance of the Tower?

1 *Ser.* This ruffian, servant to Sir John Oldcastle,
Was like to have slain my lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off, if you love your puddings.

Roch. [*within*]. Help, help, help, master lieutenant, help.

Lieu. Who's that within? some treason in the Tower,
Upon my life. Look in, who's that which calls?

[*Exit one of the WARDERS.*]

Re-enter WARDER, and the Bishop of ROCHESTER, bound.

Lieu. Without your cloak, my lord of Rochester?

Har. There, now I see it works: then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away. [*Exit HARPOOL.*]

Lieu. Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Oldcastle, that traitor, and his man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and stripp'd me, as you see I am,
And left me lying in his inner chamber,
And so departed.

1 *Ser.* And I —

Lieu. And you now say that the Lord Cobham's man
Did here set on you like to murder you?

1 *Ser.* And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his master then he did,
That in the brawl the traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this Harpool?

2 *Ser.* Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where can you tell?

2 *Ser.* They are both escaped.

Lieu. Since it so happens that he is escaped,
I am glad you are a witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my charge,
That I had been consenting to the fact.

Roch. Come;
Search shall be made for him with expedition.
The haven's laid * that he shall not escape;
And hue and cry continue throughout England,
To find this damned, dangerous heretic.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *I. e.* waylaid or guarded.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in LORD COBHAM'S house in Kent.*

Enter CAMBRIDGE, SCROOPE, and GREY. They sit down at a table: KING HENRY, SUFFOLK, COBHAM, and other Lords, listening at the door.

Cam. In mine opinion, Scroope hath well advised;
Poison will be the only aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose to despatch him.

Grey. But yet there may be doubt in the delivery:
Harry is wise; and therefore, earl of Cambridge,
I judge that way not so convenient.

Scroope. What think ye then of this? I am his bed-fellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture, in those silent hours
When sleep hath sealed up all mortal eyes,
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for yourself:
And you disclosed, what shall become of us?
But this day, as ye know, he will aboard
(The wind's so fair), and set away for France:
If, as he goes, or entering in the ship,
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Grey. Why, any of these: or, if you will, I'll cause
A present sitting o' the council, wherein
I will pretend some matter of such weight
As needs must have his royal company;
And so despatch him in his council-chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not anything to purpose.
I wonder that Lord Cobham stays so long;
His counsel in this case would much avail us.

[*The KING and his Lords advance.*]

Scroope. What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

K. Hen. That were a shame indeed: no, sit again,
And you shall have my counsel in this case.

If you can find no way to kill the king,
Then you shall see how I can furnish you.
Scroope's way by poison was indifferent;
But yet, being bed-fellow to the king,
And unsuspected sleeping in his bosom,
In mine opinion that's the likelier way:
For such false friends are able to do much,
And silent night is treason's fittest friend.
Now, Cambridge, in his setting hence for France,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard,
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtful.

Marry, Lord Grey came very near the point,
To have the king at council, and there murder him,
As Cæsar was, among his dearest friends.

Tell me, oh tell me, you, bright honour's stains,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus traitors to your king,
And France must have the spoil of Harry's life?

All. Oh pardon us, dread lord.

K. Henry. How! pardon you! that were a sin indeed.
Drag them to death, which justly they deserve:
And France shall dearly buy this villainy,
So soon as we set footing on her breast.
God have the praise for our deliverance!
And next our thanks, Lord Cobham, is to thee,
True perfect mirror of nobility.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A High Road near St. Albans.

Enter SIR JOHN and DOLL.

Sir John. Come, Doll, come, be merry, wench. Farewell Kent; we are not for thee. Be lusty, my lass; come, for Lancashire: we must nip the bung for these crowns.*

Doll. Why, is all the gold spent already, that you had the other day?

Sir John. Gone, Doll, gone; flown, spent, vanished. The devil, drink, and dice, have devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in Kent, till you had been better provided.

Sir John. No, Doll, no; Kent's too hot, Doll, Kent's too hot. The weathercock of Wrotham will crow no longer; we have pluck'd him, he has lost his feathers; I have pruned him, left him bare thrice;† he is moulted, he is moulted, wench.

Doll. I might have gone to service again; old Master Harpool told me he would provide me a mistress.

Sir John. Peace, Doll, peace. Come, mad wench, I'll make thee an honest woman; we'll into Lancashire to our friends: the troth is, I'll marry thee. We want but a little money, and money we will have, I warrant thee. Stay; who comes here? Some Irish villain, methinks, that has slain a man, and now is rifling of him. Stand close, Doll; we'll see the end.

Enter an IRISHMAN with his dead Master. He lays him down, and rifles him.

Irishm. Alas, poe master, Sir Richard Lee; be Saint Patrick, Ise rob and cut thy trote, for dy shain,‡ and dy mony, and dy gold ring. Be me trully, Ise love dee well, but now dow be kill, dow be shotten knave.

Sir John. Stand, sirrah; what art thou?

Irishm. Be Saint Patrick, mester, Ise poor Irisman; Ise a leufter.§

Sir John. Sirrah, sirrah, you're a damn'd rogue; you have killed a man here, and rifled him of all that he has. 'Sblood,

* *I. e.* cut a purse.

† In Wales the geese bear plucking twice a year. The bird which the person left after thrice plucking, would indeed be worth nothing.

‡ *I. e.* for thy chain.

§ A poor vagabond.

you rogue, deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a hair above your shoulders, you whorson Irish dog. *[Robs him.]*

Irishm. We's me! by Saint Patrick, Ise kill my mester for his shain and his ring; and now Ise be rob of all. Me's undo.

Sir John. Avaunt, you rascal: go sirrah, be walking. Come, Doll, the devil laughs when one thief robs another. Come, wench, we'll to St. Albans, and revel in our bower, my brave girl.

Doll. O, thou art old Sir John, when all's done, i' faith.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*St. Albans. The Entrance of a Carrier's Inn.*

Enter HOST and the IRISHMAN.

Irishm. Be me tro, mester, Ise poor Irisman, Ise want ludging. Ise have no money, Ise starve and cold: good mester, give hur some meat; Ise famise and tye.

Host. 'Faith, fellow, I have no lodging, but what I keep for my guests. As for meat, thou shalt have as much as there is; and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair straw, and room enough.

Irishm. Ise tank my mester heartily.

Host. Ho, Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Who calls?

Host. Show this poor Irishman to the barn; go, sirrah.

[Exeunt ROBIN and IRISHMAN.]

Enter CARRIER and KATE.

Car. Who's within here? who looks to the horses? Uds heart, here's fine work: the hens in the maunger, and the hogs in the litter. A bots 'found* you all; here's a house well looked to, i' faith.

Kate. Mass, Gaff Club, Ise very cawd.†

Car. Get in, Kate, get in to fire, and warm thee. John Ostler.

Host. What, Gaffer Club! Welcome to St. Albans.
How does all our friends in Lancashire?

Enter OSTLER.

Car. Well, God-a-mercy. John, how does Tom? where is he?

Ostl. Tom's gone from hence; he's at the Three Horse-loaves‡ at Stony-Stratford. How does old Dick Dun?

Car. Uds heart, old Dun has bin moyr'd§ in a slough in Brick-hill-lane. A plague 'found it! yonder's such abomination weather as was never seen.

Ostl. Uds heart! Thief! 'a shall have one half peck of pease

* *I. e.* a horseworm confound.

† By the Mass, Gaffer Club, I'm very cold.

‡ Horses were not so usually fed with corn loose in the manger, in the present manner, as with their provender made into loaves.

§ Stuck.

and oats more for that, as I am John Ostler; he has been ever as good a jade as ever travelled.

Car. 'Faith, well said, old Jack; thou art the old lad still.

Ostl. Come, Gaffer Club, unload, unload, and get to supper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Carrier's Inn.

Enter HOST, LORD COBHAM, and HARPOOL.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this house, to such as is here, with all my heart; but I fear your lodging will be the worst. I have but two beds, and they are both in a chamber; and the carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your wife must lie in the other.

Cob. 'Faith, Sir, for myself I do not greatly pass: My wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we have travell'd very far to-day; We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell what to do with your man.

Har. What? hast thou never an empty room in thy house for me?

Host. Not a bed, in troth. There came a poor Irishman, and I lodged him in the barn, where he has fair straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine host, I pr'ythee help me to a pair of clean sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the mass, that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen sheets* were ne'er lain in; come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The same. A Street.

Enter MAYOR, CONSTABLE, and WATCH.

Mayor. What? have you search'd the town?

Con. All the town, Sir; we have not left a house unsearch'd that uses to lodge.

Mayor. Surely, my lord of Rochester was then deceived, Or ill-inform'd of Sir John Oldcastle; Or if he came this way, he's past the town: He could not else have scaped you in the search.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all night; And not a stranger lodgeth in the town But he is known; only a lusty priest We found in bed with a young pretty wench, That says she is his wife, yonder at the Shears: But we have charged the host with his forthcoming To-morrow morning.

Mayor. What think you best to do?

Con. 'Faith, master mayor, here's a few straggling houses beyond the bridge, and a little inn where carriers used to lodge; although I think surely he would ne'er lodge there: but we'll go search, and the rather because there came notice to the town the

* (That).

last night of an Irishman, that had done a murther, whom we are to make search for.

Mayor. Come then, I pray you, and be circumspect.

[*Exeunt* MAYOR, CONSTABLE, &c.]

SCENE VI.—The same. Before the Carrier's Inn.

Enter WATCH.

1 Watch. First beset the house, before you begin to search.

2 Watch. Content; every man take a several place.

[*A noise within.*
Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter, from the Inn, the MAYOR and CONSTABLE, with the IRISHMAN in HARPOOL's apparel.

Con. Come, you villainous heretic, tell us where your master is.

Irishm. Vat mester?

Mayor. Vat mester, you counterfeit rebel? This shall not serve your turn.

Irishm. Be Saint Patrick I ha' no mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower?

Irishm. Vat Lort Cobham?

Mayor. You counterfeit, this shall not serve you: we'll torture you, we'll make you to confess where that arch-heretic is. Come, bind him fast.

Irishm. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a cree!

Con. Ahone! you crafty rascal?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The same. The yard of the Inn.

Enter LORD COBHAM in his night-gown.

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous noise About the house. God warrant us, I fear We are pursued. What, Harpool?

Har. [*from the barn*]. Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I; dost thou not hear a noise about the house?

Har. [*from the barn*]. Yes, marry, do I. Zounds, I cannot find

My hose. This Irish rascal, that lodged with me All night, hath stolen my apparel, and Has left me nothing but a lousy mantle,* And a pair of brogues. Get up, get up, and, if The carrier and his wench be yet asleep, Change you with him, as he hath done with me, And see if we can scape.

[*Exit* LORD COBHAM.]

* The mantle, or long cloak, was the common dress of the ancient Irish.

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

A noise about the house for some time. Then enter HARPOOL in the Irishman's apparel; the MAYOR, CONSTABLE, and WATCH of St. Albans meeting him.

Con. Stand close, here comes the Irishman that did the murder; by all tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the house beset, would get away. Stand, sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bidd'st me stand?

Con. I am the officer; and am come to search for an Irishman, such a villain as thyself, that hast murdered a man this last night by the high way.

Har. 'Sblood, constable, art thou mad? am I an Irishman?

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an Irishman before we part; Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast. O thou bloody rogue!

Enter LORD and LADY COBHAM, in the apparel of the Carrier and his daughter.

Cob. What, will these ostlers sleep all day? Good morrow, good morrow. Come wench, come. Saddle, saddle; now afore God two fair days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O 'tis Lancashire carrier; let them pass.

Cob. What, will nobody ope the gates here? Come, let's in to stable, to look to our capuls.

[Exeunt LORD and LADY COBHAM.]

Car. *[within].* Host. Why, ostler? Zooks, here's such abomination company of boys. A pox of this pigstye at the house' end; it fills all the house full of fleas. Ostler, ostler.

Enter OSTLER.

Ostl. Who calls there? what would you have?

Car. *[within].* Zooks, do you rob your guests? Do you lodge rogues, and slaves, and scoundrels, ha? They ha' stolen our clothes here. Why, ostler.

Ostl. A murrain choke you; what a bawling you keep!

Enter HOST.

Host. How now? what would the carrier have? Look up there.

Ostl. They say that the man and the woman that lay by them have stolen their clothes.

Host. What, are the strange folks up, that came in yesternight?

Con. What, mine host, up so early?

Host. What, master mayor, and master constable?

Mayor. We are come to seek for some suspected persons, And such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter CARRIER and KATE, in LORD and LADY COBHAM'S clothes.

Con. Who comes here?

Car. Who comes here? a plague 'found 'em. "You bawl," quoth-a; ods heart, I'll forswear your house; you lodged a fellow and his wife by us, that ha' run away with our 'parel, and left us such gew-gaws here:—Come, Kate, come to me; thou's dizeard,* i' faith.

Mayor. Mine host, know you this man?

Host. Yes, master mayor, I'll give my word for him. Why, neighbour Club, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now, a foul on't, I cannot make this gew-gaw stand on my head.

Mayor. How came this man and woman thus attired?

Host. Here came a man and woman hither this last night, Which I did take for substantial people, And lodged all in one chamber by these folks; Methinks they have been so bold to change apparel, And gone away this morning ere they rose.

Mayor. That was that traitor Oldcastle that thus Escaped us. Make hue and cry yet after him; Keep fast that traitorous rebel his servant there: Farewell, mine host.

[*Exit* MAYOR.]

Car. Come, Kate Owdham, thou and I's trimly dizard.

Kate. I' faith, Gaff Club, Ise wot ne'er what to do, Ise be so flouted and so shouted at; but, by the mass, Ise cry.

[*Exeunt* CARRIER and his DAUGHTER, HOST, HARPOOL, CONSTABLES, &c.]

SCENE IX.—A wood near St. Albans.

Enter LORD and LADY COBHAM, disguised.

Cob. Come, madam, happily escaped. Here let us sit; This place is far remote from any path; And here awhile our weary limbs may rest To take refreshing, free from the pursuit Of envious Rochester.

L. Cob. But where, my lord, Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds? There dwell untamed thoughts, that hardly stoop To such abasement of disdained rags: We were not wont to travel thus by night, Especially on foot.

Cob. No matter, love; Extremities admit no better choice, And, were it not for thee, say froward time Imposed a greater task, I would esteem it As lightly as the wind that blows upon us.

* *I. e.* bedizened.

But in thy suffrance I am doubly task'd ;
Thou wast not wont to have the earth thy stool,
Nor the moist dewy grass thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
A partner with me in the worst I feel ?

No, gentle lord, your presence would give ease
To death itself, should he now seize upon me.

[She produces some bread and cheese, and a bottle.]

Behold what my foresight hath underta'en,
For fear we faint ; they are but homely cates ;
Yet sauced with hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal bodies need !
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in ; for what is it on earth,
Nay, under heaven, continues at a stay ?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflow'd ?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?
And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds ? There's not that work
Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle madam,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow down.

[Drinks.]

L. Cob. And I, encouraged with your cheerful speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. 'Pray God, poor Harpool come.
If he should fall into the bishop's hands,
Or not remember where we bade him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That power be still his guide, hath guided us !
My drowsy eyes wax heavy ; early rising,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could gladly take a nap,
Were I persuaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me : whilst you do sleep
I'll watch that no misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear wife, be too much trouble to thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that ;

My duty binds me, and your love commands.
I would I had the skill, with tuned voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody.
But imperfection, and unaptness too,
Are both repugnant : fear inserts the one ;
The other nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means to purchase that
Is freely happen'd ? Sleep with gentle hand

Hath shut his eyelids. O victorious labour,
How soon thy power can charm the body's sense !
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee.
Great God of heaven, from danger keep us free ! [*Falls asleep.*]

Enter SIR RICHARD LEE, *and his Servants.*

Sir Rich. A murder closely done ? and in my ground ?
Search carefully ; if anywhere it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Re-enter SERVANT, *bearing a dead Body.*

Ser. Sir, I have found the body stiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

Sir Rich. Look, if thou know'st him ; turn his body up.
Alack, it is my son, my son and heir,
Whom two years since I sent to Ireland,
To practise there the discipline of war ;
And coming home (for so he wrote to me),
Some savage heart, some bloody devilish hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coin,
Hath here sluiced out his blood. Unhappy hour !
Accursed place ! but most inconstant fate,
That hadst reserved him from the bullet's fire,
And suffer'd him to scape the wood-kerns' fury,*
Didst here ordain the treasure of his life,
Even here within the arms of tender peace,
To be consumed by treason's wasteful hand !
And, which is most afflicting to my soul,
That this his death and murder should be wrought
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done.

2 Ser. Not so, Sir ; I have found the authors of it.
See where they sit ; and in their bloody fists
The fatal instruments of death and sin.

Sir Rich. Just judgment of that power, whose gracious eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Dazzled their senses with benumbing sleep,
Till their unhallow'd treachery was known.
Awake, ye monsters, murderers, awake ;
Tremble for horror ; blush, you cannot choose,
Beholding this unhuman deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep ?

Sir Rich. O devilish ! can you boast unto yourselves
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries
Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven
With more than mandrakes' shrieks for your offence ?

L. Cob. What murder ? You upbraid us wrongfully.

* The kern was the Irish light-armed foot soldier.

Sir Rich. Can you deny the fact? see you not here
The body of my son, by you misdone? *
Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue :
Do we not find you where the deed was done ?
Were not your knives fast closed in your hands ?
Is not this cloth an argument beside,
'Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent blood ?
These speaking characters, were there nothing else
To plead against you, would convict you both.
To Hertford with them, where the 'sides now
Are kept; their lives shall answer for my son's
Lost life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.

Sir Rich. As I am wrong'd, so may the law proceed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*St. Albans.*

*Enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER, CONSTABLE of St. Albans,
with SIR JOHN and DOLL, and the IRISHMAN in HARPOOL'S
apparel.*

Roch. What intricate confusion have we here ?
Not two hours since we apprehended one
In habit Irish, but in speech not so ;
And now you bring another, that in speech
Is Irish, but in habit English : yea,
And more than so, the servant of that heretic
Lord Cobham.

Irishm. Fait, me be no servant of de Lort Cobham ; me be
Mack-Shane, of Ulster.

Roch. Otherwise call'd Harpool, of Kent ; go to, Sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken Irish.

Sir John. Trust me, lord bishop, whether Irish or English,
Harpool or not Harpool, that I leave to the trial :
But sure I am, this man by face and speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir Richard Lee
(I met him presently upon the fact) ;
And that he slew his master for that gold,
Those jewels, and that chain, I took from him.

Roch. Well, our affairs do call us back to London,
So that we cannot prosecute the cause,
As we desire to do ; therefore we leave
The charge with you, to see they be convey'd [*To the Constable.*]
To Hertford 'sides : both this counterfeit,
And you, Sir John of Wrotham, and your wench ;
For you are culpable as well as they.
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless murder, you shall bear with you
Our letters to the judges of the bench,
To be your friends in what they lawful may.

Sir John. I thank your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Hertford. A Hall of Justice.

Enter GAOLER and his Servant, bringing forth LORD COBHAM in irons.

Gaol. Bring forth the prisoners, see the court prepared ;
The justices are coming to the bench :
So, let him stand ; away and fetch the rest. [Exit Servant.

Cob. O, give me patience to endure this scourge,
Thou that art fountain of this virtuous stream ;
And though contempt, false witness, and reproach
Hang on these iron gyves, to press my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.

Re-enter GAOLER'S Servant, bringing in LADY COBHAM and HARPOOL.

Here comes my lady. Sorrow, 'tis for her
Thy wound is grievous ; else I scoff at thee.
What, and poor Harpool, art thou i' the briers too ?

Har. I' faith, my lord, I am in, get out how I can.

L. Cob. Say, gentle lord (for now we are alone,
And may confer), shall we confess in brief
Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent
The accusation is commenced against us ?

Cob. What will that help us ? Being known, sweet love,
We shall for heresy be put to death,
For so they term the religion we profess.
No, if we die, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt imposed our souls are free.

Har. Ay, ay, my lord ; Harpool is so resolved.
I reckon of death the less, in that I die
Not by the sentence of that envious priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as heaven please.

Enter the JUDGE of Assize, and JUSTICES ; the MAYOR of St. Albans, LORD and LADY POWIS, and SIR RICHARD LEE.
The JUDGE and JUSTICES take their Places on the Bench.

Judge. Now, master mayor, what gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the bench ?

Mayor. The Lord Powis, an if it like your honour,
And this his lady travelling toward Wales,
Who, for they lodged last night within my house,
And my lord bishop did lay wait for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Lest, for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your honour mercy ; good my lord,
Will't please you take your place. Madam, your ladyship
May here, or where you will, repose yourself,
Until this business now in hand be past.

L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other room,
So that your lordship and the rest be pleased.

Judge. With all our hearts : Attend the lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have eyed yon prisoners all this while,
And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend
The noble Cobham, and his virtuous lady.

[*Aside.*

L. Pow. I think no less: are they suspected for this murder?

Pow. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.

Meantime, as you pass by them, ask the question;

But do it secretly, that you be not seen,

And make some sign, that I may know your mind.

[*She passes over the stage by them.*

L. Pow. My lord Cobham! Madam!

Cob. No Cobham now, nor madam, as you love us;
But John of Lancashire, and Joan his wife.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our names;
So, gentle lady, pass; for being spied—

L. Pow. My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief.

[*Exit LADY POWIS.*

Judge. Call the prisoners to the bar. Sir Richard Lee,
What evidence can you bring against these people,
To prove them guilty of the murder done?

Sir Rich. This bloody towel, and these naked knives:
Beside, we found them sitting by the place
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

Judge. What answer you, why law should not proceed,
According to this evidence given in,
To tax you with the penalty of death?

Cob. That we are free from murder's very thought,
And know not how the gentleman was slain.

1 *Just.* How came this linen cloth so bloody then?

L. Cob. My husband hot with travelling, my lord,
His nose gush'd out a bleeding: that was it.

2 *Just.* But how came your sharp-edged knives unsheath'd?

L. Cob. To cut such simple victual as we had.

Judge. Say we admit this answer to those articles,
What made you * in so private a dark nook,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick † where the dead corpse was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my lord, from London, from the term, ‡
Down into Lancashire, where we do dwell,
And what with age and travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other passengers;
And so we stray'd into that secret corner.

Judge. These are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger justice from her purposed end.

Enter CONSTABLE, with the IRISHMAN, SIR JOHN, and DOLL.
But who are these?

* *I. e.* what were you doing?

† Thick, for thicket.

‡ The law terms are mentioned in our ancient dramas as the great eras
of business, pleasure, and profit.

Con. Stay judgment, and release those innocents ;
 For here is he whose hand hath done the deed
 For which they stand indicted at the bar ;
 This savage villain, this rude Irish slave :
 His tongue already hath confess'd the fact,
 And here is witness to confirm as much.

Sir John. Yes, my good lord ; no sooner had he slain
 His loving master for the wealth he had,
 But I upon the instant met with him :
 And what he purchased with the loss of blood,
 With strokes I presently bereaved him of :
 Some of the which is spent ; the rest remaining
 I willingly surrender to the hands
 Of old Sir Richard Lee, as being his :
 Beside, my lord judge, I do greet your honour
 With letters from my lord of Rochester. [*Delivers a letter.*]

Sir Rich. Is this the wolf whose thirsty throat did drink
 My dear son's blood ? art thou the cursed snake
 He cherish'd, yet with envious piercing sting
 Assail'dst him mortally ? Wer't not that the law
 Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
 Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,
 These hands should be thy executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir Richard Lee, you shall have justice.
 The fact is odious ; therefore take him hence,
 And being hang'd until the wretch be dead,
 His body after shall be hang'd in chains,
 Near to the place where he did act the murder.

Irishm. Prethee lord shudge, let me have mine own clothes,
 my strouces* there ; and let me be hang'd in a wyth† after my
 country, the Irish fashion.

Judge. Go to ; away with him. And now, Sir John,
 [*Exeunt GAOLER and IRISHMAN.*]
 Although by you this murder came to light,
 Yet upright law will not hold you excused,
 For you did rob the Irishman ; by which
 You stand attainted here of felony :
 Beside, you have been lewd, and many years
 Led a lascivious, unbeseeeming life.

Sir John. O but, my lord, Sir John repents, and he will mend.

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
 My lord of Rochester entreats for you,
 We are contented that you shall be proved.†

Sir John. I thank your lordship.

Judge. These other, falsely here
 Accused, and brought in peril wrongfully,
 We in like sort do set at liberty.

Sir Rich. And for amends,
 Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
 I give these few crowns.

* Trowsers.

† A band made of twigs.

‡ I. e. remain in a state of probation.

Judge. Your kindness merits praise, Sir Richard Lee:
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all except POWIS and COBHAM.*]

Pow. But Powis still must stay.

There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd; which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your lordship's safe delivery;
And then entreat, that since unlook'd-for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to Wales, where, to my power,
Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have received of you, yet both my house,
My purse, my servants, and what else I have,
Are all at your command. Deny me not:
I know the bishop's hate pursues you so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my lord, and God forgive him for it.

Pow. Then let us hence. You shall be straight provided
Of lusty geldings: and once enter'd Wales,
Well may the bishop hunt; but, spite his face,
He never more shall have the game in chase. [*Exeunt.*]

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

LORD CROMWELL.

“A BOOKE called The Lyfe and Death of the Lord Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his Servantes,” was entered on the Stationers’ books by William Cotton, August 11, 1602; and the play was printed in that year. I have met with no earlier edition than that published in 1613, in the title of which it is said to be written by W. S. I believe these letters were not the initials of the real author’s name, but added merely with a view to deceive the public, and to induce them to suppose this piece the composition of Shakspeare. The fraud was, I imagine, suggested by the appearance of our author’s King Henry VIII., to which the printer probably entertained a hope that this play would be considered as a sequel or second part. Dr. Farmer attributes the authorship to Heywood.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF BEDFORD.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
SIR THOMAS MORE.
SIR CHRISTOPHER HALES.
SIR RALPH SADLER.
SIR RICHARD RADCLIFF.
OLD CROMWELL, a *Blacksmith of Putney.*
THOMAS CROMWELL, *his Son.*
BANISTER, }
BOWSER, } *English Merchants.*
NEWTON, }
CROSBY, }
BAGOT, a *Money-broker.*
FRESCOBALD, a *Florentine Merchant.*
THE GOVERNOR OF THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT ANTWERP.

GOVERNOR and OTHER STATES OF BONONIA.
MASTER OF AN HOTEL IN BONONIA.
SEELY, a *Publican of Hounslow.*
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.
YOUNG CROMWELL, *the Son of Thomas.*
HODGE, WILL, and TOM; *old Cromwell's Servants.*
TWO CITIZENS.

MRS. BANISTER.
JOAN, *Wife to Seely.*

TWO WITNESSES, a SERJEANT-AT-ARMS, a HERALD, a HANGMAN, a POST, MESSENGERS, OFFICERS, USHERS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, partly in London, and the adjoining district; partly in Antwerp and Bononia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Putney. The entrance of a Smith's Shop.

Enter HODGE, WILL, and TOM.

Hodge. Come, masters, I think it be past five o'clock; is it not time we were at work? my old master he'll be stirring anon.

Will. I cannot tell whether my old master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my afternoon's nap, for my young Master Thomas. He keeps such a coil in his study, with

the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the stars! There's goodman Car of Fulham (he that carried us to the strong ale,* where goody Trundel had her maid got with child), O, he knows the stars; he'll tickle you Charles's wain in nine degrees: that same man will tell goody Trundel when her ale shall miscarry, only by the stars.

Tom. Ay! that's a great virtue indeed; I think Thomas be nobody in comparison to him.

Will. Well, masters, come; shall we to our hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content: first let's take our morning's draught, and then to work roundly.

Tom. Ay, agreed. Go in, Hodge.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter young CROMWELL.

Crom. Good morrow, morn; I do salute thy brightness.

The night seems tedious to my troubled soul,

Whose black obscurity binds in my mind

A thousand sundry cogitations:

And now Aurora with a lively dye

Adds comfort to my spirit, that mounts on high;

Too high indeed, my state being so mean.

My study, like a mineral of gold,

Makes my heart proud, wherein my hope's enroll'd:

My books are all the wealth I do possess,

And unto them I have engaged my heart.

O, learning, how divine thou seem'st to me,

Within whose arms is all felicity!

[*The smiths beat with their hammers, within.*]

Peace with your hammers! leave your knocking there!

You do disturb my study and my rest:

Leave off, I say: you mad me with the noise.

Enter HODGE, WILL, and TOM.

Hodge. Why, how now, Master Thomas? how now? will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my heart with making of this noise.

Hodge. How, fret your heart? ay, but Thomas, you'll fret your father's purse, if you let† us from working.

Tom. Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a gentleman. Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well, i' faith. But here comes my old master now.

Enter OLD CROMWELL.

Old Crom. You idle knaves, what are you loit'ring now? No hammers, talking, and my work to do!

What, not a heat among your work to-day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your son Thomas will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why, knave, I say, have I thus cark'd‡ and cared,

* *I. e.* ale-feast.

† *I. e.* hinder us.

‡ *I. e.* been anxious.

And all to keep thee like a gentleman ;
 And dost thou let* my servants at their work,
 That sweat for thee, knave, labour thus for thee ?

Crom. Father, their hammers do offend my study.

Old Crom. Out of my doors, knave, if thou lik'st it not.

I cry you mercy ; are your ears so fine ?
 I tell thee, knave, these get when I do sleep ;
 I will not have my anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's money, father ; I will pay your men.

[*Throws money among them.*]

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my cost,
 In hope that one day thou'dst relieve my age ;
 And art thou now so lavish of thy coin,
 To scatter it among these idle knaves ?

Crom. Father, be patient, and content yourself :
 The time will come I shall hold gold as trash.
 And here I speak with a presaging soul,
 I'll build a palace where this cottage stands,
 As fine as is King Henry's house at Sheen.

Old Crom. You build a house ? you knave, you'll be a beggar.
 Now afore God all is but cast away,
 That is bestow'd upon this thriftless lad.
 Well, had I bound him to some honest trade,
 This had not been ; but 'twas his mother's doing,
 To send him to the University.

How ? build a house where now this cottage stands,
 As fair as that at Sheen ?—They shall not hear me.

[*Aside.*]

A good boy, Tom, I can't thee thank, Tom ;
 Well said, Tom ; gramercy, Tom.—

In to your work, knaves ; hence, you saucy boy.

[*Exeunt all but young CROMWELL.*]

Crom. Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit ?
 Are not all creatures subject unto time,
 To time, who doth abuse the cheated world,
 And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy ?
 There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
 That their original did spring from kings ;
 And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
 The riff-raff of their age : for time and fortune
 Wears out a noble train to beggary ;
 And from the dunghill minions do advance
 To state and mark † in this admiring world.
 This is but course, § which, in the name of fate,
 Is seen as often as it || whirls about.
 The river Thames, that by our door doth pass,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow ;
 Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
 And likewise Wolsey, the wonder of our age,
 His birth as mean as mine, a butcher's son ;
 Now who within this land a greater man ?

* *I. e.* obstruct.

† *I. e.* give.

‡ *I. e.* distinction.

§ *I. e.* but the common course of events.

|| *I. e.* the world.

Then, Cromwell, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
That thou mayst live to flourish and control.

Enter OLD CROMWELL.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell; what, Tom, I say.

Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Master Bowser come to know if you have despatched his petition for the lords of the council or no.

Crom. Father, I have; please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, Tom; a good lad, Tom.

Enter BOWSER.

Bow. Now, Master Cromwell, have you despatched this petition?

Crom. I have, Sir; here it is: please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need; we'll read it as we go

By water.

And, Master Cromwell, I have made a motion

May do you good, an if you like of it.

Our secretary at Antwerp, Sir, is

Dead; and the merchants there have sent to me,

For to provide a man fit for the place:

Now I do know none fitter than yourself,

If with your liking it stand, Master Cromwell.

Crom. With all my heart, Sir; and I much am bound
In love and duty, for your kindness shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, Tom, make haste, lest somebody get between thee and home, Tom. I thank you, good Master Bowser, I thank you for my boy: I thank you always, I thank you most heartily, Sir: ho, a cup of beer here for Master Bowser.

Bow. It shall not need, Sir.—Master Cromwell, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewell, Tom: God bless thee, Tom! God speed thee, good Tom!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*London. A Street before FRESCOBALD'S House.*

Enter BAGOT.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some,
And by their loss must Bagot seek to gain.
This is the lodging of Master Frescobald,
A liberal merchant, and a Florentine;
To whom Banister owes a thousand pound.
A merchant-bankrupt, whose father was my master.
What do I care for pity or regard?
He once was wealthy, but he now is fallen;
And I this morning have got him arrested
At suit of this same Master Frescobald;
And by this means shall I be sure of coin,
For doing this same good to him unknown:
And in good time see where the merchant comes.

Enter FRESCOBALD.

Good morrow to kind Master Frescobald.

Fres. Good morrow to yourself, good Master Bagot
And what's the news, you are so early stirring?
It is for gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. 'Tis for the love, Sir, that I bear to you.
When did you see your debtor Banister?

Fres. I promise you I have not seen the man
This two months day : * his poverty is such,
As I do think he shames to see his friends.

Bag. Why then assure yourself to see him straight,
For at your suit I have arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

Fres. Arrest him at my suit? you were to blame.
I know the man's misfortunes to be such,
As he's not able for to pay the debt;
And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful heart to think it so;
But you are much deceived in Banister.
Why, such as he will break for fashion's sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him.
The man is lewdly given to dice and drabs;
Spends all he hath in harlots' companies;
It is no mercy for to pity him.

I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindness that I bear to you.

Fres. If it be so, he hath deceived me much;
And to deal strictly with such a one as he,
Is better sure than too much lenity.
But here is Master Banister himself,
And with him, as I take it, the officers.

Enter MR. and MRS. BANISTER, and two OFFICERS.

Ban. O, Master Frescobald, you have undone me,
My state was well-nigh overthrown before;
Now altogether downcast by your means.

Mrs. Ban. O, Master Frescobald, pity my husband's case,
He is a man hath lived as well as any,
Till envious fortune and the ravenous sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Fres. Mistress Banister, I envy† not your husband,
Nor willingly would I have used him thus,
But that I hear he is so lewdly given;
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be known thereof.‡

Ban. This is that damned broker, that same Bagot,
Whom I have often from my trencher fed.
Ungrateful villain, for to use me thus!

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but truth.

* *I. e.* this day two months.

† *I. e.* bear him no ill will.

‡ *I. e.* will not acknowledge it.

Mrs. Ban. What thou hast said springs from an envious heart :

A cannibal, that doth eat men alive !
But here upon my knee, believe me, Sir
(And what I speak, so help me God, is true),
We scarce have meat to feed our little babes.
Most of our plate is in that broker's hand :
Which, had we money to defray our debts,
O think, we would not 'bide that penury.
Be merciful, kind Master Frescobald ;
My husband, children, and myself will eat
But one meal a day ; the other will we keep,
And sell, as part to pay the debt we owe you.
If ever tears did pierce a tender mind,
Be pitiful ; let me some favour find.

Fres. Go to, I see thou art an envious* man. [To BAGOT.
Good Mistress Banister, kneel not to me ;
I pray rise up ; you shall have your desire.
Hold, officers ; be gone ; there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thousand pound :
Here, take my hand ; if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me ; but yet, if still your fortune frown,
Upon my faith I'll never ask a crown.
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to myself may fall.

Ban. This unexpected favour, undeserved,
Doth make my heart bleed inwardly with joy.
Ne'er may aught prosper with me is my own,†
If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mrs. Ban. My children in their prayers, both night and day,
For your good fortune and success shall pray.

Fres. I thank you both ; I pray go dine with me.
Within these three days, if God give me leave,
I will to Florence, to my native home.
Hold, Bagot, there's a cardecu‡ to drink,
Although you ill deserved it by your merit.
Give not such cruel scope unto your heart ;
Be sure the ill you do will be requited :
Remember what I say, Bagot : farewell.
Come, Master Banister, you shall with me ;
My fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but BAGOT.*

Bag. A plague go with you ! would you had eat your last !
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains ?
Confusion light upon you all for me !
Where he had wont to give a score of crowns,
Doth he now foist me with a cardecu ?
Well I will be revenged upon this Banister.

* Malicious.

† For—that is my own.

‡ *I. e. un quart d'écu*, the fourth part of a crown.

I'll to his creditors; buy all the debts he owes,
 As seeming that I do it for good will;
 I am sure to have them at an easy rate:
 And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not,
 But I'll make his heart to ache with sorrow.
 And if that Banister become my debtor,
 By heaven and earth, I'll make his plague the greater. [Exit.

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now, gentlemen, imagine that young Cromwell's
 In Antwerp, leiger* for the English merchants;
 And Banister, to shun this Bagot's hate,
 Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
 Is fled to Antwerp, with his wife and children;
 Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them,
 And thither sends his bills of debt before,
 To be revenged on wretched Banister.
 What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
 A just requital of false treachery. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Antwerp.

*CROMWELL discovered in his study, sitting at a table, on which
 are placed money-bags and books of account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and even.
 But, Cromwell, this same plodding fits not thee;
 Thy mind is altogether set on travel,
 And not to live thus cloister'd like a nun.
 It is not this same trash that I regard:
 Experience is the jewel of my heart.

Enter a POST.

Post. I pray, Sir, are you ready to despatch me?

Crom. Yes; here's those sums of money you must carry.
 You go so far as Frankfort, do you not?

Post. I do, Sir.

Crom. Well, pr'ythee make then all the haste thou canst;
 For there be certain English gentlemen
 Are bound for Venice, and may happily† want,
 An if that you should linger by the way:
 But in the hope that you will make good speed,
 There's two angels, to buy you spurs and wands.‡

Post. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings, indeed.

[Exit POST.

Crom. Gold is of power to make an eagle's speed.

* *I.e.* resident factor.

† Perhaps

‡ *I. e.* switches.

Enter MRS. BANISTER.

What gentlewoman is this that grieves so much?
It seems she doth address herself to me.

Mrs. Ban. God save you, Sir. Pray, is your name Master Cromwell?

Crom. My name is Thomas Cromwell, gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you one Bagot, Sir, that's come to Antwerp?

Crom. No, trust me, I ne'er saw the man; but here
Are bills of debt I have received against
One Banister, a merchant fallen to decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, 'long* of that wretch.
I am the wife to woeful Banister,
And by that bloody villain am pursued,
From London, here to Antwerp. My husband
He is in the governor's hands; and God
Of heaven knows how he will deal with him.
Now, Sir, your heart is framed of milder temper;
Be merciful to a distressed soul,
And God no doubt will treble bless your gain.

Crom. Good Mistress Banister, what I can, I will,
In anything that lies within my power.

Mrs. Ban. O speak to Bagot, that same wicked wretch:
An angel's voice may move a damned devil.

Crom. Why is he come to Antwerp, as you hear?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed some two hours since.

Crom. Well, Mistress Banister, assure yourself
I'll speak to Bagot in your own behalf,
And win him to all the pity that I can.
Meantime, to comfort you in your distress,
Receive these angels to relieve your need;
And be assured, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each mortal's heart,
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief, and smart.

[*Exit MISTRESS BANISTER.*]

Crom. Thanks, courteous woman, for thy hearty prayer.
It grieves my soul to see her misery:
But we that live under the work of fate,
May hope the best, yet know not to what state
Our stars and destinies have us assign'd;
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blind.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Street in Antwerp.

Enter BAGOT.

Bag. So, all goes well; it is as I would have it.
Banister, he is with the governor,
And shortly shall have gyves upon his heels.
It glads my heart to think upon the slave;
I hope to have his body rot in prison,
And after hear his wife to hang herself,

* Along of; by means of.

And all his children die for want of food.
The jewels I have brought with me to Antwerp
Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand pound;
Which scarcely stood me in three hundred pound.
I bought them at an easy kind of rate;
I care not much which way they came by them,
That sold them me; it comes not near my heart:
And lest they should be stolen (as sure they are),
I thought it meet to sell them here in Antwerp;
And so have left them in the governor's hand,
Who offers me within two hundred pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that.—
I must go see an if my bills be safe,
The which I sent before to Master Cromwell;
That if the wind should keep me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:
And in good time, see where he is.

Enter CROMWELL.

God save you, Sir.

Crom. And you.—Pray, pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, Sir; but my name is Bagot;
The man that sent to you the bills of debt.

Crom. O, you're the man that pursues Banister.

Here are the bills of debt you sent to me;

As for the man, you know best where he is.

It is reported you have a flinty heart,

A mind that will not stoop to any pity,

An eye that knows not how to shed a tear,

A hand that's always open for reward.

But, Master Bagot, would you be ruled by me,

You should turn all these to the contrary:

Your heart should still have feeling of remorse,*

Your mind, according to your state, be liberal

To those that stand in need and in distress;

Your hand to help them that do stand in want,

Rather than with your poise† to hold them down:

For every ill turn show yourself more kind;

Thus should I do; pardon, I speak my mind.

Bag. Ay, Sir, you speak to hear what I would say;

But you must live, I know, as well as I.

I know this place to be extortious;

And 'tis not for a man to keep safe here,

But he must lie, cog with‡ his dearest friend,

And as for pity, scorn it; hate all conscience:—

But yet I do commend your wit in this,

To make a show of what I hope you are not;

But I commend you, and it is well done:

This is the only way to bring you gain.

Crom. My gain? I had rather chain me to an oar,

And, like a slave, there toil out all my life,

* *I. e.* tenderness, pity.

† *I. e.* weight.

‡ Cheat.

Before I'd live so base a slave as thou.
 I, like an hypocrite, to make a show
 Of seeming virtue, and a devil within !
 No, Bagot ; if thy conscience were as clear,
 Poor Banister ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master Cromwell, be not angry, Sir,
 I know full well that you are no such man ;
 But if your conscience were as white as snow,
 It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwise ?
 Let them that think so, know they are deceived.
 Shall Cromwell live to have his faith misconstrued ?
 Antwerp, for all the wealth within thy town,
 I will not stay here full two hours longer.—

As good luck serves, my accounts are all made even ;
 Therefore I'll straight unto the treasurer.

Bagot, I know you'll to the governor :
 Commend me to him ; say I am bound to travel,
 To see the fruitful parts of Italy ;
 And as you ever bore a Christian mind,
 Let Banister some favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, Sir ; I'll help him all I can—
 To starve his heart out ere he gets a groat ;
 So, Master Cromwell, do I take my leave,
 For I must straight unto the governor.

[*Aside.*]

Crom. Farewell, Sir ; pray you remember what I said.

[*Exit BAGOT.*]

No, Cromwell, no ; thy heart was ne'er so base,
 To live by falsehood, or by brokery.
 But it falls out well ; I little it repent ;
 Hereafter time in travel shall be spent.

Enter HODGE.

Hodge. Your son Thomas, quoth you ! * I have been Thomass'd. I had thought it had been no such matter to ha' gone by water ; for at Putney, I'll go you to Parish-Garden† for twopence ; sit as still as may be, without any wagging or jolting in my guts, in a little boat too : here, we were scarce four miles in the great green water, but I, thinking to go to my afternoon's nuncheon, as 'twas my manner at home, felt a kind of rising in my guts. At last, one of the sailors spying of me—"Be of good cheer," says he ; "set down thy victuals, and up with it ; thou hast nothing but an eel in thy belly." Well, to't went I, to my victuals went the sailors ; and thinking me to be a man of better experience than any in the ship, ask'd me what wood the ship was made of : they all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the carpenter that made it. At last we grew near land, and I grew villanous hungry, and went to my bag. The devil a bit there

* This is an ejaculation directed against Old Cromwell, who had sent Hodge after his son.

† *I. e.* the bear-garden, in Southwark, which was sometimes called Paris-garden, from the name of the person who kept it.

was, the sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them: it was a part of kindness; for I in kindness told them what wood the ship was made of, and they in kindness ate up my victuals: as indeed one good turn asketh another. Well, would I could find my master Thomas in this Dutch town! he might put some English beer into my belly.

Crom. What, Hodge, my father's man! by my hand, welcome. How doth my father? what's the news at home?

Hodge. Master Thomas, O God! Master Thomas, your hand, glove and all. This is to give you to understand, that your father is in health, and Alice Downing here hath sent you a nutmeg, and Bess Make-water a race* of ginger; my fellows, Will and Tom, hath between them sent you a dozen of points;† and goodman Toll, of the Goat, a pair of mittens: myself came in person; and this is all the news.

Crom. Gramercy, good Hodge, and thou art welcome to me, But in as ill a time thou comest as may be; For I am travelling into Italy.

What say'st thou, Hodge? wilt thou bear me company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee company, Tom? what tellest me of Italy? Were it to the farthest part of Flanders, I would go with thee, Tom: I am thine in all weal and woe; thy own to command. What, Tom! I have passed the rigorous waves of Neptune's blasts. I tell you, Thomas, I have been in danger of the floods; and when I have seen Boreas begin to play the ruffian with us, then would I down a' my knees, and call upon Vulcan.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Because, as this same fellow Neptune is god of the seas, so Vulcan is lord over the smiths; and therefore I, being a smith, thought his godhead would have some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit: but tell me, hast thou dined yet?

Hodge. Thomas, to speak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come, go with me, thou shalt have cheer, good store; And farewell, Antwerp, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, sweet Tom, I follow thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Street in the same.

Enter the GOVERNOR of the English Factory, BAGOT, MR. and MRS. BANISTER, and two Officers.

Gov. Is Cromwell gone then say you, Master Bagot? On what dislike, I pray you? what was the cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild brain‡ of his own; Such youth as he can't see when they are well. He is all bent to travel (that's his reason), And doth not love to eat his bread at home.

Gov. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone. We hardly shall find such a one as he,

* A quantity.

† I.e. the strings with metal tags by which the trunk hose were fastened.

‡ Fancy.

To fit our turns, his dealings were so honest.
But now, Sir, for your jewels that I have—
What do you say? what, will you take my price?

Bag. O, Sir, you offer too much under foot.*

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred pound between us, man
What's that in payment of five thousand pound?

Bag. Two hundred pound! by'r lady, Sir, 'tis great;
Before I got so much, it made me sweat.

Gov. Well, Master Bagot, I'll proffer you fairly.
You see this merchant, Master Banister,
Is going now to prison at your suit;
His substance all is gone: what would you have?
Yet, in regard I knew the man of wealth
(Never dishonest dealing, but such mishaps
Have fallen on him, may light on me or you),
There is two hundred pound between us two;
We will divide the same: I'll give you one,
On that condition you will set him free.

His state is nothing; that you see yourself;
And where nought is, the king must lose his right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, I know you speak out of your love;
'Tis foolish love, Sir, sure, to pity him.
Therefore content yourself; this is my mind;
To do him good I will not bate a penny.

Ban. This is my comfort, though thou dost no good,
A mighty ebb follows a mighty flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou base wretch, whom we have fostered,
Even as a serpent, for to poison us!
If God did ever right a woman's wrong,
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag. Alas, fond woman! I pr'ythee pray thy worst;
The fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter BOWSER.

Gov. Master Bowser! you're welcome, Sir, from England.
What's the best news? and how do all our friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you.
There's letters from your brother and your son:
So, fare you well, Sir; I must take my leave
My haste and business doth require so.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? What, go you out of town?

Bow. I' faith unless I hear some news in town,
I must away; there is no remedy.

Gov. Master Bowser, what is your business? may I know it?

Bow. You may so, Sir, and so shall all the city.
The king of late hath had his treasury robb'd,
And of the choicest jewels that he had:
The value of them was seven thousand pounds.
The fellow that did steal these jewels is hang'd;

* *I. e.* too low.

And did confess that for three hundred pound
He sold them to one Bagot dwelling in London.
Now Bagot's fled, and, as we hear, to Antwerp;
And hither am I come to seek him out;
And they that first can tell me of his news,
Shall have a hundred pound for their reward.

Ban. How just is God to right the innocent!

Gov. Master Bowser, you come in happy time:
Here is the villain Bagot that you seek,
And all those jewels have I in my hands:
Here, officers, look to him, hold him fast.

Bag. The devil ought* me a shame, and now hath paid it.

Bow. Is this that Bagot? Fellows, bear him hence;
We will not now stand here for his reply.

Lade him with irons; we will have him tried
In England, where his villanies are known.

Bag. Mischief, confusion, light upon you all!
O hang me, drown me, let me kill myself;
Let go my arms, let me run quick to hell.

Bow. Away; bear him away; stop the slave's mouth.

[*Exeunt Officers and BAGOT.*]

Mrs. Ban. Thy works are infinite, great God of heaven.

Gov. I heard this Bagot was a wealthy fellow.

Bow. He was indeed; for when his goods were seized,
Of jewels, coin, and plate, within his house
Was found the value of five thousand pound;
His furniture fully worth half so much;
Which being all distrained for the king,
He frankly gave it to the Antwerp merchants;
And they again, out of their bounteous mind,
Have to a brother of their company,
A man decay'd by fortune of the seas,
Given Bagot's wealth, to set him up again,
And keep it for him; his name is Banister.

Gov. Master Bowser, with this most happy news
You have revived two from the gates of death:
This is that Banister, and this his wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my fortune is so good
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have given life unto a man deem'd dead;
For by these news my life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my sovereign king;
And last to you, that these good news do bring.

Gov. The hundred pound I must receive, as due
For finding Bagot, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Master Banister, if so you please,
I'll bear you company, when you cross the seas.

Ban. If it please you, Sir;—my company is but mean:
Stands† with your liking, I will wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all things do accord so well.
Come, Master Bowser, let us in to dinner;

* *I. e.* owed.

† *I. e.* if it suits.

And, Mistress Banister, be merry, woman.
Come, after sorrow now let's cheer your spirit;
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The principal Bridge at Florence.*

Enter CROMWELL and HODGE in their shirts, and without hats.

Hodge. Call you this seeing of fashions? marry, would I had staid at Putney still. O, Master Thomas, we are spoiled, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, man; this is but fortune.

Hodge. Fortune! a plague of this fortune, it makes me go wet-shod; the rogues would not leave me a shoe to my feet.

For my hose,
They scorn'd them with their heels:
But for my doublet and hat,
O Lord, they embraced me,
And unlaced me,
And took away my clothes,
And so disgraced me.

Crom. Well, Hodge, what remedy? What shift shall we make now?

Hodge. Nay, I know not. For begging I am naught; for stealing, worse. By my troth, I must even fall to my old trade, to the hammer and the horse-heels again:—But now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the horses in this country; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no: for when I have one leg in my hand, if he should up and lay t'other on my chaps, I were gone; there lay I, there lay Hodge.

Crom. Hodge, I believe thou must work for us both.

Hodge. O, Master Thomas, have not I told you of this? Have not I many a time and often said, Tom, or Master Thomas, learn to make a horse-shoe, it will be your own another day: this was not regarded.—Hark you, Thomas! what do you call the fellows that robbed us?

Crom. The banditti.

Hodge. The banditti, do you call them? I know not what they are called here, but I am sure we call them plain thieves in England. O, Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the ale* there!

Crom. Content thee, man: here set up these two bills,
And let us keep our standing on the bridge.
The fashion of this country is such,
If any stranger be oppress'd with want,

* *I.e.* the ale-house.

To write the manner of his misery;
And such as are disposed to succour him,

[HODGE sets up the bills.

Will do it. What, Hodge, hast thou set them up?

Hodge. Ay, they are up; God send some to read them; and not only to read them, but also to look on us: and not altogether look on us, but to relieve us. O, cold, cold, cold!

[CROMWELL stands at one end of the bridge, and HODGE at the other.

Enter FRESCOBALD.

Fres. [reads the bills]. What's here?
Two Englishmen, and robb'd by the banditti!
One of them seems to be a gentleman.
'Tis pity that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate hands of thieves:
I'll question him of what estate he is.

God save you, Sir. Are you an Englishman?

Crom. I am, Sir, a distressed Englishman.

Fres. And what are you, my friend?

Hodge. Who, I Sir? by my troth, I do not know myself what I am now; but, Sir, I was a smith, Sir, a poor farrier, of Putney. That's my master, Sir, yonder; I was robbed for his sake, Sir.

Fres. I see you have been met by the banditti,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But, Frescobald, why dost thou question them
Of their estate, and not relieve their need?

Sir, the coin I have about me is not much:
There's sixteen ducats for to clothe yourselves,
There's sixteen more to buy your diet with,
And there's sixteen to pay for your horse-hire.
'Tis all the wealth, you see, my purse possesses;
But, if you please for to inquire me out,
You shall not want for aught that I can do.
My name is Frescobald, a Florence merchant,
A man that always loved your nation.

Crom. This unexpected favour at your hands,
Which God doth know, if e'er I shall requite—
Necessity makes me to take your bounty,
And for your gold can yield you nought but thanks.
Your charity hath help'd me from despair;
Your name shall still be in my hearty prayer.

Fres. It is not worth such thanks: come to my house;
Your want shall better be relieved than thus.

Crom. I pray, excuse me; this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to Bononia,*
Whereas† a noble earl is much distress'd:
An Englishman, Russell the earl of Bedford,
Is by the French king sold unto his death.
It may fall out, that I may do him good;
To save his life, I'll hazard my heart-blood.

* The Latin name for Bologna.

† Whereas, for where.

Therefore, kind Sir, thanks for your liberal gift ;
I must be gone to aid him, there's no shift.

Fres. I'll be no hinderer to so good an act.
Heaven prosper you in that you go about !
If fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you : so I take my leave ;
All good a man can wish, I do bequeath. [*Exit FRESCOBALD.*]

Crom. All good that God doth send light on your head !
There's few such men within our climate bred.
How say you, Hodge ? is not this good fortune ?

Hodge. How say you ? I'll tell you what, Master Thomas ; if
all men be of this gentleman's mind, let's keep our standings
upon this bridge ; we shall get more here, with begging in one
day, than I shall with making horse-shoes in a whole year.

Crom. No, Hodge, we must be gone unto Bononia,
There to relieve the noble earl of Bedford :
Where, if I fail not in my policy,
I shall deceive their subtle treachery.

Hodge. Nay, I'll follow you. God bless us from the thieving
banditti again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Bononia. A Room in an Hotel.

Enter BEDFORD and HOST.

Bed. Am I betray'd ? was Bedford born to die
By such base slaves, in such a place as this ?
Have I escaped so many times in France,
So many battles have I overpass'd,
And made the French skir,* when they heard my name ;
And am I now betray'd unto my death ?
Some of their heart's-blood first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The traitors do desire to have my blood ;
But by my birth, my honour, and my name,
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them dear.
Open the door ; I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with honour.

Host. Alas, my lord, that is a desperate course :
They have begirt you round about the house.
Their meaning is, to take you prisoner,
And so to send your body unto France.

Bed. First shall the ocean be as dry as sand,
Before alive they send me unto France.
I'll have my body first bored like a sieve,
And die as Hector, 'gainst the Myrmidons,
Ere France shall boast Bedford's their prisoner.
Traacherous France ! that, 'gainst the law of arms,
Hath here betray'd thine enemy to death.
But be assured, my blood shall be revenged
Upon the best lives that remain in France.

* *I. e.* scour away.

Enter a SERVANT.

Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy death.

Ser. Pardon, my lord; I come to tell your honour,
That they have hired a Neapolitan,
Who by his oratory hath promised them,
Without the shedding of one drop of blood,
Into their hands safe to deliver you;
And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
And a poor swain that attends upon him.

Bed. A Neapolitan? bid him come in. [*Exit SERVANT.*]
Were he as cunning in his eloquence
As Cicero, the famous man of Rome,
His words would be as chaff against the wind.
Sweet-tongued Ulysses, that made Ajax mad,
Were he, and his tongue in this speaker's head,
Alive, he wins me not; then 'tis no conquest dead.

Enter CROMWELL, in a Neapolitan habit, and HODGE.

Crom. Sir, are you the master of the house?

Host. I am, Sir.

Crom. By this same token you must leave this place,
And leave none but the earl and I together,
And this my peasant here to tend on us.

Host. With all my heart: God grant you do some good.

[*Exit HOST. CROMWELL shuts the door.*]

Bed. Now, Sir, what is your will with me?

Crom. Intends your honour not to yield yourself?

Bed. No, good-man goose, not while my sword doth last.
Is this your eloquence for to persuade me?

Crom. My lord, my eloquence is for to save you:
I am not, as you judge, a Neapolitan,
But Cromwell, your servant, and an Englishman.

Bed. How! Cromwell? not my farrier's son?

Crom. The same, Sir; and am come to succour you.

Hodge. Yes, faith, Sir; and I am Hodge, your poor smith:
many a time and oft have I shod your dapple-grey.

Bed. And what avails it me that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be ruled by me.
My lord, you know, the men of Mantua

And these Bononians are at deadly strife;
And they,* my lord, both love and honour you.
Could you but get out of the Mantua port,†
Then were you safe, despite of all their force.

Bed. Tut, man, thou talk'st of things impossible;
Dost thou not see that we are round beset?
How then is't possible we should escape?

Crom. By force we cannot, but by policy.
Put on the apparel here that Hodge doth wear,
And give him yours: The states,‡ they know you not

* *I. e.* the people of Mantua.

† *I. e.* the gate leading to Mantua.

‡ *I. e.* the principal personages.

(For, as I think, they never saw your face);
 And at a watch-word must I call them in,
 And will desire that we two safe may pass
 To Mantua, where I'll say my business lies.
 How doth your honour like of this device?

Bed. O, wondrous good.—But wilt thou venture, Hodge?

Hodge. Will I?

O noble lord
 I do accord,
 In any thing I can:
 And do agree,
 To set thee free,
 Do Fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, let us change our apparel straight.

Crom. Go, Hodge; make haste, lest they should chance to call.

Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a suit.

[*Exeunt BEDFORD and HODGE.*]

Crom. Heavens grant this policy doth take success,
 And that the earl may safely scape away!
 And yet it grieves me for this simple wretch,
 For fear lest they should offer him violence:
 But of two evils, 'tis best to shun the greatest;
 And better is it that he live in thrall,
 Than such a noble earl as he should fall.
 Their stubborn hearts, it may be, will relent,
 Since he is gone to whom their hate is bent.

Re-enter BEDFORD and HODGE.

My lord, have you despatch'd?

Bed. How dost thou like us, Cromwell? is it well?

Crom. O, my good lord, excellent. Hodge, how dost feel thyself?

Hodge. How do I feel myself? why, as a nobleman should do. O, how I feel honour come creeping on! My nobility is wonderful melancholy: is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?

Bed. Yes, Hodge: now go sit down in the study, and take state upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you, my lord; let me alone to take state upon me: But hark, my lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?

Bed. No, trust me, Hodge.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old pasture. 'Tis a strange thing of this vermin, they dare not meddle with nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, Hodge; I will call them in.
 Now all is done:—Enter, an if you please.

Enter the GOVERNOR and other States and Citizens of Bononia, and Officers with halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himself?

Crom. I have, an't please you; and the quiet earl
 Doth yield himself to be disposed by you.

Gov. Give him* the money that we promised him ;
So let him go, whither it please himself.

Crom. My business, Sir, lies unto Mantua ;
Please you to give me a safe conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the Mantua port,
And see him safe deliver'd presently.

[*Exeunt CROMWELL, BEDFORD, and an OFFICER.*]

Go draw the curtains, let us see the earl :†—

[*An Attendant opens the curtains.*]

O, he is writing ; stand apart awhile.

Hodge [reads]. *Fellow William, I am not as I have been ; I went from you a smith, I write to you as a lord. I am, at this present writing, among the Polonian sausages. I do commend my lordship to Ralph and to Roger, to Bridget and to Dorothy, and so to all the youth of Putney.*

Gov. Sure these are the names of English noblemen,
Some of his special friends, to whom he writes :—

[*HODGE sounds a note.*]

But stay, he doth address himself to sing. [*HODGE sings a song.*]

My lord, I am glad you are so frolic and so blithe :

Believe me, noble lord, if you knew all,

You'd change your merry vein to sudden sorrow.

Hodge. I change my merry vein ? no, thou Bononian, no ;

I am a lord, and therefore let me go.

I do defy thee and thy sausages ;

Therefore stand off, and come not near my honour.

Gov. My lord, this jesting cannot serve your turn.

Hodge. Dost think, thou black Bononian beast,

That I do flout, do gibe, or jest ?

No, no, thou beer-pot, know that I,

A noble earl, a lord par-dy—

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

Gov. What means this trumpet's sound ?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Cit. One is come from the states of Mantua.

Gov. What would you with us ? speak, thou man of Mantua.

Mes. Men of Bononia, this my message is ;

To let you know the noble earl of Bedford

Is safe within the town of Mantua,

And wills you send the peasant that you have,

Who hath deceived your expectation :

Or else the states of Mantua have vow'd,

They will recall the truce that they have made ;

And not a man shall stir from forth your town,

That shall return, unless you send him back.

Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my heart !

The Neapolitan hath beguiled us all.

Hence with this fool. What shall we do with him.

The earl being gone ? a plague upon it all !

* I. e. Cromwell.

† It was once common to divide the stage by means of a curtain, or traverse, that it might answer the purpose of more than one apartment.

Hodge. No, I'll assure you, I am no earl, but a smith, Sir; one Hodge, a smith at Putney, Sir; one that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Gov. Away with him; take hence the fool you came for.

Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater fool with you.

Mes. Farewell, Bononians. Come, friend, along with me.

Hodge. My friend, afore; my lordship will follow thee.

[*Exeunt* HODGE and MESSENGER.]

Gov. Well, Mantua, since by thee the earl is lost,
Within few days I hope to see thee crost.

[*Exeunt* GOVERNOR, *States, Attendants, &c*]

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Thus far you see how Cromwell's fortune pass'd.
The earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's company into France,
To make requital for his courtesy;
But Cromwell doth deny the earl his suit,
And tells him of those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land;
And so directly takes his way to Spain;
The earl to France; and so they both do part.
Now let your thoughts, as swift as is the wind,
Skip some few years that Cromwell spent in travel;
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Master of the Rolls;
Where in short time he there began to flourish:
An hour shall show you what few years did nourish. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. A Room in SIR CHRISTOPHER
HALE's house.

Music plays; then a banquet is brought in. Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER HALES, CROMWELL, and two SERVANTS.

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your master's credit;
And as our bounty now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment, so do you,
With looks as free as is your master's soul,
Give formal welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receive the cardinal's followers,
And the attendants of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my care, Cromwell, depends on thee:
Thou art a man differing from vulgar form,
And by how much thy spirit's rank'd 'bove these,
In rules of art, by so much it shines brighter
By travel, whose observance pleads his merit,
In a most learn'd, yet unassuming spirit.
Good Cromwell, cast an eye of fair regard
'Bout all my house; and what this ruder flesh,*
Through ignorance, or wine, do miscreate,

* *I. e.* these coarser natures, *i. e.* the menials.

Salve thou with courtesy. If welcome want,
Full bowls and ample banquets will seem scant.

Crom. Sir, as to whatsoever lies in me,
Assure you, I will show my utmost duty.

Hales. About it, then ; the lords will straight be here.

[*Exit CROMWELL.*]

Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather suit
The service of the state than of my house :
I look upon thee with a loving eye,
That one day will prefer thy destiny.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, the lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome ; bid Cromwell straight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readiness. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

The music plays. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, SIR THOMAS MORE, GARDINER; CROMWELL, and other Attendants.

Wol. O, Sir Christopher,
You are too liberal. What ! a banquet, too ?

Hales. My lords, if words could show the ample welcome
That my free heart affords you, I could then
Become a prater ; but I now must deal
Like a feast-politician with your lordships ;
Defer your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salve our defect of fare :
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Our thanks to the kind Master of the Rolls.
Come and sit down ; sit down, Sir Thomas More.
'Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ ;
Their dinner is our banquet after dinner,
And they are men of active disposition.
This I gather that, by their sparing meat,
Their bodies are more fitter for the wars ;
And if that famine chance to pinch their maws,
Being used to fast, it breeds in them less pain.

Hales. Fill me some wine ; I'll answer Cardinal Wolsey.
My lord, we English are of more freer souls,
Than hunger-starved and ill-complexion'd Spaniards.
They that are rich in Spain spare belly food,
To deck their backs with an Italian hood,
And silks of Seville ; and the poorest snake *
That feeds on lemons, pilchards, and ne'er heated
His palate with sweet flesh, will bear a case †
More fat ‡ and gallant than his starved face.
Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly-evil,
Are, in my judgment, Spain's three-headed devil.

More. Indeed it is a plague unto their nation,
Who stagger after in blind imitation.

* Equivalent to "poorest creature."

‡ *I. e.* rich, fine.

† *I. e.* clothes.

Hales. My lords, with welcome, I present your lordships
A solemn health.

More. I love healths well ; but when as * healths do bring
Pain to the head, and body's surfeiting,
Then cease I healths :

Nay, spill not, friend ; for though the drops be small,
Yet have they force to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir Christopher, is that your man ?

Hales. An't like
Your grace, he is a scholar, and a linguist ;
One that hath travelled through many parts
Of Christendom, my lord.

Wol. My friend, come nearer ; have you been a traveller ?

Crom. My lord,
I have added to my knowledge, the Low Countries,
With France, Spain, Germany, and Italy ;
And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.

Wol. What do you think then of the several states
And princes' courts as you have travelled ?

Crom. My lord, no court with England may compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government.
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant, to the prince's train.
In Germany and Holland, riot serves ;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves.
England I praise not, for I here was born,
But sure she laughs the others unto scorn.

Wol. My lord, there dwells within that spirit more
Than can be discern'd by the outward eye :—
Sir Christopher, will you part with your man ?

Hales. I have sought to proffer him unto your lordship ;
And now I see he hath preferr'd himself.

Wol. What is thy name ?

Crom. Cromwell, my lord.

Wol. Then, Cromwell, here we make thee solicitor
Of our causes, and nearest, next ourself :
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man.

[GARDINER embraces him.]

More. My lord cardinal, you are a royal winner,
Have got a man, besides your bounteous dinner.
Well, my good knight, pray that we come no more :
If we come often, thou mayst shut thy door.

Wol. Sir Christopher, hadst thou given me half thy lands,
Thou couldst not have pleased me so much as with
This man of thine. My infant thoughts do spell,
Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher ;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire :
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewell.

Hales. Cromwell, farewell.

Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave* to love and honour you.

[*Exeunt. The music plays as they go out.*]

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now Cromwell's highest fortunes do begin.

Wolsey, that loved him as he did his life,
Committed all his treasure to his hands,
Wolsey is dead; and Gardiner, his man,
Is now created bishop of Winchester.
Pardon if we omit all Wolsey's life,
Because our play depends on Cromwell's death.
Now sit, and see his highest state of all,
His height of rising, and his sudden fall.
Pardon the errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last.
My hope upon your favour doth depend,
And looks to have your liking ere the end.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—The same. A public Walk.

Enter GARDINER Bishop of WINCHESTER, the Dukes of NORFOLK and of SUFFOLK, SIR THOMAS MORE, SIR CHRISTOPHER HALES, and CROMWELL.

Nor. Master Cromwell, since Cardinal Wolsey's death,
His majesty is given to understand
There's certain bills and writings in your hand,
That much concern the state of England.
My lord of Winchester, is it not so?

Gar. My lord of Norfolk, we two were whilom fellows:
And Master Cromwell, though our master's love
Did bind us, while his love was to the king,
It is no boot now to deny those things,
Which may be prejudicial to the state:
And though that God hath raised my fortune higher
Than any way I look'd for, or deserved,
Yet may my life no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my sovereign!
What say you, Master Cromwell? have you those
Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings:
And on my knees I give them unto
The worthy dukes of Suffolk, and of Norfolk.
He was my master, and each virtuous part
That lived in him, I tender'd with my heart;

* *I. e.* cease.

But what his head complotted 'gainst the state,
My country's love commands me that to hate.
His sudden death I grieve for, not his fall,
Because he sought to work my country's thrall.

Suf. Cromwell, the king shall hear of this thy duty;
Who, I assure myself, will well reward thee.
My lord, let's go unto his majesty,
And show those writings which he longs to see.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Enter BEDFORD *hastily.*

Bed. How now, who is this? Cromwell? By my soul,
Welcome to England: thou once didst save my life;
Didst not, Cromwell?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glory for me
That you remember it, than for myself
Vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, Cromwell, now's the time,
I shall commend thee to my sovereign.
Cheer up thyself, for I will raise thy state:
A Russell yet was never found ingrate.

[*Exit.*]

Hales. O how uncertain is the wheel of fate!
Who lately greater than the cardinal,
For fear and love? and now who lower lies?
Gay honours are but Fortune's flatteries;
And whom this day pride and ambition swells,
To-morrow envy and ambition quells.

More. Who sees the cobweb tangle the poor fly
May boldly say, the wretch's death is nigh.

Gard. I knew his state and proud ambition
Were too, too violent to last o'erlong.

Hales. Who soars too near the sun with golden wings,
Melts them; to ruin his own fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Suf. Cromwell, kneel down. In King Henry's name, arise
Sir Thomas Cromwell; thus begins thy fame.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK.

Nor. Cromwell, the gracious majesty of England,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee the master of the jewel-house,
Chief secretary to himself, and withal
Creates thee one of his highness' privy-council.

Enter the Earl of BEDFORD.

Bed. Where is Sir Thomas Cromwell? is he knighted?

Suf. He is, my lord.

Bed. Then, to add honour to
His name, the king creates him the lord-keeper
Of his privy seal, and master of the rolls,
Which you, Sir Christopher, do now enjoy:
The king determines higher place for you.

Crom. My lords,
These honours are too high for my desert.
More. O content thee, man; who would not choose it?
Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Here's honours, titles, and promotions:
I fear this climbing will have sudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my lords; let's all together bring
This new-made counsellor to England's king.

[*Exeunt all but GARDINER.*]

Gard. But Gardiner means his glory shall be dimm'd.
Shall Cromwell live a greater man than I?
My envy with his honour now is bred:
I hope to shorten Cromwell by the head.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*London. A Street before CROMWELL'S house.*

Enter FRESCOBALD.

Fres. O Frescobald, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
Fortune, that turns her too unconstant wheel,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the sea.
All parts abroad wherever I have been
Grow weary of me, and deny me succour.
My debtors, they that should relieve my want,
Forswear my money,* say they owe me none;
They know my state too mean to bear out law:
And here in London, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched man,
I am now most wretched here, despised myself.
In vain it is more of their hearts to try;
Be patient, therefore, lay thee down and die.

[*Lies down.*]

Enter SEELY and JOAN.

Seely. Come, Joan, come; let's see what he'll do for us now. I
wis† we have done for him, when many a time and often he
might have gone a-hungry to bed.

Joan. Alas, man, now he is made a lord, he'll never look upon
us; he'll fulfil the old proverb, *Set beggars a horseback and
they'll ride*—A well-a-day for my cow! such as he hath made us
come behind-hand; we had never pawn'd our cow else to pay
our rent.

Seely. Well, Joan, he'll come this way; and by God's dickers‡
I'll tell him roundly of it, an if he were ten lords: a' shall know
that I had not my cheese and my bacon for nothing.

Joan. Do you remember, husband, how he would mouch§ up
my cheese-cakes? He hath forgot this now; but now we'll
remember|| him.

Seely. Ay, we shall have now three flaps with a fox-tail: but
i' faith I'll jibber a joint,¶ but I'll tell him his own.—Stay, who
comes here? O, stand up, here he comes; stand up.

* Deny on oath that they are indebted.

† *I. e.* know.

‡ Tens; fingers.

§ Eat greedily.

|| *I. e.* remind.

¶ *I. e.* be spitted.

Enter HODGE with a tipstaff; CROMWELL, with the mace carried before him; the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, and Attendants.

Hodge. Come; away with these beggars here. Rise up, sirrah; come out, good people; run afore there, ho.

[*FRESCOBALD rises, and stands at a distance.*]

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away, now we come for our own; the time hath been, he would ha' look'd more friendly upon us: And you, Hodge, we know you well enough, though you are so fine.

Crom. Come hither, sirrah:—Stay, what men are these? My honest host of Hounslow, and his wife?

I owe thee money, father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the body of me, dost thou. Would thou wouldst pay me: good four pound it is; I hav't o' the post* at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true. Sirrah, give him ten angels:—

And look your wife and you do stay to dinner

And while you live, I freely give to you

Four pound a year, for the four pound I ought† you.

Seely. Art not changed? Art old Tom still? Now God bless thee, good Lord Tom. Home, Joan, home; I'll dine with my Lord Tom to-day, and thou shalt come next week. Fetch my cow; home, Joan, home.

Joan. Now God bless thee, my good Lord Tom; I'll fetch my cow presently. [*Exit JOAN.*]

Enter GARDINER.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon stranger; tell him, I Desire him stay to dinner: I must speak With him.

[*To HODGE.*]

Gard. My lord of Norfolk, see you this Same bubble? that same puff? but mark the end, My lord; mark the end.

Nor. I promise you, I like not something he hath done: But let that pass; the king doth love him well.

Crom. Good-morrow to my lord of Winchester: I know You bear me hard about the abbey lands.

Gard. Have I not reason, when religion's wrong'd? You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist, And of his popish order, from our realm. I am no enemy to religion;

But what is done, it is for England's good.

What did they serve for, but to feed a sort‡ Of lazy abbots and of full-fed friars?

They neither plough nor sow, and yet they reap The fat of all the land, and suck the poor.

Look, what was theirs is in King Henry's hands; His wealth before lay in the abbey lands.

Gard. Indeed these things you have alleged, my lord; When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn

* *I. e.* the post on which the account was scored.

† Owed.

‡ *I. e.* a rabble.

Will curse the time the abbies were pull'd down.
 I pray now where is hospitality?
 Where now may poor distressed people go,
 For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
 When weary travel doth oppress their limbs?
 And where religious men should take them in,
 Shall now be kept back with a mastiff dog;
 And thousand thousand——

Nor. O my lord, no more:
 Things past redress 'tis bootless to complain.*
Crom. What, shall we to the convocation-house?
Nor. We'll follow you, my lord; pray lead the way.

Enter old CROMWELL, in the dress of a farmer.

Old Crom. How! one Cromwell made lord keeper, since I left Putney, and dwelt in Yorkshire? I never heard better news: I'll see that Cromwell, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My aged father! State then set aside,
 Father, upon my knee I crave your blessing.
 One of my servants, go, and have him in;
 At better leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die, how happy were the day!
 To see this comfort rains forth showers of joy.

[Exeunt old CROMWELL and SERVANT.]

Nor. This duty in him shows a kind of grace. *[Aside.]*

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace.

[Exeunt all but FRESCOBALD.]

Fres. I wonder what this lord would have with me,
 His man so strictly gave me charge to stay:
 I never did offend him, to my knowledge.
 Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all;
 Worse than I am, now never can befall.

Enter BANISTER and his WIFE.

Ban. Come, wife,
 I take it to be almost dinner time;
 For Master Newton and Master Crosby sent
 To me last night, they would come dine with me,
 And take their bond in. I pray thee, hie thee home,
 And see that all things be in readiness.

Mrs. Ban. They shall be welcome, husband; I'll go before:
 But is not that man Master Frescobald?

[She runs and embraces him.]

Ban. O heavens! it is kind Master Frescobald:
 Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this pass?

Fres. The same that brought you to your misery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
 Is Banister, your poor friend, then forgot,
 Whose goods, whose love, whose life and all is yours?

Fres. I thought your usage would be as the rest,

* I. e. complain of.

That had more kindness at my hands than you,
Yet look'd askance when as they saw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If Banister would bear so base a heart,
I ne'er would look my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mightst, should Banister deal so.
Since that I saw you, Sir, my state is mended ;
And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home :

And though I grieve your fortune is so bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad.
And now, Sir, will it please you walk with me ?

Fres. Not yet I cannot, for the lord chancellor
Hath here commanded me to wait on him :
For what, I know not ; pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that ; I'll warrant you,
He is as kind, a noble gentleman,
As ever did possess the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my brother is his steward : if you please,
We'll go along and bear you company ;
I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Fres. With all my heart, but what's become of Bagot ?

Ban. He is hang'd for buying jewels of the king's.

Fres. A just reward for one so impious.
The time draws on, Sir, will you go along ?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind Master Frescobald.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same. Another Street.

Enter NEWTON and CROSBY.

New. Now, Master Crosby, I see you have a care
To keep your word, in payment of your money.

Cros. By my faith, I have reason on a bond.
Three thousand pound is far too much to forfeit ;
And yet I doubt not Master Banister.

New. By my faith, Sir, your sum is more than mine ;
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to-day I paid at court.

Cros. Mass, and well remember'd : what is the reason
Lord Cromwell's men wear such long skirts upon
Their coats ? they reach down to their very hams.

New. I will resolve you, Sir ; and thus it is :
The bishop of Winchester, that loves not Cromwell
(As great men are envied as well as less),
A while ago there was a jar between them ;
And it was brought to my Lord Cromwell's ear
That Bishop Gardiner would sit on his skirts :
Upon which word he made his men long blue coats,
And in the court wore one of them himself ;
And meeting with the bishop, quoth he, " My lord,
Here's skirts enough now for your grace to sit on ;"
Which vex'd the bishop to the very heart.
This is the reason why they wear long coats.

Cros. 'Tis always seen, and mark it for a rule,
That one great man will envy still another ;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me :—
What, shall we now to Master Banister's ?

New. Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in CROMWELL'S House.

Enter the USHER, and the SEWER. Several Servants cross the stage with dishes in their hands.*

Ush. Uncover there, gentlemen.

Enter CROMWELL, BEDFORD, SUFFOLK, old CROMWELL, FRESCOBALD, SEELY, and Attendants.

Crom. My noble lords of Suffolk and of Bedford,
Your honours are welcome to poor Cromwell's house.
Where is my father ? nay, be cover'd, father ;
Although that duty to these noblemen
Doth challenge it, yet I'll make bold with them.
Your head doth bear the calendar of care.
What ! Cromwell cover'd, and his father bare ?
It must not be — Now, Sir, to you : is not
Your name Frescobald, and a Florentine ?

Fres. My name was Frescobald, till cruel fate
Did rob me of my name, and of my state.

Crom. What fortune brought you to this country now ?

Fres. All other parts have left me succourless,
Save only this. Because of debts I have,
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once, upon your Florence bridge,
Help a distress'd man, robb'd by the banditti ?
His name was Cromwell.

Fres. I never made my brain
A calendar of any good I did :

I always loved this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that Cromwell that you there relieved.
Sixteen ducats you gave me for to clothe me,
Sixteen to bear my charges by the way,
And sixteen more I had for my horse-hire.
There be those several sums justly return'd :
Yet it injustice were that service at
My need, to repay thee without interest :
Therefore receive of me four several bags :
In each of them there is four hundred marks :
And bring to me the names of all your debtors ;
And if they will not see you paid, I will.
O God forbid that I should see him fall,
That help'd me in my greatest need of all.
Here stands my father, that first gave me life ;
Alas, what duty is too much for him ?

* The sewer was the officer in the households of our ancient nobility, who placed the dishes on the table.

This man in time of need did save my life;
 I therefore cannot do too much for him.
 By this old man I oftentimes was fed,
 Else might I have gone supperless to bed.
 Such kindness have I had of these three men,
 That Cromwell no way can repay again.
 Now in to dinner, for we stay too long;
 And to good stomachs is no greater wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE V.—The same. A Room in the Bishop of
 WINCHESTER'S house.*

Enter GARDINER and a SERVANT.

Gard. Sirrah, where be those men I caused to stay?

Serv. They do attend your pleasure, Sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without:

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

For by those men the fox of this same land,
 That makes a goose of better than himself,
 Must worried be unto his latest home;
 Or Gardiner will fail in his intent.
 As for the dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,
 Whom I have sent for to come speak with me;
 Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
 Yet in their hearts I know they love him not.
 As for the earl of Bedford, he's but one,
 And dares not gainsay what we do set down.

Enter the two WITNESSES.

Now, my good friends, you know I saved your lives,
 When, by the law, you had deserved death;
 And then you promised me, upon your oaths,
 To venture both your lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We swore no more than that we will perform.

Gard. I take your words; and that which you must do,
 Is service for your God and for your king:
 To root a rebel from this flourishing land,
 One that's an enemy unto the church:
 And therefore must you take your solemn oaths,
 That you heard Cromwell, the lord chancellor,
 Did wish a dagger at King Henry's heart.
 Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it;
 Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing harms.

2 Wit. If you will warrant us the deed is good,
 We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both:
 This crucifix I lay upon your heads,
 And sprinkle holy water on your brows.
 The deed is meritorious that you do,
 And by it shall you purchase grace from heaven.

1 Wit. Now, Sir, we'll undertake it, by our souls.

2 Wit. For Cromwell never loved none of our sort.

Gard. I know he doth not; and for both of you,

I will prefer you to some place of worth.
 Now get you in, until I call for you,
 For presently the dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt WITNESSES.*
 Cromwell, sit fast; thy time's not long to reign.
 The abbies that were pull'd down by thy mean
 Are now a mean for me to pull thee down.
 Thy pride also thy own head lights upon,
 For thou art he hath changed religion:—
 But now no more, for here the dukes are come.

Enter SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, and BEDFORD.

Suf. Good even to my lord bishop.

Nor. How fares my lord? what, are you all alone?

Gard. No, not alone, my lords; my mind is troubled.
 I know your honours muse* wherefore I sent,
 And in such haste. What, came you from the king?

Nor. We did, and left none but Lord Cromwell with him.

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in!
 There's Thomas Wolsey, he's already gone,
 And Thomas More, he follow'd after him:
 Another Thomas yet there doth remain,
 That is far worse than either of those twain;
 And if with speed, my lords, we not pursue it,
 I fear the king and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another Thomas? pray God, it be not Cromwell.

Gard. My lord of Bedford, it is that traitor Cromwell.

Bed. Is Cromwell false? my heart will never think it.

Suf. My lord of Winchester, what likelihood
 Or proof have you of this his treachery?

Gard. My lord, too much: call in the men within.

Enter the WITNESSES.

These men, my lord, upon their oaths, affirm
 That they did hear Lord Cromwell in his garden
 Wishing a dagger sticking at the heart
 Of our King Henry: what is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my heart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suf. How say you, friends? What, did you hear these words?

1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your grace.

Nor. In what place was Lord Cromwell when he spake them?

2 *Wit.* In his garden; where we did attend a suit,

Which we had waited for two years and more.

Suf. How long is't since you heard him speak these words?

2 *Wit.* Some half-year since.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1 *Wit.* His greatness made us fear; that was the cause.

Gard. Ay, ay, his greatness, that's the cause indeed,
 And to make his treason here more manifest,
 He calls his servants to him round about,
 Tells them of Wolsey's life, and of his fall;
 Says that himself hath many enemies,

* *I. e.* wonder.

And gives to some of them a park, or manor,
To others leases, lands to other some :
What need he do thus in his prime of life,
An if he were not fearful of his death ?

Suf. My lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, lords, for I must needs depart ;
Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart.* [*Exit BEDFORD.*]

Nor. My friends, take heed of that which you have said ;
Your souls must answer what your tongues report :
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2 *Wit.* My lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let him
Depart, my lord of Winchester : and let
These men be close kept till the day of trial.

Gard. They shall, my lord : ho, take in these two men.

[*Exeunt WITNESSES, &c.*]

My lords, if Cromwell have a public trial,
That which we do is void, by his denial :
You know the king will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true ; he rules the king even as he pleases.

Suf. How shall we do for to attach him, then ?

Gard. Marry, thus, my lords ; by an act he made himself,
With an intent to entrap some of our lives ;
And this it is : *If any counsellor*

Be convicted of high treason, he shall

Be executed without public trial :

This act, my lords, he caused the king to make.

Suf. He did, indeed, and I remember it ;
And now 'tis like to fall upon himself.

Nor. Let us not slack it ; 'tis for England's good :
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.

Gard. Well hath your grace said, my good lord of Norfolk :
Therefore let us go presently to Lambeth ;
Thither comes Cromwell from the court to-night.
Let us arrest him ; send him to the Tower ;
And in the morning cut off the traitor's head.

Nor. Come, then, about it ; let us guard the town :
This is the day that Cromwell must go down.

Gard. Along, my lords. Well, Cromwell is half dead ;
He shook my heart, but I will shake his head. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street in London.

Enter BEDFORD.

Bed. My soul is like a water troubled ;
And Gardiner is the man that makes it so.
O Cromwell, I do fear thy end is near ;

* *I. e.* my affection for him ; my confidence in his innocence.

Yet I'll prevent their malice if I can :
And, in good time, see where the man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his day of doom.

Enter CROMWELL, with his train. BEDFORD makes as though he would speak to him. CROMWELL goes on.

Crom. You're well encounter'd, my good lord of Bedford.
I see your honour is address'd* to talk.
Pray, pardon me ; I am sent for to the king,
And do not know the business yet myself :
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

[*Exit CROMWELL, &c.*

Bed. You must ; well, what remedy ?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed.
The king hath business ; but little dost thou know,
Who's busy for thy life ; thou think'st not so.

Re-enter CROMWELL, attended.

Crom. The second time well met, my lord of Bedford :
I am very sorry that my haste is such.
Lord marquis Dorset being sick to death,
I must receive of him the privy seal.
At Lambeth soon, my lord, we'll talk our fill.

[*Exit.*

Bed. How smooth and easy is the way to death !

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord, the dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk,
Accompanied with the bishop of Winchester,
Entreat you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concern the state.

Bed. To Lambeth ! so : go fetch me pen and ink ;
I and Lord Cromwell there shall talk enough :
Ay, and our last, I fear, an if he come.
Here, take this letter, and bear it to Lord Cromwell ;
Bid him read it ; say it concerns him near :
Away, be gone, make all the haste you can.
To Lambeth do I go a woeful man.

[*Writes.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street near the Thames.*

Enter CROMWELL, attended.

Crom. Is the barge ready ? I will straight to Lambeth :
And, if this one day's business once were past,
I'd take my ease to-morrow after trouble.

Enter MESSENGER.

How now, my friend, wouldest thou speak with me ?

Mes. Sir, here's a letter from my lord of Bedford.

[*Gives him a letter. CROMWELL puts it in his pocket.*

Crom. O good, my friend, commend me to thy lord :
Hold, take those angels ; drink them for thy pains.

* *I. e.* prepared.

Mes. He doth desire your grace to read it,
Because he says it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him assure himself of that. Farewell.
To-morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me.
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Lambeth.

Enter GARDINER, SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, BEDFORD, LIEUTENANT of the Tower, a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, a HERALD, and HALBERTS.

Gard. Halberts, stand close unto the water-side ;
Sergeant-at-arms, be you bold in your office ;
Herald, deliver your proclamation.

Her. *This is to give notice to all the king's subjects, the late Lord Cromwell, lord chancellor of England, vicar-general over the realm, him to hold and esteem as a traitor against the crown and dignity of England. So God save the king.*

Gard. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the land !
For whilst thou livest, the truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitor is at hand.
Keep back Cromwell's men ; drown them, if they come on.
Sergeant, your office.

Enter CROMWELL, attended. *The halbert-men make a lane.*

Crom. What means my lord of Norfolk by these words ?
Sirs, come along.

Gard. Kill them, if they come on.

Ser. Lord Thomas Cromwell, in King Henry's name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Sergeant, me of treason ?

[*CROMWELL'S Attendants offer to draw.*]

Suf. Kill them, if they draw a sword.

Crom. Hold ; I charge you, as you love me, draw not a sword.
Who dares accuse Cromwell of treason now ?

Gard. This is no place to reckon up your crime ;
Your dove-like looks were view'd with serpents' eyes.

Crom. With serpents' eyes, indeed ; by thine they were.
But, Gardiner, do thy worst : I fear thee not.
My faith compared with thine, as much shall pass
As doth the diamond excel the glass.
Attach'd of treason, no accusers by !
Indeed, what tongue dares speak so foul a lie ?

Nor. My lord, my lord, matters are too well known ;
And it is time the king had note thereof.

Crom. The king ! let me go to him face to face ;
No better trial I desire than that.
Let him but say, that Cromwell's faith was feign'd,
Then let my honour and my name be stain'd.
If e'er my heart against the king was set,
O, let my soul in judgment answer it !
Then if my faith's confirmed with his reason,
'Gainst whom hath Cromwell then committed treason ?

Suf. My lord, my lord, your matter shall be tried ;
Meantime, with patience content yourself.

Crom. Perforce I must with patience be content :—
O, dear friend Bedford, dost thou stand so near ?
Cromwell rejoiceth one friend sheds a tear.

And whither is't ? Which way must Cromwell now ?

Gard. My lord, you must unto the Tower. Lieutenant,
Take him unto your charge.

Crom. Well, where you please ; but yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my men.

Gard. Ay, as you go by water, so you shall.

Crom. I have some business present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay : Lieutenant, take your charge.

Crom. Well, well, my lord, you second Gardiner's text.
Norfolk, farewell ! thy turn will be the next.

[*Exeunt CROMWELL and LIEUTENANT.*]

Gard. His guilty conscience makes him rave, my lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk ; his time is short enough.

Gard. My lord of Bedford, come ; you weep for him
That would not shed even half a tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden fall.

Gard. Such success wish I unto traitors all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter two CITIZENS.

1. *Cit.* Why, can this news be true ? Is't possible ?
The great Lord Cromwell arrested upon treason ?
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2. *Cit.* It is too true, Sir. Would it were otherwise,
Condition* I spent half the wealth I have !
I was at Lambeth, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1. *Cit.* What, was't for treason that he was committed ?

2. *Cit.* Kind, noble gentleman ! I may rue the time :
All that I have, I did enjoy by him ;
And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1. *Cit.* It may be hoped that he shall not die,
Because the king did favour him so much.

2. *Cit.* O, Sir, you are deceived in thinking so :
The grace and favour he had with the king
Hath caused him have so many enemies.
He that in court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he's envied at.
The shrub is safe, when as the cedar shakes ;
For where the king doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1. *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this nobleman should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.

2. *Cit.* 'Tis true ; and yet you see in each estate
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate ;
And they before would smile him in the face,

* I'd spend half my wealth to have it otherwise.

Will be the foremost to do him disgrace.
What, will you go along unto the court?

1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the news,
How men will judge what shall become of him.

2 *Cit.* Some will speak hardly, some will speak in pity.
Go you to the court; I'll go into the city;
There I am sure to hear more news than you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter CROMWELL.

Crom. Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy state, and of the time.
Thy honours came unsought, ay, and unlook'd for;
Thy fall as sudden, and unlook'd for too.
What glory was in England that had I not?
Who in this land commanded more than Cromwell?
Except the king, who greater than myself?
But now I see what after ages shall;
The greater men, more sudden is their fall.
And now I do remember, the earl of Bedford
Was very desirous for to speak to me;
And afterward sent unto me a letter,
The which I think I still have in my pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure;
And this I take it is:

[*Reads.*]

*My lord, come not this night to Lambeth,
For, if you do, your state is overthrown;
And much I doubt your life, an if you come:
Then if you love yourself, stay where you are.*

O God, O God! had I but read this letter,
Then had I been free from the lion's paw:
Deferring this to read until to-morrow,
I spurn'd at joy, and did embrace my sorrow.

Enter LIEUTENANT of the Tower, Officers, &c.

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this day of death?

Lieu. Alas, my lord, would I might never see it!
Here are the dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,
Winchester, Bedford, and Sir Richard Radcliff,
With others; but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore. Cromwell is prepared,
For Gardiner has my life and state ensnared.
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
For here stands he who some think lives too long.
Learning kills learning, and, instead of ink
To dip his pen, Cromwell's heart-blood doth drink.

Enter the Dukes of SUFFOLK and NORFOLK; the Earl of BEDFORD, GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, SIR RICHARD RADCLIFF, and SIR RALPH SADLER.

Nor. Good morrow, Cromwell. What, alone, so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad.
For my part, it best fits me be alone;

Sadness with me, not I with any one.

What, is the king acquainted with my cause?

Nor. He is; and he hath answer'd us, my lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him myself?

Gard. The king is so advertised of your guilt,
He'll by no means admit you to his presence.

Crom. No way admit me! am I so soon forgot?

Did he but yesterday embrace my neck,
And said that Cromwell was even half himself?

And are his princely ears so much bewitch'd
With scandalous ignomy,* and slanderous speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?

Well, my lord of Winchester, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his majesty:

Will you bear a letter from me to his grace?

Gard. Pardon me; I will bear no traitor's letters.

Crom. Ha!—Will you do this kindness then? Tell him
By word of mouth what I shall say to you?

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But, on your honour, will you?

Gard. Ay, on my honour.

Crom. Bear witness, lords. Tell him, when he hath known
you,

And tried your faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falsest-hearted man

In England: pray, tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my lord, in these extremes.

Crom. My kind and honourable lord of Bedford,

I know your honour always loved me well:

But, pardon me, this still shall be my theme;

Gardiner's the cause makes Cromwell so extreme.

Sir Ralph Sadler, I pray a word with you;

You were my man, and all that you possess

Came by my means: Sir, to requite all this,

Say will you take this letter here of me,

And give it with your own hands to the king?

Sad. I kiss your hand, and never will I rest

Ere to the king this be delivered.

[*Exit SADLER.*]

Crom. Why then yet Cromwell hath one friend in store.

Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but vain.

Here is a discharge for your prisoner,

To see him executed presently:

[*To the LIEUTENANT.*]

My lord, you hear the tenure of your life.†

Crom. I do embrace it; welcome my last date,

And of this glistering world I take last leave:

And, noble lords, I take my leave of you.

As willingly I go to meet with death,

As Gardiner did pronounce it with his breath.

From treason is my heart as white as snow;

My death procured only by my foe.

* *I. e.* ignominy.

† *I. e.* you hear how short a period you have to live.

I pray commend me to my sovereign king,
And tell him in what sort his Cromwell died,
To lose his head before his cause was tried;
But let his grace, when he shall hear my name,
Say only this: Gardiner procured the same.

Enter young CROMWELL.

Lieu. Here is your son, Sir, come to take his leave

Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, Harry Cromwell.
Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee:
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for state, yet lose no spark of honour;
Ambition, like the plague, see thou eschew it;
I die for treason, boy, and never knew it.
Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
And Cromwell's virtues in thy face shall shine:
Come, go along, and see me leave my breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of death.

Son. O father, I shall die to see that wound,
Your blood being spilt will make my heart to swoond.

Crom. How, boy! not dare to look upon the axe?
How shall I do then to have my head struck off?
Come on, my child, and see the end of all;
And after say, that Gardiner was my fall.

Gard. My lord, you speak it of an envious heart;
I have done no more than law and equity.

Bed. O, my good lord of Winchester, forbear:
It would have better seem'd you to have been absent,
Than with your words disturb a dying man.

Crom. Who, me, my lord? no: he disturbs not me.
My mind he stirs not, though his mighty shock
Hath brought more peers' heads down unto the block.
Farewell, my boy! all Cromwell can bequeath,—
My hearty blessing;—so I take my leave.

Exec. I am your death's-man; pray, my lord, forgive me.

Crom. Even with my soul. Why, man, thou art my doctor,
And bring'st me precious physic for my soul.

My lord of Bedford, I desire of you
Before my death a corporal embrace.
Farewell, great lord; my love I do commend,
My heart to you; my soul to heaven I send.
This is my joy, that ere my body fleet,
Your honour'd arms are my true winding-sheet.

Farewell, dear Bedford; my peace is made in heaven.
Thus falls great Cromwell, a poor ell in length,
To rise to unmeasured height, wing'd with new strength,
Hail, land of worms, which dying men discover!
My soul is shrined with heaven's celestial cover.

[*Exeunt CROMWELL, Officers, &c.*]

Bed. Well, farewell Cromwell! sure the truest friend
That ever Bedford shall possess again.
Well, lords, I fear that when this man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that Cromwell had a head.

Enter an OFFICER, with CROMWELL's head.

Offi. Here is the head of the deceased Cromwell.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his head away
Unto his body ; inter them both in clay. [*Exit OFFICER.*]

Enter SIR RALPH SADLER.

Sad. How now, my lords ? What, is Lord Cromwell dead ?

Bed. Lord Cromwell's body now doth want a head.

Sad. O God, a little speed had saved his life.

Here is a kind reprieve come from the king,
To bring him straight unto his majesty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir Ralph, reprieves come now too late.

Gard. My conscience now tells me this deed was ill.

Would Christ that Cromwell were alive again !

Nor. Come, let us to the king, who, well I know,
Will grieve for Cromwell, that his death was so. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

LONDON PRODIGAL.

“This play, if Shakspeare’s at all,” says Hazlitt, in his Lectures, “must have been among the sins of his youth.”

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FLOWERDALE SENIOR, a Merchant.	DAFFODILL, } <i>Servants to Sir</i>
MATTHEW FLOWERDALE, his son.	ARTICHOKE, } <i>Lancelot Spurcock.</i>
FLOWERDALE JUNIOR, Brother to the Merchant.	DICK and RALPH, two cheating Gamesters
SIR LANCELOT SPURCOCK.	RUFFIAN, a Pander.
SIR ARTHUR GREEN-SHIELD, a Military Officer,	
OLIVER, a Devonshire Clothier,	DELIA, } <i>Daughters to Sir</i>
WEATHERCOCK, a Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.	FRANCES, } <i>Lancelot Spurcock.</i>
CIVET, in love with Frances.	LUCE,
A CITIZEN.	CITIZEN’S WIFE.
	SHERIFF and OFFICERS, LIEUTENANT and SOLDIERS, DRAWERS, and other ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—London, and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in FLOWERDALE JUNIOR’S House.

Enter FLOWERDALE SENIOR and FLOWERDALE JUNIOR.

Flow. Sen. Brother, from Venice, being thus disguised, I come, to prove the humours of my son.
How hath he borne himself since my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide?

Flow. Jun. I’ faith, brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Flow. Sen. Why, how is’t, brother? What, doth he spend beyond the allowance I left him?

Flow. Jun. How! beyond that? and far more. Why, your exhibition* is nothing. He hath spent that, and since hath borrowed: protested with oaths, alleged kindred, to wring money from me,—*by the love I bore his father,—by the fortunes might fall upon himself;*—to furnish his wants: that done, I have had since, his bond, his friend and friend's bond. Although I know that† he spends is yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled wildness that reigns over him.

Flow. Sen. Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? If they do not relish altogether of damnation, his youth may privilege his wantonness. I myself ran an unbridled course till thirty, nay, almost till forty:—well, you see how I am. For vice once looked into with the eyes of discretion, and well balanced with the weights of reason, the course passed seem so abominable, that the landlord of himself, which is the heart of his body, will rather entomb himself in the earth, or seek a new tenant to remain in him; which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth have known all these vices, and left them, than those that knew little, and in their age run into them? Believe me, brother, they that die most virtuous, have in their youth lived most vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it.—But say, how is the course of his life? let's hear his particulars.

Flow. Jun. Why, I'll tell you, brother; he is a continual swearer, and a breaker of his oaths; which is bad.

Flow. Sen. I grant indeed to swear is bad, but the not keeping those oaths is better; for who will set‡ by a bad thing? Nay, by my faith, I hold this rather a virtue than a vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Flow. Jun. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Flow. Sen. By my faith, this is none of the worst neither; for if he brawl, and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it; for what brings man or child more to virtue than correction?—What reigns over him else?

Flow. Jun. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Flow. Sen. O best of all! vice should be forgotten: let him drink on, so he drink not churches. Nay, an this be the worst, I hold it rather a happiness in him, than any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Flow. Jun. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Flow. Sen. Why, you see, so doth the sea; it borrows of all the small currents in the world to increase himself.

Flow. Jun. Ay, but the sea pays it again, and so will never your son.

Flow. Sen. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my son.

Flow. Jun. Then, brother, I see you rather like these vices in your son, than any way condemn them.

Flow. Sen. Nay, mistake me not, brother; for though I slur

* Allowance.

† (What).

‡ (Store by).

them over now, as things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud, it would gall my heart, they should ever reign in him.

M. Flow. [*within*]. Ho! who's within, ho?

[*M. FLOWERDALE knocks within.*]

Flow. Jun. That's your son; he is come to borrow more money.

Flow. Sen. For God's sake give it out I am dead; see how he'll take it. Say I have brought you news from his father. I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from myself, which I'll deliver him.

Flow. Jun. Go to, brother, no more: I will.

M. Flow. Uncle, where are you, uncle? [*Within.*]

Flow. Jun. Let my cousin in there.

Flow. Sen. I am a sailor come from Venice, and my name is Christopher.

Enter M. FLOWERDALE.

M. Flow. By the Lord, in truth, uncle——

Flow. Jun. In truth would have served, cousin, without the lord.

M. Flow. By your leave, uncle, the Lord is the Lord of truth. A couple of rascals at the gate set upon me for my purse.

Flow. Jun. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

M. Flow. By my truth, uncle, you must needs lend me ten pound.

Flow. Jun. Give my cousin some small beer here.

M. Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a jest now. By this light, I should ride to Croydon fair, to meet Sir Lancelot Spurcock; I should have his daughter Luce: and for scurvy ten pound, a man shall lose nine hundred three score and odd pounds, and a daily friend beside! By this hand, uncle, 'tis true.

Flow. Jun. Why, anything is true, for aught I know.

M. Flow. To see now!—why, you shall have my bond, uncle, or Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's; as good rapier-and-dagger-men as any be in England; let's be damned, if we do not pay you: the worst of us all will not damn ourselves for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

Flow. Jun. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believed you.

M. Flow. Why, trust me now, you know not what may fall. If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care; I should not need ten pound;—but when a man cannot be believed, there's it.

Flow. Jun. Why, what is it, cousin?

M. Flow. Marry, this, uncle. Can you tell me if the *Catherine* and *Hugh* be come home or no?

Flow. Jun. Ay, marry, is't.

M. Flow. By God, I thank you for that news. What, is't in the Pool, can you tell?

Flow. Jun. It is; what of that?

M. Flow. What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent me, I'll give you a piece, uncle: for thus said the letter;—A piece of ash-colour, a three-piled black, a colour de roy,* a crimson, a sad green,† and a purple: yes i' faith.

Flow. Jun. From whom should you receive this?

M. Flow. From whom? why from my father; with commendations to you, uncle; and thus he writes:—"I know (saith he) thou hast much troubled thy kind uncle, whom, God willing, at my return I will see amply satisfied;" amply, I remember was the very word: so God help me.

Flow. Jun. Have you the letter here?

M. Flow. Yes, I have the letter here, here is the letter: no,—yes—no;—let me see; what breeches wore I o' Saturday? Let me see: o' Tuesday, my calamanco; o' Wednesday, my peach-colour satin; o' Thursday, my velure;‡ o' Friday, my calamanco again; o' Saturday,—let me see,—o' Saturday,—for in those breeches I wore o' Saturday is the letter—O, my riding breeches, uncle, those that you thought had been velvet; in those very breeches is the letter.

Flow. Jun. When should it be dated?

M. Flow. Marry, *decimo tertio Septembris*—no, no; *decimo tertio Octobris*; ay, *Octobris*, so it is.

Flow. Jun. *Decimo tertio Octobris*! and here receive I a letter that your father died in June. How say you, Kester? §

Flow. Sen. Yes, truly, Sir, your father is dead; these hands of mine help to wind him.

M. Flow. Dead?

Flow. Sen. Ay, Sir, dead.

M. Flow. 'Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Flow. Sen. I' faith, Sir, according to the old proverb: The child was born, and cried,
Became a man, after fell sick, and died.

Flow. Jun. Nay, cousin, do not take it so heavily.

M. Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you extempore: marry, some two or three days hence I shall weep without any stintance.|| But I hope he died in good memory.

Flow. Sen. Very well, Sir, and set down everything in good order; and the *Catharine and Hugh*, you talk'd of, I came over in; and I saw all the bills of lading; and the velvet that you talk'd of, there is no such aboard.

M. Flow. By God, I assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

Flow. Sen. I'll be sworn of that: there's knavery abroad, although there were never a piece of velvet in Venice.

M. Flow. I hope he died in good estate.

Flow. Sen. To the report of the world he did; and made his will, of which I am an unworthy bearer.

M. Flow. His will! have you his will?

Flow. Sen. Yes, Sir, and in the presence of your uncle I was will'd to deliver it. [*Delivers the will.*]

* A colour so called in honour of the king.

† A grave green.

‡ My velvet. § An abbreviation of Christopher.

|| I. e. any stop.

Flow. Jun. I hope, cousin, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

M. Flow. I'll do reason, uncle: yet i' faith I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

Flow. Jun. Nay, I denied you not.

M. Flow. By God you denied me directly.

Flow. Jun. I'll be judged by this good fellow.

Flow. Sen. Not directly, Sir.

M. Flow. Why, he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phrase hold. Well, uncle, come, we'll fall to the legacies. [*Reads.*] "In the name of God, Amen.—Item, I bequeath to my brother Flowerdale, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in London.

"Item, to my son Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, high men and low men, fulloms, stop-cater-traies, and other bones of function."* 'Sblood what doth he mean by this?

Flow. Jun. Proceed, cousin.

M. Flow. "These precepts I leave him: Let him borrow of his oath; for of his word nobody will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest woman; for the other will keep herself. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience may bring him to his destinate repentance:"—I think he means hanging. An this were his last will and testament, the devil stood laughing at his bed's feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to fob off his posterity with paradoxes?

Flow. Sen. This he made, Sir, with his own hands.

M. Flow. Ay, well; nay, come, good uncle, let me have this ten pound: imagine you have lost it, or were robb'd of it, or mis-reckon'd yourself so much; any way to make it come easily off, good uncle.

Flow. Jun. Not a penny.

Flow. Sen. I' faith lend it him, Sir. I myself have an estate in the city worth twenty pound; all that I'll engage for him: he saith it concerns him in a marriage.

M. Flow. Ay, marry doth it. This is a fellow of some sense this: come, good uncle.

Flow. Jun. Will you give your word for it, Kester?

Flow. Sen. I will, Sir, willingly.

Flow. Jun. Well, cousin, come to me an hour hence, you shall have it ready.

M. Flow. Shall I not fail?

Flow. Jun. You shall not, come or send.

M. Flow. Nay, I'll come myself.

Flow. Sen. By my troth, would I were your worship's man.

M. Flow. What? wouldst thou serve?

Flow. Sen. Very willingly, Sir.

* In the *English Rogue*, P. i. p. 322, edit. 1680, we are told that "high fulloms are those dice which are loaded in such a manner as seldom to run any other chance than four, five, or six; low fulloms, or low men, are those which usually run one, two, or three." Stop-cater-traies were probably dice prepared in such a manner as frequently to exhibit a four and a three.

M. Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do. Thou say'st thou hast twenty pound: go into Birchin-lane, put thyself into clothes: thou shalt ride with me to Croydon fair.

Flow. Sen. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

M. Flow. Well, uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence.

Flow. Jun. I will not, cousin.

M. Flow. What's thy name? Kester?

Flow. Sen. Ay, Sir.

M. Flow. Well, provide thyself: uncle, farewell till anon.

[*Exit M. FLOWERDALE.*]

Flow. Jun. Brother, how do you like your son?

Flow. Sen. I' faith, brother, like a mad unbridled colt,

Or as a hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:

The one must be tamed with an iron bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she's wild.

Such is my son; awhile let him be so;

For counsel still is folly's deadly foe.

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course;

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse:

His pride, his riot, all that may be named,

Time may recall, and all his madness tamed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The High-street in Croydon. An Inn appearing, with an open drinking booth before it.

Enter SIR LANCELOT SPURCOCK, WEATHERCOCK, DAFFODIL, ARTICHOKE, LUCE, and FRANCES.

Sir Lanc. Sirrah, Artichoke, get you home before;
And as you proved yourself a calf in buying,

Drive home your fellow calves that you have bought.

Art. Yes, forsooth: Shall not my fellow Daffodil go along with me?

Sir Lanc. No, Sir, no; I must have one to wait on me.

Art. Daffodil, farewell, good fellow Daffodil.

You may see, mistress, I am set up by the halves;

Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home calves. [*Exit.*]

Sir Lanc. I' faith, Franke, I must turn away this Daffodil;
He's grown a very foolish saucy fellow.

Fran. Indeed la, father, he was so since I had him;

Before, he was wise enough for a foolish serving-man.

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir Lancelot?

Sir Lanc. O, about my daughters?—well, I will go forward.

Here's two of them, God save them; but the third,

O she's a stranger in her course of life:

She hath refused you, Master Weathercock.

Weath. Ay, by the rood, Sir Lancelot, that she hath; but had she tried me, she should have found a man of me indeed.

Sir Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, at her denial;

She hath refused seven of the worshipfull'st

And worthiest housekeepers this day in Kent:

Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

Weath. The more fool she.

Sir Lanc. What, is it folly to love chastity?

Weath. No, no, mistake me not, Sir Lancelot;
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell.

Sir Lanc. That is a foolish proverb and a false.

Weath. By the mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go: but
who shall marry with Mistress Frances?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me, sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:

Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daf. Sentences* still, sweet mistress:

You have a wit, an it were your alabaster.†

Luce. I' faith and thy tongue trips trenchmore.‡

Sir Lanc. No, of my knighthood, not a suitor yet,
Alas, God help her, silly girl, a fool, a very fool;
But there's the other, black-brows, a shrewd girl,
She hath wit at will, and suitors two or three;
Sir Arthur Greenshield one, a gallant knight,
A valiant soldier, but his power but poor;
Then there's young Oliver, the De'nshire§ lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood; But there's a third, all air,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind;
Young Flowerdale.

Weath. O, he, Sir, he's a desperate Dick indeed;
Bar him your house.

Sir Lanc. Fie, Sir, not so: he's of good parentage.

Weath. By my fay|| and so he is, and a proper ¶ man.

Sir Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good qualities.

Weath. Ay, marry, there's the point, Sir Lancelot; for there's
an old saying:—

Be he rich, or be he poe,**

Be he high, or be he low:

Be he born in barn or hall,

'Tis manners makes the man and all.

Sir Lanc. You are in the right, Master Weathercock.

Enter CIVET.

Civ. 'Soul, I think I am sure cross'd, or witch'd, with an owl.
I have haunted them, inn after inn, booth after booth, yet cannot find them. Ha, yonder they are; that's she. I hope to God 'tis she: nay, I know 'tis she now, for she treads her shoe a little awry.

Sir Lanc. Where is this inn? We are past it, Daffodil.

Daf. The good sign is here, Sir, but the back gate is before.

Civ. Save you, Sir. I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?

Daf. No pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole. I pray, Sir, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

* I. e. sayings.

† I. e. transparent as alabaster.

‡ Trenchmore was a threesome reel.

§ Devonshire.

|| Faith.

¶ Fine.

** So in old language, more for more

Daf. They may be ladies, Sir, if the destinies and mortality work.

Civ. What's her name, Sir?

Daf. Mistress Frances Spurcock, Sir Lancelot Spurcock's daughter.

Civ. Is she a maid, Sir?

Daf. You may ask Pluto and Dame Proserpine that: I would be loath to be riddled,* Sir?

Civ. Is she married, I mean, Sir?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what shoemaker shall make her wedding shoes.

Civ. I pray where inn you, Sir? I would be very glad to bestow the wine of that gentlewoman.†

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God save you, Sir.

Daf. I pray your name, Sir?

Civ. My name is Master Civet, Sir.

Daf. A sweet name! God be with you, good Master Civet.

[*Exit CIVET.*]

Sir Lanc. Ha, have we spied you, stout St. George? For all Your dragon, you had best sell us good wine That needs no ivy-bush. Well, we'll not sit by it, As you do on your horse: This room shall serve:—
Drawer.

Enter DRAWER.

Let me have sack for us old men:
For these girls and knaves small wines are the best.
A pint of sack,—no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the Three Tuns. [*Exit.*]

Sir Lanc. A pint, draw but a pint. Daffodil, call for wine to make yourselves drink.

Fran. And a cup of small beer, and a cake, good Daffodil.

[*DAFFODIL goes into the house, and returns with wine, &c.*]

Enter M. FLOWERDALE, and FLOWERDALE SENIOR as his Servant.

M. Flow. How now? fie, sit in the open room? Now good Sir Lancelot, and my kind friend, worshipful Master Weathercock! What, at your pint? A quart for shame.

Sir Lanc. Nay, royster,‡ by your leave we will away.

M. Flow. Come, give us some music, we'll go dance. Be gone, Sir Lancelot! what, and fair-day too?

Luce. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the fair.

M. Flow. Nay, if you say so, fairest of all fairs, then I'll not dance. A pox upon my tailor, he hath spoiled me a peach-colour satin suit, cut upon cloth of silver;§ but if ever the rascal serve me such another trick, I'll give him leave, i' faith, to put me in the calendar of fools, and you, and you, Sir Lancelot,

* *I. e.* be sifted.

† *I. e.* send her a present of wine.

‡ *I. e.* swaggerer.

§ *I. e.* with cloth of silver placed under all the cuts, openings, or slashes in it.

and Master Weathercock. My goldsmith, too, on t'other side—I bespoke thee, Luce, a carcanet of gold,* and thought thou shouldst have had it for a fairing; and the rogue puts me in rerages for orient pearl:† but thou shalt have it by Sunday night, wench.

Re-enter DRAWER.

Draw. Sir, here is one hath sent you a pottle of Rhenish wine, brewed with rose-water.

M. Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir; to the knight; and desires his more acquaintance.

Sir Lanc. To me? what's he that proves so kind?

Daf. I have a trick to know his name, Sir. He hath a month's mind here to Mistress Frances; his name is Master Civet.

Sir Lanc. Call him in, Daffodil.

[*Exit DAFFODIL.*

M. Flow. O, I know him, Sir; he is a fool, but reasonable rich: his father was one of these lease-mongers,‡ these corn-mongers, these money-mongers; but he never had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter CIVET.

Sir Lanc. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge, Sir; I thank God, my father left me wherewithal. If it please you, Sir, I have a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

Sir Lanc. I thank you, Sir. Please you to come to Lewsham, To my poor house, you shall be kindly welcome. I knew your father; he was a wary husband.§—
To pay here, Drawer.

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this gentleman hath paid all.

Sir Lanc. I' faith, you do us wrong;
But we shall live to make amends ere long.
Master Flowerdale, is that your man?

M. Flow. Yes, 'faith, a good old knave.

Sir Lanc. Nay then I think
You will turn wise, now you take such a servant:
Come, you'll ride with us to Lewsham; let's away;
'Tis scarce two hours to the end of day.

[*Exeunt.*

* A carcanet was an ornament for the neck.

† Perhaps rerages has here the same meaning as refuse; such pearls as have been left behind, after all the better sort had been selected from them.

‡ He probably alludes to some monopolies complained of at the time.

§ A prudent manager.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Road near SIR LANCELOT SPURCOCK'S House,
in Kent.

Enter SIR ARTHUR GREENSHIELD, OLIVER, LIEUTENANT, and SOLDIERS.

Sir Arth. Lieutenant, lead your soldiers to the ships,
There let them have their coats; at their arrival
They shall have pay. Farewell; look to your charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak
with our friends.

Oli. No man, what e'er you used a zuch a fashion, thick*
you cannot take your leave of your vreens?†

Sir Arth. Fellow, no more; Lieutenant, lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my pay and my clothes, I'll venture a
running away, though I hang for't.

Sir Arth. Away, sirrah: charm your tongue.‡

[*Exeunt* LIEUTENANT and SOLDIERS.]

Oli. Bin you a presser, Sir?

Sir Arth. I am a commander, 'Sir, under the king.

Oli. 'Sfoot, man, an you be ne'er zutch a commander, shud
a§ spoke with my vreens before I chid a|| gone; so chid.

Sir Arth. Content yourself, man; my authority will stretch
to press so good a man as you.

Oli. Press me? I devy;¶ press scoundrels, and thy mes-
sels.** Press me! che scorns thee, i' faith; for seest thee,
here's a worshipful knight knows, cham†† not to be pressed by
thee.

Enter SIR LANCELOT, WEATHERCOCK, M. FLOWERDALE,
FLOWERDALE SENIOR, LUCE, and FRANCES.

Sir Lanc. Sir Arthur, welcome to Lewsham; welcome by my
troth. What's the matter, man? why are you vexed?

Oli. Why, man, he would press me.

Sir Lanc. O fie, Sir Arthur, press him? he is a man of
reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir Arthur; he hath the nobles, the
golden ruddocks he.‡‡

Sir Arth. The fitter for the wars: and were he not
In favour with your worships, he should see
That I have power to press so good as he.

Oli. Chill§§ stand to the trial, so chill.

M. Flow. Ay, marry shall he. Press cloth and kersey, white-
pot||| and drowsen broth!¶¶ tut, tut, he cannot.

* Are you used in such a fashion that.

† Friends.

‡ I. e. hold your peace.

§ I should have.

|| Should have.

¶ Defy thee.

** Lepers; insignificant persons.

†† I am.

‡‡ Ruddock (the red-breast) was a cant phrase for money.

§§ I shall.

|| A favourite dish in Devonshire.

¶¶ A common beverage in Devonshire.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you vlouten* cloth and karsey, che 'a zeen zutch† a karsey-coat wear out the town sick a silken jacket as thick‡ a one you wear.

M. Flow. Well said, vlittan vlattan.§

Oli. Ay, and well said, cocknell,|| and Bow-bell too. What dost think cham aveard¶ of thy zilken coat? no year vor thee.

Sir Lanc. Nay come, no more: be all lovers and friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master Oliver.

M. Flow. Is your name Master Oliver, I pray you?

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

M. Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a foolish plot out of Master Oliver to work upon.

Oli. Work thy plots upon me! Stand aside: work thy foolish plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy dame bound thy head.** Work upon me!

M. Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrrha, zyrrha, if it were not vor shame, che would 'a given thee zutch a whister-poop†† under the ear, che would have made thee a vanged‡‡ another at my feet: Stand aside, let me loose; cham§§ all of a vlaming firebrand; stand aside.

M. Flow. Well, I forbear you for your friends' sake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens; dost thou tell me of my vreens?

Sir Lanc. No more, good Master Oliver; no more, Sir Arthur. And, maiden, here in the sight Of all your suitors, every man of worth, I'll tell you whom I fainest would prefer To the hard bargain of your marriage-bed. Shall I be plain among you, gentlemen?

Sir Arth. Ay, Sir, it is best.

Sir Lanc. Then, Sir, first to you. I do confess you a most gallant knight, A worthy soldier, and an honest man: But honesty maintains not a French hood;||| Goes very seldom in a chain of gold; Keeps a small train of servants; hath few friends. And for this wild oats here, young Flowerdale, I will not judge. God can work miracles: But he were better make a hundred new,¶¶ Than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there; he hath touched you to the quick; that he hath.

M. Flow. Woodcock o' my side!*† Why, Master Weathercock, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles—

Weath. Now by my troth I know no otherwise.

* Flout.

† I have seen such.

‡ That.

§ These seem to be made words, merely to ridicule the clothier's sounding an *f* like a *v*.

|| Cockney.

¶¶ Afraid.

** Since thy mother bound thy head with a child's cloth.

†† A backhander.

‡‡ Received.

§§ I am.

||| An article of finery.

¶¶ New men.

*† What! does this fool peck at me too?

O, your old mother was a dame indeed ;
Heaven hath her soul, and my wife's too, I trust :
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a journey, as I hear, far hence.

M. Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough ;
He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise,
And left me to cut a caper against care.
Luce, look on me, that am as light as air.

Luce. I' faith I like not shadows, bubbles, breath ;
I hate a *light o' love*, as I hate death.

Sir Lanc. Girl, hold thee there : look on this De'nshire lad ;
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purse and person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me. You know
me well ivin ; cha have threescore pack of karsey at Blackem-
hall,* and chief credit beside ; and my fortunes may be so good
as another's, zo it may.

Luce. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say. [*To SIR ARTHUR.*

Sir Arth. Thanks, fairest.

M. Flow. What, wouldst thou have me quarrel with him ?

Flow. Sen. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Sir Lanc. Yet, gentlemen, howsoever I prefer
This De'nshire suitor, I'll enforce no love :
My daughter shall have liberty to choose
Whom she likes best. In your love-suit proceed :
Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well ; indeed right well.

Enter ARTICHOKE.

Art. Mistress ; here's one would speak with you. My fellow
Daffodil hath him in the cellar already ; he knows him ; he met
him at Croydon fair.

Sir Lanc. O, I remember ; a little man.

Art. Ay, a very little man.

Sir Lanc. And yet a proper man.

Art. A very proper, very little man.

Sir Lanc. His name is Monsieur Civet.

Art. The same, Sir.

Sir Lanc. Come, gentlemen ; if other suitors come,
My foolish daughter will be fitted too :
But Delia my saint, no man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but M. FLOWERDALE, OLIVER, and
FLOWERDALE SENIOR.*

M. Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What han† you say to me now ?

M. Flow. You shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all ? vare thee well : che vear thee not a vig.

[*Exit OLIVER.*

M. Flow. What if he should come now ? I am fairly dress'd. *

Flow. Sen. I do not mean that you shall meet with him ;
But presently we'll go and draw a will,

* He means Blackwell Hall, in London, the great repository of woollen goods.

† *I. e.* have.

Where we'll set down land that we never saw;
 And we will have it of so large a sum,
 Sir Lancelot shall entreat you take his daughter.
 This being form'd, give it Master Weathercock,
 And make Sir Lancelot's daughter heir of all:
 And make him swear never to show the will
 To any one, until that you be dead.
 This done, the foolish changing Weathercock
 Will straight discourse unto Sir Lancelot
 The form and tenour of your testament.
 Ne'er stand to pause of it; be ruled by me:
 What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

M. Flow. Come, let's about it: if that a will, sweet Kit,
 Can get the wench, I shall renown thy wit. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in SIR LANCELOT'S House.

Enter DAFFODIL and LUCE.

Daf. Mistress! still froward? No kind looks unto your Daffodil? Now, by the gods—

Luce. Away, you foolish knave; let my hand go.

Daf. There is your hand; but this shall go with me:
 My heart is thine; this is my true love's fee.

[*Takes off her bracelet.*]

Luce. I'll have your coat stripp'd o'er your ears for this,
 You saucy rascal.

Enter SIR LANCELOT and WEATHERCOCK.

Sir Lanc. How now, maid! what is the news with you?

Luce. Your man is something saucy. [*Exit LUCE.*]

Sir Lanc. Go to, sirrah; I'll talk with you anon.

Daf. Sir, I am a man to be talked withal; I am no horse, I trow. I know my strength, then, no more than so.

Weath. Ay, by the makins, good Sir Lancelot, I saw him the other day hold up the bucklers,* like an Hercules. I' faith God-a-mercy, lad, I like thee well.

Sir Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well. Go, sirrah, fetch me a cup
 of wine,

That ere I part with Master Weathercock,
 We may drink down our farewell in French wine.

[*Exit DAFFODIL.*]

Weath. I thank you, Sir; I thank you, friendly knight.
 I'll come and visit you; by the mouse-foot† I will:
 In the mean time, take heed of cutting‡ Flowerdale:
 He is a desperate Dick, I warrant you.

Re-enter DAFFODIL.

Sir Lanc. He is, he is. Fill, Daffodil, fill me some wine. Ha! what wears he on his arm? My daughter Luce's bracelet? ay, 'tis the same. Ha' to you, Master Weathercock.

* He who was victorious in mock combat was said to gain the bucklers.

† An unmeaning oath.

‡ Swaggering.

Weath. I thank you, Sir. Here, Daffodil ; an honest fellow, and a tall,* thou art. Well ; I'll take my leave, good knight ; and I hope to have you and all your daughters at my poor house ; in good sooth I must.

Sir Lanc. Thanks, Master Weathercock ; I shall be bold to trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome. Heartily farewell.

[*Exit* WEATHERCOCK.]

Sir Lanc. Sirrah, I saw my daughter's wrong, and withal her bracelet on your arm. Off with it, and with it my livery too. Have I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship ? and are you grown so bold ? Go, sirrah, from my house, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipp'd, Sir ; there's your livery :

This is a serving-man's reward : what care I ?

I have means to trust to ; I scorn service, I. [*Exit* DAFFODIL.]

Sir Lanc. Ay, a lusty knave ; but I must let him go :
Our servants must be taught what they should know.† [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter SIR ARTHUR and LUCE.

Luce. Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect
You above any suitor that I have ;
Although that soldiers scarce know how to love.

Sir Arth. I am a soldier, and a gentleman
Knows what belongs to war, what to a lady.
What man offends me, that my sword shall right ;
What woman loves me, I'm her faithful knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valour, nor your love.
But there be some that bear a soldier's form,
That swear by him they never think upon ;
Go swaggering up and down from house to house,
Crying, *God pays all.*

Sir Arth. I' faith, lady, I'll descry you such a man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of
That bear the name and shape of soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the war :
That haunt your taverns and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all alike,
To uphold the brutish humour of their minds,
Being mark'd down for the bondmen of despair :
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood ;
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen soldiers.

Sir Arth. No, they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless‡ graves.

Luce. Both for yourself, and for your form of life,
If I may choose, I'll be a soldier's wife. [*Exeunt.*]

* Stout man.

† We are forced to teach our servants what they ought to do without any instruction.

‡ *I. e.* untimely.

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter* SIR LANCELOT and OLIVER.*Oli.* And tyt trust to it, so then.*Sir Lanc.* Assure yourself

You shall be married with all speed we may :

One day shall serve for Frances and for Luce.

Oli. Why che would vain know the time, for providing wedding raiments.*Sir Lanc.* Why no more but this. First get your assurance made* touching my daughter's jointure; that despatched, we will in two days make provision.*Oli.* Why, man, chill have the writings made by to-morrow.*Sir Lanc.* To-morrow be it then : let's meet at the King's Head in Fish-street.*Oli.* No, fie man, no : let's meet at the Rose at Temple-bar ; that will be nearer your counsellor and mine.*Sir Lanc.* At the Rose be it then, the hour nine :

He that comes last forfeits a pint of wine.

Oli. A pint is no payment ; let it be a whole quart, or nothing.*Enter* ARTICHOKE.*Art.* Master, here is a man would speak with Master Oliver ; he comes from young Master Flowerdale.*Oli.* Why, chil speak with him, chil speak with him.*Sir Lanc.* Nay, son Oliver, I will surely see What young Flowerdale hath sent unto you. I pray God it be no quarrel.*Oli.* Why, man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his hands full.*Enter* FLOWERDALE SENIOR.*Flow. Sen.* God save you, good Sir Lancelot.*Sir Lanc.* Welcome, honest friend.*Flow. Sen.* To you and yours my master wisheth health ; But unto you, Sir, this, and this he sends : There is the length, Sir, of his rapier ;And in that paper shall you know his mind. [*Delivers a letter.*]*Oli.* Here? chil meet him, my vriend, chil meet him.*Sir Lanc.* Meet him ! you shall not meet the ruffian, fie.*Oli.* An I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call me cut.† Where is't, zirrah ? where is't ? where is't ?*Flow. Sen.* The letter showeth both the time and place ; And if you be a man, then keep your word.*Sir Lanc.* Sir, he shall not keep his word ; he shall not meet.*Flow. Sen.* Why, let him choose ; he'll be the better known For a base rascal, and reputed so.*Oli.* Zirrah, zirrah, an 'twere not an old fellow, and sent after an errant, chid give thee something, but chud be no money : but* *I. e.* get your marriage-settlement drawn.† *I. e.* a cur whose tail had been cut.

hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testern;* hold thee; there's vorty shillings: bring thy master a-veeld, chil give thee vorty more. Look, thou bring him: chil maul him, tell him; chil mar his dancing tressels; chil use him, he was ne'er so used since his dame bound his head; chil mar him for capering any more, che vore thee.†

Flow. Sen. You seem a man, Sir, stout and resolute; And I will so report, whate'er befall.

Sir Lanc. And fall out ill, assure thy master this, I'll make him fly the land, or use him worse.

Flow. Sen. My master, Sir, deserves not this of you; And that you'll shortly find.

Sir Lanc. Thy master is an unthrift, you a knave, And I'll attach you first,‡ next clap him up; Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

Oli. I would you were a sprite, if you do him any harm for this. And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours, while chil have eyes open. What do you think, chil be abaffelled § up and down the town for a messel and a scoundrel? No che vore you. Zirrah, chil come; zay no more: chil come, tell him.

Flow. Sen. Well, Sir, my master deserves not this of you; And that you'll shortly find.

Oli. No matter; he's an unthrift; I defy him.

[Exit FLOWERDALE SENIOR.

Sir Lanc. Now, gentle son, let me know the place.

Oli. No, che vore you.

Sir Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a trick. But if che meet him, zo; if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not; chil vare the worse.

Sir Lanc. What! will you then neglect my daughter's love? Venture your state and hers for a loose brawl?

Oli. Why, man, chil not kill him; marry chil veeze|| him too and again; and zo God be with you, vather. What, man! we shall meet to-morrow. [Exit.

Sir Lanc. Who would have thought he had been so desperate? Come forth, my honest servant Artichoke.

Enter ARTICHOKE.

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawl toward, I warrant you.

Sir Lanc. Go get me thy sword bright scoured, thy buckler mended. O, for that knave! that villain, Daffodil, would have done good service. But to thee—

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. O, for that Daffodil! O, where is he? But if you be angry, an it be but for the wagging of a straw, then—out o' doors with the knave; turn the coat over his ears. 'This is the humour of you all.

* I. e. poor, wanting a tester (sixpence).

† I assure thee.

‡ I. e. apprehend.

§ I. e. treated with contempt.

|| To phreeze or lease is to separate a twist into single threads.

Sir Lanc. O, for that knave, that lusty Daffodil !

Arti. Why, there 'tis now : our year's wages and our veils will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in our quarrels. But I'll not fight if Daffodil be o' t'other side, that's flat.

Sir Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, man. Get weapons ready, And be at London ere the break of day : Watch near the lodging of the De'nshire youth, But be unseen ; and as he goeth out, As he will go out, and that very early without doubt——

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him, as he goes in the street ?

Sir Lanc. Not for a world, man. Into the fields ; for to the field he goes, There to meet the desperate Flowerdale. Take thou the part of Oliver, my son, For he shall be my son, and marry Luce : Dost understand me, knave ?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you ; but my young mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow Daffodil.

Sir Lanc. No more ; Daffodil is a knave. That Daffodil is a most notorious knave. [Exit ARTICHOKE.]

Enter WEATHERCOCK.

Master Weathercock, you come in happy time ; the desperate Flowerdale hath writ a challenge ; and who think you must answer it, but the Devonshire man, my son Oliver ?

Weath. Marry, I am sorry for it, good Sir Lancelot. But if you will be ruled by me, we'll stay their fury.

Sir Lanc. As how, I pray ?

Weath. Marry, I'll tell you ; by promising young Flowerdale the red-lipp'd Luce.

Sir Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir Lancelot, I would have thought so too ; But you and I have been deceived in him. Come, read this will, or deed, or what you call it, I know not : Come, come ; your spectacles, I pray.

[Gives him the will.]

Sir Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry, God bless your eyes : mine have been dim almost this thirty years.

Sir Lanc. Ha ! what is this ? what is this ?

[Reads.]

Weath. Nay, there's true love indeed :

He gave it to me but this very morn,
And bade me keep it unseen from any one.
Good youth ! to see how men may be deceived !

Sir Lanc. Passion of me,
What a wretch am I, to hate this loving youth !
He hath made me, together with my Luce
He loves so dear, executors of all
His wealth.

Weath. All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

Sir Lanc. Three ships now in the Straits, and homeward-bound ;

Two lordships of two hundred pound a year,
The one in Wales, the other Gloucestershire :
Debts and accounts are thirty thousand pound ;
Plate, money, jewels, sixteen thousand more ;
Two housen furnish'd well in Coleman-street ;
Beside whatsoe'er his uncle leaves to him,
Being of great domains and wealth at Peckham.

Weath. How like you this, good knight ? How like you this ?

Sir Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends ;
The De'nshire man shall whistle for a wife.
He marry Luce ! Luce shall be Flowerdale's.

Weath. Why, that is friendly said. Let's ride to London,
And straight prevent their match, by promising
Your daughter to that lovely lad.

Sir Lanc. We'll ride to London :—or it shall not need ;
We'll cross to Deptford-strand, and take a boat.
Where be these knaves ? what, Artichoke ! what, fop !

Enter ARTICHOKE.

Art. Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.

Sir Lanc. Here, take my cloak : I'll have a walk to Deptford.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our swords and bucklers for your defence.

Sir Lanc. Defence me no defence ; let your swords rust, I'll have no fighting : ay, let blows alone. Bid Delia see all things be in readiness against the wedding : we'll have two at once, and that will save charges, Master Weathercock.

Art. Well, we will do it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Walk before SIR LANCELOT'S House.

Enter CIVET, FRANCES, and DELIA.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck ; I thank God for this. In good sooth I have even my heart's desire. Sister Delia—now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath frank and freely given me his daughter Franke.*

Fran. Ay, by my troth, Tom, thou hast my good will too ; for I thank God I longed for a husband ; and, would I might never stir, for one whose name was Tom.

Del. Why, sister, now you have your wish.

Civ. You say very true, sister Delia ; and I pr'ythee call me nothing but Tom, and I'll call thee sweetheart, and Franke. Will it not do well, sister Delia ?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Fran. But, Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married ?

* A diminutive of Frances.

Civ. No, Franke; I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown* and a French hood.

Fran. By my troth, that will be excellent indeed.

Del. Brother, maintain your wife to your estate.

Apparel you yourself like to your father,
And let her go like to your ancient mother:

He, sparing got his wealth, left it to you.

Brother, take heed; pride soon bids thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my father and my mother went! that's a jest indeed. Why, she went in a fringed gown, a single ruff, and a white cap; and my father in a mocado† coat, a pair of red satin sleeves, and a canvas back.

Del. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My estate, my estate, I thank God, is forty pound a year in good leases and tenements; besides twenty mark a year at Cuckold's Haven;‡ and that comes to us all by inheritance.

Del. That may indeed; 'tis very fitly 'plied.

I know not how it comes, but so it falls out,
That those whose fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little§ that they leave behind—
For them they hope will be of their like mind—
But it falls out contrary: forty years' sparing
Is scarce three seven years' spending; never caring
What will ensue, when all their coin is gone.
And, all too late, when thrift is thought upon,
Oft have I heard that Pride and Riot kiss'd,
And then Repentance cries—for had I wist.||

Civ. You say well, sister Delia, you say well; but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have set down my rest thus far,¶ but to maintain my wife in her French hood and her coach, keep a couple of geldings and a brace of greyhounds; and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty pounds a year?

Civ. Ay, and a better penny, sister.**

Fran. Sister, you forget that at Cuckhold's Haven.

Civ. By my troth well remember'd, Franke; I'll give thee that to buy thee pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for points.†† Alas the day!
Fools shall have wealth, though all the world say nay.
Come, brother, will you in? Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good sister, with all my heart.

Fran. Ay, by my troth, Tom, for I have a good stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet Franke. No, sister, do not think I'll go beyond my bounds.

Del. God grant you may not.

[*Exeunt.*]

* A gown with guards or facings to it seems to have been at that period the best dress of a city lady.

† This stuff is mentioned in several of the old plays.

‡ Now Cuckold's Point.

§ Caring but little for.

|| A scrap of an old Scottish song.

¶ I have only come to this resolution.

** Within the mark.

†† The tags which fastened up the breeches.

SCENE II.—*London. The Street before young FLOWERDALE'S House.**Enter M. FLOWERDALE, and FLOWERDALE SENIOR.*

Flow. Sirrah, Kit, tarry thou there; I have spied Sir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this way: they are hard at hand; I will by no means be spoken withal.

Flow. Sen. I'll warrant you: go, get you in.

[*Exit M. FLOWERDALE.*]

Enter SIR LANCELOT and WEATHERCOCK.

Sir Lanc. Now, my honest friend, thou dost belong to Master Flowerdale?

Flow. Sen. I do, Sir.

Sir Lanc. Is he within, my good fellow?

Flow. Sen. No, Sir, he is not within.

Sir Lanc. I pr'ythee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

Flow. Sen. Sir, to tell you true, my master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal. There be some terms that stand upon his reputation,* therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath shook them off.

Sir Lanc. I pr'ythee tell him, his very good friend, Sir Lancelot Spurcock, entreats to speak with him.

Flow. Sen. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my master and the Devonshire man, you do but beguile your hopes, and lose your labour.

Sir Lanc. Honest friend, I have not any such thing to him. I come to speak with him about other matters.

Flow. Sen. For my master, Sir, hath set down his resolution, either to redeem his honour, or leave his life behind him;—

Sir Lanc. My friend, I do not know any quarrel touching thy master or any other person. My business is of a different nature to him: and I pr'ythee so tell him.

Flow. Sen. For howsoever the Devonshire man is, my master's mind is bloody, that's a round O [*aside*],† and therefore, Sir, entreaty is but vain.

Sir Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Flow. Sen. I will then so signify to him.

[*Exit FLOWERDALE SENIOR.*]

Sir Lanc. A sirrah! I see this matter is hotly carried: but I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter M. FLOWERDALE and FLOWERDALE SENIOR.

Good morrow, Master Flowerdale.

M. Flow. Good morrow, good Sir Lancelot; good morrow, Master Weathercock. By my troth, gentlemen, I have been reading over Nick Machiavel; I find him good to be known, not to be followed. A pestilent inhuman fellow! I have made cer-

* Names he has been called which affect his honour.

† *I. e.* a round lie: a circle in arithmetic being the representative of nothing, unless in conjunction with other figures.

tain annotations on him, such as they be. And how is't, Sir Lancelot? ha! how is't? A mad world! men cannot live quiet in it.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale, I do understand there is some jar between the Devonshire man and you.

Flow. Sen. They, Sir? they are good friends as can be.

M. Flow. Who, Master Oliver and I? as good friends as can be.

Sir Lanc. It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous silence, which too few are endued withal: but, Sir, such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

M. Flow. No such thing, Sir Lancelot, on my reputation; as I am an honest man.

Sir Lanc. Now I do believe you, then, if you do engage your reputation, there is none.

M. Flow. Nay, I do not engage my reputation there is not. You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness; but if there be anything between us, then there is; if there be not, then there is not. Be or be not, all is one.

Sir Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something between you; and I am very sorry for it.

M. Flow. You may be deceived, Sir Lancelot. The Italian hath a pretty saying. *Questo*—I have forgot it, too; 'tis out of my head; but in my translation, if it hold, thus: If thou hast a friend, keep him; if a foe, trip him.

Sir Lanc. Come, I do see by this, there is somewhat between you; and before God I could wish it otherwise.

M. Flow. Well, what is between us can hardly be alter'd. Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth to-morrow. That way which I must ride, no man must deny me the sun: I would not by any particular man be denied common and general passage. If any one saith, Flowerdale, thou passest not this way; my answer is, I must either on or return; but return is not my word; I must on: if I cannot then make my way, nature hath done the last for me; and there's the fine.*

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale, every man hath one tongue, and two ears. Nature, in her building, is a most curious work-master.

M. Flow. That is as much as to say, a man should hear more than he should speak.

Sir Lanc. You say true; and indeed I have heard more than at this time I will speak.

M. Flow. You say well.

Sir Lanc. Slanders are more common than truths, Master Flowerdale; but proof is the rule for both.

M. Flow. You say true. What-do-you-call-him hath it there in his third canton.†

Sir Lanc. I have heard you have been wild; I have believed it.

M. Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Sir Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you, that hath confirm'd in me an opinion of goodness toward you.

* *I. e.* end.

† *I. e.* canto; probably referring to the third canto of the first book of Spenser's "Faery Queen," in which Abessa slanders the lady Una.

M. Flow. I' faith, Sir, I'm sure I never did you harm :
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am sure you know not ; neither is it my will
You should.

Sir Lanc. Ay, your will, Sir.

M. Flow. Ay, my will, Sir. 'Sfoot do you know ought of my will ? By God an you do, Sir, I am abused.

Sir Lanc. Go, Master Flowerdale ; what I know, I know : and know you thus much out of my knowledge, that I truly love you. For my daughter, she's yours. And if you like a marriage better than a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, go with me presently ; and where you should fight a bloody battle, you shall be married to a lovely lady.

M. Flow. Nay, but, Sir Lancelot—

Sir Lanc. If you will not embrace my offer, yet assure yourself thus much ; I will have* order to hinder your encounter.

M. Flow. Nay, but hear me, Sir Lancelot.

Sir Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative honour. 'Tis merely unsound, unprofitable, and idle inference. Your business is to wed my daughter ; therefore give me your present word to do it. I'll go and provide the maid ; therefore give me your present resolution ; either now or never.

M. Flow. Will you so put me to it ?

Sir Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me never. Else what I thought should be our match shall be our parting : so fare you well for ever.

M. Flow. Stay ; fall out what may fall, my love is above all : I will come.

Sir Lanc. I expect you ; and so fare you well.

[*Exeunt SIR LANCELOT and WEATHERCOCK.*]

Flow. Sen. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding apparel ?

M. Flow. By the mass that's true. Now help, Kit : the marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Flow. Sen. Well, well, no more ; prepare you for your bride : We will not want for clothes, whate'er betide.

M. Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower, In mirth we'll spend full many a merry hour :

As for this wench, I not regard a pin,

It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

[*Exit.*]

Flow. Sen. Is't possible he hath his second† living ?

Forsaking God, himself to the devil giving ?

But that I knew his mother firm and chaste,

My heart would say, my head she had disgraced ;

Else would I swear, he never was my son :

But her fair mind so foul a deed did shun.

Enter FLOWERDALE JUNIOR.

Flow. Jun. How now, brother ! how do you find your son ?

Flow. Sen. O brother, heedless as a libertine ;

Even grown a master in the school of vice :

One that doth nothing, but invent deceit ;

* *I. e.* take.

† *I. e.* fellow.

For all the day he humours* up and down,
 How he the next day may deceive his friend.
 He thinks of nothing but the present time.
 For one groat ready down he'll pay a shilling;
 But then the lender must needs stay for it.
 When I was young I had the scope of youth,
 Both wild and wanton, careless and desperate;
 But such mad strains as he's possess'd withal
 I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Flow. Jun. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Flow. Sen. Well I have found it: but one thing comforts me,
 Brother, to-morrow he is to be married
 To beauteous Luce, Sir Lancelot Spurcock's daughter.

Flow. Jun. Is't possible?

Flow. Sen. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him.
 That day, brother, I will you shall arrest him:
 If anything will tame him, it must be that;
 For he is rank in mischief, chain'd to a life
 That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

Flow. Jun. What! arrest him on his wedding day? That
 Were an unchristian, and unhuman part.
 How many couple even for that very day
 Have purchased seven years' sorrow afterward!
 Forbear it then to-day; do it the morrow;
 And that day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

Flow. Sen. Brother, I'll have it done the very day,
 And in the view of all, as he comes from church.
 Do but observe the course that he will take;
 Upon my life he will forswear the debt.
 And, for we'll have the sum shall not be slight,
 Say that he owes you near three thousand pound:
 Good brother, let it be done immediately.

Flow. Jun. Well, seeing you will have it so,
 Brother, I'll do't, and straight provide the shrieve.†

Flow. Sen. So, brother, by this means shall we perceive
 What Sir Lancelot in this pinch will do,
 And how his wife doth stand affected to him
 (Her love will then be tried to the uttermost),
 And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
 Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A High Road near London.

Enter OLIVER; afterwards SIR ARTHUR GREENSHIELD.

Oli. Cham assured thick be the place that the scoundrel appointed to meet me. If 'a come, zo: if 'a come not, zo. And che were avise he would make a coystrel on us,‡ ched veese him, and

* Devises.

† Sheriff's man.

‡ If I thought he intended to treat me like a custrel. *Coustillier* (Fr.), is properly the servant of a man-at-arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of King Henry VIII. had a custrel that attended upon him. Hence it came to signify a low mean man.

ched vang him in hand ; che would hoyst him, and give it him to and again, zo chud. Who been 'a there ? Sir Arthur ? chil stay aside. [*Goes aside.*

Sir Arth. I have dogg'd the De'nshire man into the field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him.
I had an inkling of that yesternight,
That Flowerdale and he should meet this morning.
Though, of my soul, Oliver fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tried.—
Good morrow to Master Oliver.

Oli. God and good morrow.

Sir Arth. What, Master Oliver, are you angry ?

Oli. What an it be, tyt and grieven you ?

Sir Arth. Not me at all, Sir ; but I imagine by
Your being here thus arm'd, you stay for some
That you should fight withal.

Oli. Why, an he do ? che would not dezire you to take his part.

Sir Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not ;
For he you look for, I think, means not to come.

Oli. No ! an che were assure of that ched veeze him in
another place.

Enter DAFFODIL.

Daf. O, Sir Arthur, Master Oliver, ah me !
Your love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress Luce,
This morn is married to young Flowerdale.

Sir Arth. Married to Flowerdale ! 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married, man ? che hope thou dost but jest, to make a
vlowten* merriment of it.

Daf. O, 'tis too true ! here comes his uncle.

Enter FLOWERDALE JUNIOR, with Sheriff and Officers.

Flow. Jun. Good morrow, Sir Arthur ; good morrow, Master Oliver.

Oli. God and good morn, Master Flowerdale. I pray you
tellen us, is your scoundrel kinsman married ?

Flow. Jun. Master Oliver, call him what you will, but he is
married to Sir Lancelot's daughter here.

Sir Arth. Unto her ?

Oli. Ay, ha' the old yellow zerved me thick a trick ? why,
man, he was a promise, chil chud 'a had her : is 'a zutch a vox ?
chil look to his water, che vore him.

Flow. Jun. The music plays ; they are coming from the
church.

Sheriff, do your office : fellows, stand stoutly to it.

*Enter SIR LANCELOT SPURCOCK, M. FLOWERDALE, WEATHER-
COCK, CIVET, LUCE, FRANCES, FLOWERDALE SENIOR, and
Attendants.*

Oli. God give you joy, as the old zaid proverb is, and some
zorrow among. You met us well, did you not ?

* Jeering.

Sir Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir; the fault is in me. I have done all the wrong; kept him from coming to the field to you, as I might, Sir; for I am a justice, and sworn to keep the peace.

Weath. Ay, marry is he, Sir, a very justice, and sworn to keep the peace: you must not disturb the weddings.

Sir Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir; if you do, I'll have an order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Master Flowerdale, Sir Lancelot; look you who here is? Master Flowerdale.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale, welcome with all my heart.

M. Flow. Uncle, this is she i' faith:—Master Undersheriff, arrest me? At whose suit?—Draw, Kit.

Flow. Jun. At my suit, Sir.

Sir Lanc. Why, what's the matter, Master Flowerdale?

Flow. Jun. This is the matter, Sir. This unthrift here hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me in several sums three thousand pound.

M. Flow. Why, uncle, uncle.

Flow. Jun. Cousin, cousin, you have uncled me; and if you be not stay'd, you'll prove a cozeners unto all that know you.

Sir Lanc. Why, Sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appears
To be at least three thousand by the year.

Flow. Jun. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that plot;
How that he went about to cozen you,
And form'd a will, and sent it
To your good friend there, Master Weathercock,
In which was nothing true, but brags and lies.

Sir Lanc. Ha! hath he not such lordships, lands, and ships?

Flow. Jun. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfpenny he.

Sir Lanc. I pray tell us true; be plain, young Flowerdale.

M. Flow. My uncle here's mad, and disposed to do me wrong;
but here's my man, an honest fellow by the lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

Flow. Sen. Not I, Sir; I am too old to lie. I rather know
You forged a will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to quote* your lands might lie.

Weath. And I pr'ythee where be they, honest friend?

Flow. Sen. I' faith, nowhere, Sir; for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicite! We are o'erreach'd, I believe.

Sir Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefulest child undone.

M. Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone.
They slander me; by this light, they slander me.
Look you, my uncle here's an usurer,
And would undo me; but I'll stand in law;
Do you but bail me, you shall do no more:
You, brother Civet, and Master Weathercock, do but bail me,
And let me have my marriage-money paid me,
And we'll ride down, and your own eyes shall see
How my poor tenants there will welcome me.

* *I. e.* to find out.

You shall but bail me, you shall do no more:—

And you, you greedy gnats,* their bail will serve?

Flow. Jun. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better bail.

Sir Lanc. No, Sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor my son Civet's: I'll not be cheated, I.

Shrieve, take your prisoner; I'll not deal with him.

Let his uncle make false dice with his false bones;

I will not have to do with him: mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!

Come, girl, though it be late, it falls out well;

Thou shalt not live with him in beggar's hell.

Luce. He is my husband, and high heaven doth know

With what unwillingness I went to church;

But you enforced me, you compell'd me to it.

The holy church pronounced these words but now,

I must not leave my husband in distress:

Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Sir Lanc. Comfort a cozeners! on my curse forsake him.

Luce. This day you caused me on your curse to take him.

Do not, I pray, my grieved soul oppress:

God knows my heart doth bleed at his distress.

Sir Lanc. O Master Weathercock,
I must confess I forced her to this match,
Led with opinion his false will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath o'erreach'd me too.

Sir Lanc. She might have lived
Like Delia, in a happy virgin's state.

Del. Father, be patient: sorrow comes too late.

Sir Lanc. And on her knees she begg'd and did entreat,
If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,
She craved to be Sir Arthur Greenshield's wife.

Sir Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Sir Lanc. O, take her yet.

Sir Arth. Not I.

Sir Lanc. Or, Master Oliver, accept my child,
And half my wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no laws.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, sister, in this passion
Do not run headlong to confusion:

You may affect† him, though not follow him.

Fran. Do, sister; hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do 'faith, Mistress Luce; leave him.

Luce. You are three gross fools; pray let me alone:

I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his legs at liberty,

Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Sir Arth. Ay, but he is now in huckster's handling ‡ for running away.

Sir Lanc. Huswife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redress it yet, you may:

* The sheriff's officers.

† Be fond of.

‡ I. e. the tight grasp of petty traders.

But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me;
Call me not father, look not for a groat;
For all thy portion I will this day give
Unto thy sister Frances.

Fran. How say you to that, Tom [*to CIVET*]? I shall have a good deal: besides, I'll be a good wife; and a good wife is a good thing, I can tell.

Civ. Peace, Franke. — I would be sorry to see thy sister cast away, as I am a gentleman.

Sir Lanc. What, are you yet resolved?

Luce. Yes, I am resolved.

Sir Lanc. Come, then away; or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn; go you unto your feast;
And I to weep, that am with grief oppress'd.

Sir Lanc. For ever fly my sight: Come, gentlemen,
Let's in; I'll help you to far better wives than her.

Delia, upon my blessing talk not to her.

Base baggage, in such haste to beggary!

Flow. Jun. Sheriff, take your prisoner to your charge.

M. Flow. Uncle, by God you have used me very hardly, by my troth, upon my wedding-day.

[*Exeunt SIR LANCELOT, CIVET, WEATHERCOCK,
FRANCES, DELIA, and their Attendants.*]

Luce. O Master Flowerdale, but hear me speak.

[*To FLOWERDALE JUNIOR.*]

Stay but a little while, good master sheriff;

If not for him, for my sake pity him.

Good Sir, stop not your ears at my complaint;

My voice grows weak, for women's words are faint.

M. Flow. Look you, uncle, she kneels to you.

Flow. Jun. Fair maid, for you, I love you with my heart,
And grieve, sweet soul, thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldst match with such a graceless youth.

Go to thy father, think not upon him,

Whom hell hath mark'd to be the son of shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent.

Alas, what good or gain can you receive,

To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?

And where nought is, the king doth lose his due:

O pity him, as God shall pity you.

Flow. Jun. Lady, I know his humours all too well;

And nothing in the world can do him good,

But misery itself to chain him with.

Luce. Say that your debt were paid, then is he free?

Flow. Jun. Ay, virgin; that being answer'd, I have done.

But to him that is all as impossible,

As I to scale the high Pyramides.

Sheriff, take your prisoner: maiden, fare thee well.

Luce. O go not yet, good Master Flowerdale:

Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

M. Flow. Ay, by God, uncle, and my bond too.

Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought* nothing but I paid it;
And I can work : alas, he can do nothing.
I have some friends perhaps will pity me :
His chiefest friends do seek his misery.
All that I can or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you. O do not turn away :
Methinks, within, a face so reverend,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should have some feeling of a maiden's grief
For my sake, his father's and your brother's sake,
Ay, for your soul's sake, that doth hope for joy,
Pity my state, do not two souls destroy.

Flow. Jun. Fair maid, stand up, not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapless choice, I
Do release him. Master Sheriff, I thank you ;
And officers, there is for you to drink,
Here, maid, take this money ; there is a hundred angels :
And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here, Kester, take it you, and use it sparingly ;
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your eyes, niece, do not too much lament
For him whose life hath been in riot spent :
If well he useth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shameful end on him depends.

[Exit FLOWERDALE JUNIOR.]

M. Flow. A plague go with you for an old fornicator ! Come,
Kit, the money ; come, honest Kit.

Flow. Sen. Nay, by my faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.

M. Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you ? Give me the money,
you old rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your hands ; give it him, honest friend.

Flow. Sen. If you be so content, with all my heart.

[Gives the money.]

M. Flow. Content, Sir ? 'sblood she shall be content whether
she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me ! Go, get you
gone to the greasy chuff, your father : bring me your dowry, or
never look on me.

Flow. Sen. Sir, she hath forsook her father, and all her friends
for you.

M. Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father, altogether !

Flow. Sen. Yet part with something to provide her lodging.

M. Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you ; but if I part
with one angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw them at a
cast of dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellows.

Flow. Sen. Nay then I will be plain : degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a father would have been ashamed—

M. Flow. My father was an ass, an old ass.

Flow. Sen. Thy father, thou proud licentious villain :
What are you at your foils ? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Flow. Sen. Did not this whining woman hang on me,

I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy father.
Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game; that when all's gone,
Thou mayst after despair and hang thyself.

Luce. O, do not curse him.

Flow. Sen. I do not curse him; and to pray for him were vain :
It grieves me that he bears his father's name.

M. Flow. Well, you old rascal, I shall meet with you.* Sirrah,
get you gone : I will not strip the livery over your ears ; because
you paid for it : but do not use my name, sirrah, do you hear ?
Look you do not use my name, you were best.

Flow. Sen. Pay me the twenty pound then that I lent you, or
give me security when I may have it.

M. Flow. I'll pay thee not a penny,
And for security I'll give thee none.
Minckins,† look you do not follow me ; look you, do not :
If you do, beggar, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do ?

M. Flow. Why turn whore : that's a good trade ;
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

[Exit M. FLOWERDALE.]

Luce. Alas the day that ever I was born.

Flow. Sen. Sweet mistress, do not weep ; I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my friend, I know not what to do.
My father and my friends, they have despised me ;
And I, a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Know neither where to go, nor what to say.

Flow. Sen. It grieves me at the soul, to see her tears
Thus stain the crimson roses of her cheeks.
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain.
I have a little living in this town,
The which I think comes to a hundred pound ;
All that and more shall be at your dispose.
I'll straight go help you to some strange disguise
And place you in a service in this town,
Where you shall know all, yet yourself unknown.
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had ;
Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.

Luce. I thank you, Sir.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in SIR LANCELOT SPURCOCK'S House in Kent.

Enter SIR LANCELOT, SIR ARTHUR, OLIVER, WEATHERCOCK,
CIVET, FRANCES, and DELIA.

Oli. Well, cha 'a bin zarved many a sluttish trick, but such a
lerrippoop‡ as thick ich was ne'er yzarved.

* I shall be even with you.

† The diminutive of minx.

‡ Backhander.

Sir Lanc. Son Civet, daughter Frances, bear with me :
You see how I'm press'd down with inward grief,
About that luckless girl, your sister Luce.

But 'tis fallen out
With me, as with many families beside :
They are most unhappy that are most beloved.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even fallen out so.
But what remedy ? set hand to your heart,
And let it pass. Here is your daughter Frances
And I ; and we'll not say, we will bring forth
As witty children, but as pretty children
As ever she was, though she had the prick
And praise for a pretty wench :* But, father,
Dun is the mouse : you'll come ?

Sir. Lanc. Ay, son Civet, I'll come.

Civ. And you, Master Oliver ?

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veast, chil see if a gan make a
better veast there.

Civ. And you, Sir Arthur ?

Sir Arth. Ay, Sir, although my heart be full,
I'll be a partner at your wedding feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome. Come Franke,
are you ready ?

Fran. Jesu, how hasty these husbands are ! I pray, father,
pray to God to bless me.

Sir Lanc. God bless thee ! and I do. God make thee wise !
Send you both joy ! I wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But, father, shall not my sister Delia go along with us ?
she is excellent good at cookery, and such things.

Sir Lanc. Yes marry shall she : Delia, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir. I will first go to Greenwich ; from
thence to my cousin Chesterfield's, and so to London.

Civ. It shall suffice, good sister Delia, it shall suffice ; but fail
us not, good sister : give order to cooks and others ; for I would
not have my sweet Franke to soil her fingers.

Fran. No, by my troth, not I. A gentlewoman, and a married
gentlewoman too, to be companion to cooks and kitchen-boys !
Not I, i' faith ; I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet-heart ; thou seest
I do not go about it. Well, farewell to you.—God's pity, Master
Weathercock ! we shall have your company too ?

Weath. With all my heart, for I love good cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all. Come, Franke.

Fran. God be with you, father ; God be with you. Sir Arthur,
Master Oliver, and Master Weathercock, sister, God be with you
all : God be with you, father ; God be with you, every one.

[*Exeunt CIVET and FRANCES.*]

Weath. Why, how now, Sir Arthur ? all a-mort ?†

Master Oliver, how now, man ?

Cheerily ; Sir Lancelot ; and merrily say,

Who can hold that will away ?

* To have the prick was to gain the prize in archery.

† Quite dead.

Sir Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor girl, undone ;
But when they'll be self-will'd, children must smart.

Sir Arth. But, Sir,
That she is wrong'd, you are the chiefest cause ;
Therefore, 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir Lancelot, you must.

Sir Lanc. Must? who can compel me, Master Weathercock?
I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may ; you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but an you be well avisen, it were not good, by this
vrampolness* and vrowardness, to cast away as pretty a Dowsabel
as an should chance† to see in a summer's day. Chil tell you
what chall do ; chil go spy up and down the town, and see if I
can hear any tale or tydings of her, and take her away from thick
a messel ; vor cham assured, he'll but bring her to the spoil ; and
so vare you well. We shall meet at your son Civet's.

Sir Lanc. I thank you, Sir ; I take it very kindly.

Sir Arth. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest blood ;
So well I loved her, to effect her good.

[*Exeunt CIVET and SIR ARTHUR.*]

Sir Lanc. O Master Weathercock, what hap had I,
To force my daughter from Master Oliver,
And this good knight, to one that hath no goodness
In his thought?

Weath. Ill luck ; but what remedy?

Sir Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a remedy :
Young Flowerdale is sure a prisoner.

Weath. Sure ; nothing more sure.

Sir Lanc. And yet perhaps his uncle hath released him.

Weath. It may be very like ; no doubt he hath.

Sir Lanc. Well, if he be in prison, I'll have warrants
To 'tach‡ my daughter till the law be tried ;
For I will sue him upon cozenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Sir Lanc. Nay that's not so ; I may chance to be scoff'd
And sentence pass'd with him.

Weath. Believe me, so it may ; therefore take heed.

Sir Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants ;
In prison, or at liberty, all's one :

You will help to serve them, Master Weathercock? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street in London.

Enter M. FLOWERDALE.

M. Flow. A plague of the devil ! the devil take the dice ! the
dice and the devil and his dam go together ! Of all my hundred
golden angels, I have not left me one denier. A pox of come, a
five !§ What shall I do ? I can borrow no more of my credit :

* Well advised. Vrampolness for frampoldness, or peevishness.

† As one should chance to see, &c.

‡ To attach or apprehend her.

§ At hazard, the players frequently, as they are casting, invoke the
dice.

there's not any of my acquaintance, man nor boy, but I have borrowed more or less of. I would I knew where to take a good purse, and go clear away; by this light I'll venture for it. God's-lid, my sister Delia: I'll rob her, by this hand.

Enter DELIA and ARTICHOKE.

Del. I pr'ythee, Artichoke, go not so fast;
The weather's hot, and I am something weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, Mistress Delia, I'll not tire you with leading; we'll go an extreme moderate pace.

M. Flow. Stand; deliver your purse.

Art. O lord, thieves, thieves! [*Exit ARTICHOKE.*]

M. Flow. Come, come, your purse; lady, your purse.

Del. That voice I have heard often before this time.

What, brother Flowerdale become a thief!

M. Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your father: but sister,
Come, your money, come. What!

The world must find me; I am born to live;

'Tis not a sin to steal, where none will give.

Del. O God, is all grace banish'd from thy heart?
Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.

M. Flow. Shame me no shames. Come, give me your purse;
I'll bind you, sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not: hold, there is all I have;
And would that money would redeem thy shame.

Enter OLIVER, SIR ARTHUR, and ARTICHOKE.

Art. Thieves, thieves, thieves!

Oli. Thieves! where man? why, how now, Mistress Delia.
Ha' you yliked to been yrobbed?

Del. No, Master Oliver; 'tis Master Flowerdale; he did but
jest with me.

Oli. How, Flowerdale, that scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us
well; vang* thee that. [*Strikes him.*]

M. Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I have
a charge.

Del. Here, brother Flowerdale, I'll lend you this same money.

M. Flow. I thank you, sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplitted,† an you let the messel have a
penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it myself.

Sir Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a trompant‡ life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all men censure you.
Farewell; and I pray God amend your life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you, safe enough from
twenty such scoundrels as thick a one is. Farewell, and be
hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou wilt be shortly. Come, Sir
Arthur. [*Exeunt all but M. FLOWERDALE.*]

M. Flow. A plague go with you for a kersey rascal.

* I. e. take.

† I. e. split.

‡ A cheating life; from *tromper*, or triumphant, the old phrase for
trumping; quasi, gambling.

This De'nshire man I think is made all of pork :
 His hands made only for to heave up packs ;
 His heart as fat and big as is his face ;
 As differing far from all brave gallant minds,
 As I to serve the hogs, and drink with hinds ;
 As I am very near now. Well, what remedy ?
 When money, means, and friends, do grow so small,
 Then farewell life, and there's an end of all.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Street. Before CIVET'S House.

Enter FLOWERDALE SENIOR, LUCE, like a Dutch Frow, CIVET, and FRANCES.*

Civ. By my troth, God-a-mercy for this, good Christopher. I thank thee for my maid ; I like her very well. How dost thou like her, Frances ?

Fran. In good sadness, Tom, very well, excellent well ; she speaks so prettily :—I pray, what's your name ?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called Tanikin.

Fran. By my troth, a fine name. O Tanikin, you are excellent for dressing one's head a new fashion.

Luce. Me sall do every ting about de head.

Civ. What countrywoman is she, Kester ?

Flow. Sen. A Dutch woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not ?

Flow. Sen. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O, then, thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears.†

Luce. Yes, mistress, very well.

Flow. Sen. Cheeks and ears ! why, Mistress Frances, want you cheeks and ears ? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a fool, indeed. Tom, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, Kester ; 'tis such as they wear a' their heads. I pr'ythee, Kit, have her in, and show her my house.

Flow. Sen. I will, Sir. Come, Tanikin.

Fran. O, Tom, you have not bussed me to-day, Tom.

Civ. No, Frances, we must not kiss afore folks. God save me, Franke. See yonder ; my sister Delia is come.

Enter DELIA and ARTICHOKE.

Welcome, good sister.

Fran. Welcome, good sister. How do you like the tire of my head ?

Del. Very well, sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, sister Delia, to give order for supper ; they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not served, she had not been here now. Filching Flowerdale had like to have peppered us : but for Master Oliver, we had been robbed.

* Woman.

† Probably the name of a head-dress then worn.

Del. Peace, sirrah, no more.

Flow. Sen. Robbed! by whom?

Art. Marry, by none but by Flowerdale; he is turned thief.

Civ. By my faith, but that is not well; but God be praised for your escape. Will you draw near, sister?

Flow. Sen. Sirrah, come hither. Would Flowerdale, he that was my master, have robbed you? I pr'ythee tell me true.

Art. Yes, i' faith, even that Flowerdale that was thy master.

Flow. Sen. Hold thee; there is a French crown, and speak no more of this. *[Aside.]*

Art. Not I, not a word.—Now do I smell knavery: in every purse Flowerdale takes, he is half; and gives me this to keep counsel:—not a word, I.

Flow. Sen. Why, God-a-mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here; I have a new Dutch maid, and she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, sister?

Del. I like your maid well.

Civ. Well, dear sister, will you draw near, and give directions for supper. Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, brother; lead the way, I'll follow you.

[Exeunt all but DELIA and LUCE.]

Hark you, Dutch frow, a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill vit me?

Del. Sister Luce, 'tis not your broken language, Nor this same habit, can disguise your face From I that know you. Pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me; yet be secret. This borrow'd shape that I have ta'en upon me, Is but to keep myself a space unknown, Both from my father, and my nearest friends; Until I see how time will bring to pass The desperate course of Master Flowerdale.

Del. O, he is worse than bad; I pr'ythee leave him; And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me once to such a thought. Imagine yet that he is worse than naught; Yet one hour's time may all that ill undo That all his former life did run into.

Therefore, kind sister, do not disclose my estate If e'er his heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, seeing no counsel can remove your mind, I'll not disclose you that are wilful blind.

Luce. Delia, I thank you. I now must please her eyes, My sister Frances' neither fair nor wise. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street before CIVET'S House.**Enter M. FLOWERDALE.*

M. Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his journey. I have passed the very utmost bounds of shifting; I have no course now but to hang myself. I have lived since yesterday two o'clock on a spice-cake I had at a burial;* and for drink, I got it at an ale-house among porters, such as will bear out a man if he have no money indeed; I mean—out of their companies, for they are men of good carriage. Who comes here? the two coney-catchers† that won all my money of me. I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter DICK and RALPH.

What, Master Richard, how do you? How dost thou, Ralph? By God, gentlemen, the world grows bare with me; will you do as much as lend me an angel between you both? You know, you won a hundred of me the other day.

Ralph. How! an angel? God damn us if we lost not every penny within an hour after thou wert gone.

M. Flow. I pr'ythee lend me so much as will pay for my supper: I'll pay you again, as I am a gentleman.

Ralph. I' faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite.

I wonder at it, Master Flowerdale,
You will so carelessly undo yourself.

Why you will lose more money in an hour,

Than any honest man spends in a year.

For shame! betake you to some honest trade,

And live not thus so like a vagabond.

[Exeunt DICK and RALPH.]

M. Flow. A vagabond, indeed! more villains you:

They give me counsel that first cozen'd me.

Those devils first brought me to this I am,

And being thus, the first that do me wrong.

Well, yet I have one friend left me in store.

Not far from hence there dwells a cockatrice,‡

One that I first put in a satin gown;

And not a tooth that dwells within her head,

But stands me at the least in twenty pound:

Her will I visit now my coin is gone;

And as I take it here dwells the gentlewoman.

What ho, is Mistress Apricock within?

*[Knocks.]**Enter RUFFIAN.*

Ruf. What saucy rascal's that which knocks so bold?

O, is it you, old spendthrift? Are you here?

One that is turn'd cozeners 'bout the town?

* At ancient funerals rich cakes were given to the mourners, poorer ones distributed among the populace.

† Cheats.

‡ *I. e.* a harlot.

My mistress saw you, and sends this word by me;
Either be packing quickly from the door,
Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight
As you will little like on: you had best be gone.

[Exit.

M. Flow. Why so, this is as it should be; being poor,
Thus art thou served by a vile painted whore.
Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient CITIZEN.

Sir, I beseech you to take compassion of a man; one whose fortunes have been better than at this instant they seem to be: but if I might crave of you so much little portion as would bring me to my friends, I would rest thankful until I had requited so great a courtesy.

Cit. Fie, fie, young man! this course is very bad.

Too many such have we about this city;
Yet, for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common beggar,
Hold; there's an angel to bear your charges down.
Go to your friends; do not on this depend:
Such bad beginnings oft have worsen end.

[Exit CITIZEN.

M. Flow. Worsen end! nay, if it fall out no worse than in old angels, I care not. Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a sixpenny purse escape me:—By the mass, here comes another.

Enter a CITIZEN'S WIFE, and a Servant, with a torch before her.

God bless you, fair mistress. Now would it please you, gentlewoman, to look into the wants of a poor gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it back again; one that never before this time demanded penny, halfpenny, nor farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, Alexander. Now, by my troth, a very proper man; and 'tis great pity. Hold, my friend; there's all the money I have about me, a couple of shillings; and God bless thee.

M. Flow. Now, God thank you, sweet lady. If you have any friend, or garden-house where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you, good friend; I prythee let me see that again I gave thee; there is one of them a brass shilling; give me them, and here is half a crown in gold. [He gives the money to her.] Now, out upon thee, rascal: secret service! what dost thou make of me? It were a good deed to have thee whipped: Now I have my money again, I'll see thee hanged before I give thee a penny. Secret service!—On, good Alexander.

[Exeunt CITIZEN'S WIFE and Servant.

M. Flow. This is villanous luck; I perceive dishonesty will not thrive. Here comes more. God forgive me, Sir Arthur and Master Oliver. Afore God, I'll speak to them.

Enter SIR ARTHUR and OLIVER.

God save you, Sir Arthur ; God save you, Master Oliver.

Oli. Been you there, zirrah ? come, will you ytaken yourself to your tools, coystrel ?

M. Flow. Nay, Master Oliver, I'll not fight with you.

Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doings ;

It was only a plot to get Sir Lancelot's daughter :

By God, I never meant you harm.

Oli. And where is the gentlewoman thy wife, messel ? where is she, zirrah, ha ?

M. Flow. By my troth, Master Oliver, sick, very sick : and God is my judge, I know not what means to make for her, good gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true ; is she sick ? tell me true, ich 'vise thee.

M. Flow. Yes, 'faith, I tell you true, Master Oliver ; if you would do me the small kindness but to lend me forty shillings, so God help me, I will pay you so soon as my ability shall make me able ;—as I am a gentleman.

Oli. Well, thou zaist thy wife is zick ; hold, there's vorty shillings ; give it to thy wife. Look thou, give it her, or I shall zo veeze thee, thou wert not zo veezed this zeven year ; look to it.

Sir Arth. I 'faith, Master Oliver, 'tis in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

M. Flow. I tell you true, Sir Arthur, as I am a gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell zirrah : come, Sir Arthur.

[*Exeunt SIR ARTHUR and OLIVER.*]

M. Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent ;
Five golden angels compass'd in an hour :
If this trade hold, I'll never seek a new.
Welcome, sweet gold, and beggary adieu.

Enter FLOWERDALE JUNIOR and FLOWERDALE SENIOR.

Flow. Jun. See, Kester, if you can find the house.

M. Flow. Who's here ? My uncle and my man Kester ? By the mass, 'tis they. How do you, uncle ? how dost thou, Kester ? By my troth, uncle, you must needs lend me some money. The poor gentlewoman my wife, so God help me, is very sick : I was robbed of the hundred angels you gave me ; they are gone.

Flow. Jun. Ay, they are gone indeed. Come, Kester, away.

M. Flow. Nay, uncle ; do you hear, good uncle ?

Flow. Jun. Out, hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak : come, leave him, Kester.

M. Flow. Kester, honest Kester.

Flow. Sen. Sir, I have nought to say to you. Open the door to me, 'Kin :* thou hadst best lock it fast, for there's a false knave without.

[*FLOWERDALE SENIOR and FLOWERDALE JUNIOR go in.*]

M. Flow. You are an old lying rascal, so you are.

* *I. e.* Tanikin, the assumed name of Luce

Enter, from CIVET's house, LUCE.

Luce. Vat is de matter? Vat be you, yonker?

M. Flow. By this light, a Dutch frow; they say they are called kind. By this light, I'll try her.

Luce. Vat bin you, yonker? why do you not speak?

M. Flow. By my troth, sweetheart, a poor gentleman, that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of your purse.

Re-enter FLOWERDALE SENIOR.

Luce. O hear, God! so young an armin!*

M. Flow. Armin, sweetheart? I know not what you mean by that; but I am almost a beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married man? vere bin your wife? Here is all I have; take dis.

M. Flow. What, gold, young frow? this is brave.

Flow. Sen. If he have any grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not? vere be your wife?

M. Flow. Dead, dead; she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me. Spent me all I had, and kept rascals under my nose to brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

M. Flow. Use her! there's never a gentlewoman in England could be better used than I did her. I could but coach her; her diet stood me in forty pound a month: but she is dead; and in her grave my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed, dat vas not shoen.†

Flow. Sen. He is turned more devil than he was before.

M. Flow. Thou dost belong to Master Civet here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

M. Flow. Why, there's it! there's not a handful of plate but belongs to me. God's my judge, if I had such a wench as thou art, there's never a man in England would make more of her than I would do—so she had any stock. [Within, Tanikin.

Luce. Stay; one doth call: I shall come by-and-by again.

[Exit.

M. Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me. Were it not admirable to make her steal all Civet's plate, and run away?

Flow. Sen. It were beastly. O Master Flowerdale, Have you no fear of God, nor conscience?

What do you mean by this vile course you take?

M. Flow. What do I mean? why, to live; that I mean.

Flow. Sen. To live in this sort? Fie upon the course: Your life doth show you are a very coward.

M. Flow. A coward! I pray, in what?

Flow. Sen. Why, you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

M. Flow. 'Snails, is there such cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a man, ay, and of the tallest man in England,—if he will lend it me: let me borrow it how I can, and let them come

* I. e. a beggar.

† Schön, German, good, pretty.

by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might have rid out* a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Flow. Sen. It was not want of will, but cowardice. There is none that lends to you, but know they gain: And what is that but only stealth in you? Delia might hang you now, did not her heart Take pity of you for her sister's sake. Go, get you hence, lest ling'ring here your stay, You fall into their hands you look not for.

M. Flow. I'll tarry here, till the Dutch frow comes, if all the devils in hell were here.

[FLOWERDALE SENIOR goes in to CIVET's house.]

Enter SIR LANCELOT, MASTER WEATHERCOCK, and
ARTICHOKE.

Sir Lanc. Where is the door? are we not past it, Artichoke?

Art. By the mass, here's one; I'll ask him. Do you hear, Sir? What, are you so proud? Do you hear? Which is the way to Master Civet's house? What, will you not speak? O me! this is filching Flowerdale.

Sir Lanc. O wonderful! is this lewd villain here? O you cheating rogue, you cut-purse, coney-catcher! What ditch, you villain, is my daughter's grave? A cozening rascal, that must make a will, Take on him a strict habit,† feigning that, When he should turn to angel, dying grace. I'll father-in-law you, Sir, I'll make a will; Speak, villain, where's my daughter? Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd o' the head: And to abuse good Master Weathercock, With his forged will; make To shake my grounded resolution. Then to abuse the De'nshire gentleman: Go; away with him to prison.

M. Flow. Wherefore to prison? Sir, I will not go.

Enter CIVET and his Wife, OLIVER, SIR ARTHUR, FLOWERDALE SENIOR, FLOWERDALE JUNIOR, and DELIA.

Sir Lanc. O here's his uncle: welcome, gentlemen, welcome all. Such a cozeners, gentlemen, a murderer too, for anything I know! My daughter is missing; hath been looked for; cannot be found. A vild‡ upon thee!

Flow. Jun. He is my kinsman, though his life be vile: Therefore, in God's name, do with him what you will.

Sir Lanc. Marry, to prison.

M. Flow. Wherefore to prison? snick-up.§ I owe you nothing.

Sir Lanc. Bring forth my daughter, then: Away with him.

M. Flow. Go seek your daughter. What do you lay to my charge?

Sir Lanc. Suspicion of murder. Go; away with him.

* I. e. might have been a highwayman.

† Austere manner.

‡ Vileness.

§ Go hang yourself.

M. Flow. Murder your dogs! I murder your daughter?
Come, uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Flow. Jun. Not I, were there no more than I the gaoler, thou the prisoner.

Sir Lanc. Go; away with him.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. O' my life, hear: where will you ha' de man?
Vat ha' de yonker done?

Weath. Woman, he hath killed his wife.

Luce. His wife! dat is not good; dat is not shoen.*

Sir Lanc. Hang not upon him, huswife; if you do, I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no oder way dan you have him:
He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my maid to prison! why, Tom, will you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, father, she is no vagrant; she is my wife's chamber-maid, and as true as the skin between any man's brows here.

Sir Lanc. Go to, you're both fools.
Son Civet, of my life, this is a plot;
Some straggling counterfeit preferr'd to you,
No doubt to rob you of your plate and jewels:—
I'll have you led away to prison, trull.

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish frow:
Nor he nor I shall to the prison go.
Know you me now? nay, never stand amazed.

[*Throws off her Dutch dress.*]

Father, I know I have offended you;
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience,
Yet this way do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleness.

Sir Lanc. Bastard in nature! yield to such a slave?

Luce. O Master Flowerdale, if too much grief
Have not stopp'd up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife;
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue?
Turn not away; I am no *Æthiop*,
No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen;
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What! turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee woeful'st among hapless men.

M. Flow. I am, indeed, wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chastity and virtue hath infused
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.

Sir Lanc. Out, hypocrite! I charge thee, trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him? By the hopes of after bliss,
I know no sorrow can be compared to his.

* Schön, *German*, pretty, good.

Sir Lanc. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to beggary,
Follow thy fortune: I defy thee, I.*

Oli. I woud che were so well ydousse as was ever white cloth
in a tocking mill,† an che ha' not made me weep.

Flow. Sen. If he hath any grace, he'll now repent.

Sir Arth. It moves my heart.

Weath. By my troth, I must weep, I cannot choose.

Flow. Jun. None but a beast woud such a maid misuse.

M. Flow. Content thyself, I hope to win his favour,
And to redeem my reputation lost:

And, gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you;

I hope your eyes shall behold such a change

As shall deceive your expectation.

Oli. I woud che were ysplitted now, but che believe him.

Sir Lanc. How! believe him!

Weath. By the mackins, I do.

Sir Lanc. What, do you think that e'er he will have grace?

Weath. By my faith, it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vore ye, he is changed. And, Master Flowerdale, in hope you been so, hold, there's vorty pound toward your zetting up. What! be not ashamed; vang‡ it, man, vang it: be a good husband, loven to your wife; and you shall not want for vorty more, I che vore thee.

Sir Arth. My means are little, but, if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest power;

But, to your wife I give this diamond,

And prove true diamond-fair in all your life.

M. Flow. Thanks, good Sir Arthur: Master Oliver,
You being my enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to restore—

Oli. What! restore me no restorings, man; I have vorty pound more for Luce here; vang it: zooth chil devy London else. What, do you think me a messel or a scoundrel, to throw away my money? Che have an hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation. I hope your under\$ and your uncle will vollow my zamples.

Flow. Jun. You have guess'd right of me; if he
Leave off this course of life, he shall be mine heir.

Sir Lanc. But he shall never get a groat of me.

A cozener, a deceiver, one that kill'd

His painful father, honest gentleman,

That pass'd the fearful danger of the sea,

To get him living, and maintain him brave.||

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his father?

Sir Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile courses.

Flow. Sen. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Sir Lanc. Why, thou old knave, thou told'st me so thyself.

Flow. Sen. I wrong'd him, then: and towards my master's
stock

There's twenty nobles for to make amends.

* I refuse to receive thee.

† I. e. ducking mill.

‡ Take.

§ I. e. your servant; old Flowerdale, who attended on his son in disguise.

|| Support him in splendour.

M. Flow. No, Kester, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more;

What thou in love giv'st, I in love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha, sister! there you play'd bo-peep with Tom. What shall I give her toward household? sister Delia, shall I give her my fan?

Del. You were best ask your husband.

Fran. Shall I, Tom?

Civ. Ay, do, Franke; I'll buy thee a new one with a longer handle.

Fran. A russet one, Tom.

Civ. Ay, with russet feathers.

Fran. Here, sister; there's my fan toward household, to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you, sister.

Weath. Why, this is well: and toward fair Luce's stock, Here's forty shillings: and forty good shillings more, I'll give her, marry. Come, Sir Lancelot, I must have you friends.

Sir Lanc. Not I: all this is counterfeit; he will consume it, were it a million.

Flow. Sen. Sir, what is your daughter's dower worth?

Sir Lanc. Had she been married to an honest man, It had been better than a thousand pound.

Flow. Sen. Pay it to him, and I'll give you my bond To make her jointure better worth than three.

Sir Lanc. Your bond, Sir! why, what are you?

Flow. Sen. One whose word in London, though I say it, Will pass there for as much as yours.

Sir Lanc. Wert not thou late that unthrift's serving-man?

Flow. Sen. Look on me better, now my scar is off: Ne'er muse, man, at this metamorphosis.

Sir Lanc. Master Flowerdale!

M. Flow. My father! O, I shame to look on him. Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.

Flow. Sen. Son, son, I do; and joy at this thy change, And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid, Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.

Luce. 'This addeth joy to joy; high heaven be praised.

Weath. Master Flowerdale, welcome from death, good Master Flowerdale. 'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here, good faith.

Flow. Sen. I caused that rumour to be spread myself, Because I'd see the humours of my son, Which to relate the circumstance is needless. And, sirrah, see

You run no more into that same disease:
For he that's once cured of that malady,
Of riot, swearing, drunkenness, and pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever's deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad, as of a calenture.*

* Burning fever.

M. Flow. Heaven helping me, I'll hate the course as hell.

Flow. Jun. Say it, and do it, cousin, all is well.

Sir Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour. Brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my heart: I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it. Come, let's in, and feast.

Oli. Nay, zoft you a while. You promised to make Sir Arthur
and me amends: here is your wisest daughter; see which on us
she'll have.

Sir Lanc. A God's name, you have my good will; get hers.

Oli. How say you, then, damsel?

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then send for a vicar, and chil have it despatched in
a trice; so chil.

Del. Pardon me, Sir; I mean that I am yours
In love, in duty, and affection;
But not to love as wife: it shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried married, but a maid.

Sir Arth. Do not condemn yourself for ever, virtuous fair;
you were born to love.

Oli. Why you say true, Sir Arthur; she was ybore to it, so
well as her mother:—but, I pray you, show us some zamples or
reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married life
(For 'tis, no doubt, a sanctimonious thing),
But for the care and crosses of a wife;
The trouble in this world that children bring.
My vow's in heaven, on earth to live alone;
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why, then, che will live a bachelor too. Che zet not a
vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig by me.—Come, shall's go to
dinner?

Flow. Sen. To-morrow I crave your companies in Mark-lane:
To-night we'll frolic in Master Civet's house,
And to each health drink down a full carouse.

THE PURITAN:

OR,

THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET.

THE PURITAN.

"A BOOKE called The Comedie of the Puritan Wydowe" was entered at Stationers' Hall by G. Eld, August 6, 1607; and the play was published by him in the same year, with the following title: "The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling Streete. Acted by the Children of Paules. Written by W. S." This circumstance alone might lead us to suspect that it was not the composition of Shakspeare; for it does not appear that any one of his pieces was acted by the children of St. Paul's. But without having recourse to any argument of that kind, it may be sufficient to say that there is no authority whatsoever for attributing this comedy to him. The colour of the style is entirely different from that of his plays, and it was, as we see, not printed under his name in his lifetime: it is not mentioned as his production by any contemporary writer, nor was it, I believe, ever attributed to him till Kirkman, a bookseller, in one of his catalogues, chose to interpret the letters W. S. to mean William Shakspeare.

I suppose this piece to have been written by William Smith, whose name has been already mentioned in the preliminary observations on "Locrine," and who was likewise the author of two other plays, "The Palsgrave, or the Hector of Germany," printed in the year 1615, and the "Freeman's Honour," a performance that was, I believe, never published.

THE PURITAN:

OR,

THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR GODFREY PLUS, *Brother-in-law to the Widow Plus.*

EDMOND, *Son to the Widow.*

SIR OLIVER MUCKHILL, *a rich City Knight, and Suitor to the Widow.*

SIR JOHN PENNYDUB, *a Country Knight, and Suitor to Mary.*

SIR ANDREW TIPSTAFF, *a Courtier, and Suitor to Frances.*

GEORGE PYEBOARD, *a Scholar.*

THE SHERIFF OF LONDON.

CAPTAIN IDLE, *a Highwayman.*

PUTTOCK, } *Sheriff's Serjeants.*

RAVENSHAW, }

DOGSON, *a Catchpole.*

CORPORAL OATH, *a vainglorious Fellow.*

NICHOLAS ST. ANTLINGS,

SIMON ST. MARY-

OVERIES,

FRAILTY,

PETER SKIRMISH, *an Old Soldier.*

A NOBLEMAN.

A GENTLEMAN CITIZEN.

LADY PLUS, *a Citizen's Widow.*

FRANCES, } *her two Daughters.*

MARY, }

SHERIFF'S OFFICERS, KEEPER OF
THE MARSHALSEA PRISON, MU-
SICIANS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden behind the WIDOW's House.*

Enter the WIDOW PLUS, FRANCES, MARY, SIR GODFREY, and EDMOND, all in mourning; the latter in a Cyprus hat: the WIDOW wringing her hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the burial of her husband.

Wid. O, that ever I was born, that ever I was born!

Sir God. Nay, good sister, dear sister, sweet sister, be of good comfort; show yourself a woman now or never.

Wid. O, I have lost the dearest man, I have buried the sweetest husband, that ever lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet, wise man. He was my brother, as right as right.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him; he was a man so well given to a woman. Oh!

Sir God. Nay, but, kind sister, I could weep as much as any woman; but, alas, our tears cannot call him again. Methinks you are well read, sister, and know that death is as common as *homo*, a common name to all men. A man shall be taken when he's making water. Nay, did not the learned parson, Master Pigman, tell us even now,—that all flesh is frail—We are born to die—Man has but a time—with such like deep and profound persuasions? as he is a rare fellow, you know, and an excellent reader. And for example (as there are examples abundance), did not Sir Humphrey Bubble die t'other day? There's a lusty widow! why, she cried not above half an hour. For shame, for shame!—Then followed him old Master Fulsome, the usurer: there's a wise widow; why, she cried ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O, rank not me with those wicked women; I had a husband out-shined 'em all.

Sir God. Ay, that he did, i' faith; he out-shined 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there, and see us all weep, and not once shed a tear for thy father's death? oh, thou ungracious son and heir, thou!

Edm. Troth, mother, I should not weep, I'm sure. I am past a child, I hope, to make all my old schoolfellows laugh at me; I should be mocked, so I should. Pray, let one of my sisters weep for me; I'll laugh as much for her another time.

Wid. O, thou past-grace, thou! Out of my sight, thou graceless imp! thou grievest me more than the death of thy father. O, thou stubborn only son! Hadst thou such an honest man to thy father—that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those lands, which now you respect not: up every morning betwixt four and five; so duly at Westminster-hall every term-time, with all his charts* and writings, for thee, thou wicked Absalon: O, dear husband!

Edm. Weep, quoth-a? I protest I am glad he's church'd; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Fran. Dear mother, pray cease; half your tears suffice; 'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes: Let me weep now.

Wid. O, such a dear knight, such a sweet husband have I lost, have I lost! If blessed be the corse the rain rains upon, he had it pouring down.

Sir God. Sister, be of good cheer. We are all mortal ourselves; I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without comfort. Hear me what I shall say:—My brother has left you wealthy; you're rich.

Wid. Oh!

Sir God. I say you're rich: you are also fair.

Wid. Oh!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair; you cannot smother it; beauty will come to light. Nor are your years so far entered with you,

but that you will be sought after, and may very well answer another husband. The world is full of fine gallants; choice enough, sister; for, what should we do with all our knights, I pray, but to marry rich widows, wealthy citizens' widows, lusty fair-browed ladies? Go to, be of good comfort, I say; leave snobbing* and weeping. Yet, my brother was a kind-hearted man,—I would not have the elf see me now.—Come, pluck up a woman's heart. Here stand your daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also be inquired after with good husbands; so all these tears shall be soon dried up, and a better world than ever. What, woman! you must not weep still; he's dead, he's buried:—yet I cannot choose but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!

And that same part o' the choir whereon I tread

To such intent, O, may it be my grave!

And that the priest may turn his wedding prayers,

Even with a breath, to funeral dust and ashes!

O, out of a million of millions, I should ne'er find such a husband; he was unmatched, unmatched. Nothing was too hot, nor too dear for me. I could not speak of that one thing that I had not. Beside, I had keys of all, kept all, received all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would. O, my sweet husband! I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister, ne'er say so. He was an honest brother of mine, and so; and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you: that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never. O, if you love me, urge it not.

O may I be the by-word of the world,

[*Kneels.*

The common talk at table in the mouth

Of every groom and waiter, if e'er more

I entertain the carnal suit of man.

Mary. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never man as yet hath scaled,

Even in this depth of general sorrow, vow

Never to marry, to sustain such loss

As a dear husband seems to be, once dead.

Mary. I loved my father well, too; but to say,

Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death,

Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?

I'd as soon vow never to come in bed.

Tut! women must live by the quick, and not by the dead.

Wid. Dear copy of my husband, O let me kiss thee!

[*Kisses her husband's picture.*

How like him is this model! This brief picture

Quickens my tears: my sorrows are renew'd

At this fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister—

Wid. Away!

All honesty with him is turn'd to clay.

O my sweet husband! Oh.

* Sobbing.

Fran. My dear father ! [Exeunt WIDOW and FRANCES.

Mary. Here's a puling, indeed ! I think my mother weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands ; for if from time to time all the widowers'* tears in England had been bottled up, I do not think all would have filled a three-halfpenny bottle. Alas, a small matter bucks† a handkerchief ! and sometimes the 'spital stands too nigh Saint Thomas a' Waterings.‡ Well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another ; but where I spend one tear for a dead father, I could give twenty kisses for a quick§ husband. [Exit.

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old Sir Godfrey, and thou mayst be proud on't ; thou hast a kind, loving sister-in-law. How constant ! how passionate ! how full of April the poor soul's eyes are ! Well, I would my brother knew on't ; he should then know what a kind wife he had left behind him. 'Truth, an 'twere not for shame that the neighbours at the next garden should hear me, between joy and grief I should e'en cry outright. [Exit.

Edm. So ; a fair riddance ! My father's laid in dust ; his coffin and he is like a whole meat-pie, and the worms will cut him up shortly. Farewell, old dad, farewell ! I'll be curbed in no more. I perceive a son and heir may be quickly made a fool, an he will be one ; but I'll take another order.|| Now, she would have me weep for him, forsooth ; and why ? because he cozened the right heir, being a fool, and bestowed those lands on me, his eldest son ; and therefore I must weep for him ; ha, ha ! Why, all the world knows, as long as 'twas his pleasure to get me, 'twas his duty to get for me : I know the law in that point ; no attorney can gull me. Well, my uncle is an old ass, and an admirable coxcomb. I'll rule the roast myself ; I'll be kept under no more ; I know what I may do well enough by my father's copy : the law's in mine own hands now. Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my mother, I warrant you. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter PYEBOARD and SKIRMISH.

Pye. What's to be done now, old lad of war ? Thou that were wont to be as hot as a turnspit, as nimble as a fencer, and as lousy as a school-master, now thou art put to silence like a secretary. War sits now like a justice of peace, and does nothing. Where be your muskets, calivers,¶ and hot-shots ? in Long-lane, at pawn, at pawn ? Now keys are your only guns ; key-guns, key-guns,—and bawds the gunners ; who are your sentinels in peace, and stand ready charged to give warning with hems, hums, and pocky coughs : only your chambers are licensed to play upon you, and drabs enow to give fire to 'em.

* In old English books the word *widower* is applied to both sexes.

† Soaks.

‡ I. e. those widows who shed most tears, are sometimes guilty of such indiscretions as render them proper subjects for the public hospital.

§ I. e. alive.

|| Pursue another course.

¶ Muskets.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me; for since the ceasure* of the wars I have spent above a hundred crowns out of purse. I have been a soldier any time this forty years; and now I perceive an old soldier and an old courtier have both one destiny, and in the end turn both into hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty mystery for a beggar; for indeed a hob-nail is the true emblem of a beggar's shoe-soal.

Skir. I will not say but that war is a blood-sucker, and so; but, in my conscience (as there is no soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a shot ancient; † no matter,—'twill serve to swear by), in my conscience, I think some kind of peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady sins (though looking of a gentle nature), than a professed war.

Pye. 'Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar; I have been matriculated in the university, wore out six gowns there, seen some fools, and some scholars, some of the city, and some of the country, kept order, went bare-headed over the quadrangle, ate my commons with a good stomach, and battled with discretion; ‡ at last, having done many sleights and tricks to maintain my wit in use (as my brain would never endure me to be idle), I was expelled the university, only for stealing a cheese out of Jesus College.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. O! there was one Welshman (God forgive him!) pursued it hard, and never left, till I turn'd my staff toward London; where, when I came, all my friends were pit-holed, gone to graves; as indeed there was but a few left before. Then was I turn'd to my wits, to shift in the world, to tower§ among sons and heirs, and fools, and gulls, and ladies' eldest sons; to work upon nothing, to feed out of flint: and ever since has my belly been much beholden to my brain. But now to return to you, old Skirmish:—I say as you say, and for my part wish a turbulency in the world; for I have nothing to lose but my wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to strengthen your argument the more, I say an honest war is better than a bawdy peace. As touching my profession: the multiplicity of scholars, hatch'd and nourish'd in the idle calms of peace, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so played upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy, and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself, being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning but the affection|| of my words, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore, not to

* Ceasing.

† Flag.

‡ From the use of the latter expression, Dr. Farmer supposes the author to have been bred at Oxford, *batling* being the term used there to express what is called *sizing* at Cambridge. *Quadrangle* is likewise, if I am not mistaken, an Oxford, and not a Cambridge, phrase. *Battles* (at Oxford—*sizings* at Cambridge) are certain portions of bread, beer, &c., got from the college buttery, on credit.

§ *I. e.* rise like a hawk to descend on my prey.

|| *I. e.* affectation.

cog* with peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a knave then, when I was born a beggar! for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my father had never a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh! faint not, old Skirmish; let this warrant thee—*facilis descensus Averni*—'tis an easy journey to a knave; thou mayst be a knave when thou wilt: and Peace is a good madam to all other professions, and an errant drab to us. Let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in despite of her: For, since the law lives by quarrels, the courtier by smooth good-morrows, and every profession makes itself greater by imperfections, why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? And seeing our brains are our only patrimonies, let's spend with judgment; not like a desperate son and heir, but like a sober and discreet Templar; one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance. And for our thriving means, thus:—I myself will put on the deceit of a fortune-teller.

Skir. A fortune-teller? Very proper.

Pye. And you a figure-caster, or a conjurer.

Skir. A conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone; I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all eyes, but the devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, an I could choose, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you. And so by those means we shall help one another to patients; as the condition of the age affords creatures enough for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous! new fools and fresh asses.

Pye. O, fit, fit; excellent.

Skir. What, in the name of conjuring?

Pye. My memory greets me happily with an admirable subject to graze upon. The lady widow, whom of late I saw weeping in her garden for the death of her husband, sure she has but a waterish soul, and half of't by this time is dropped out of her eyes: device well managed may do good upon her: it stands firm; my first practice shall be there.

Skir. You have my voice, George.

Pye. She has a grey gull to her brother, a fool to her only son, and an ape to her youngest daughter. I overheard them severally, and from their words I'll derive my device; and thou, old Peter Skirmish, shalt be my second in all sleights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, George Pyeboard;—only you must teach me to conjure.

Pye. Puh! I'll perfect thee, Peter: How now! what's he?

[IDLE, pinioned, and attended by a guard of Sheriff's officers, passes over the stage.

Skir. O George! this sight kills me. 'Tis my sworn brother, Captain Idle.

Pye. Captain Idle!

* Dissemble.

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious act or other. He has started out,—has made a night on't,—lack'd silver. I cannot but commend his resolution; he would not pawn his buff jerkin.* I would either some of us were employed, or might pitch our tents at usurers' doors, to kill the slaves as they peep out at the wicket.

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient enemies; they keep our money in their hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of them. But come, let's follow after to the prison, and know the nature of his offence; and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of it: and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable knave is better than a soothing Puritan. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter NICHOLAS *St. Antlings*,† *SIMON St. Mary-Overies*, and *FRAILTY*, in black scurvy mourning coats, with books at their girdles, as coming from Church. To them Corporal OATH.

Nich. What, Corporal Oath! I am sorry we have met with you, next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keep company withal. We must not swear, I can tell you, and you have the name for swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal Oath, I would you would do so much as forsake us, Sir: we cannot abide you; we must not be seen in your company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipp'd for swearing.

Oath. Why how now, *we three*?‡ Puritanical scrapeshoes, flesh o' Good-Fridays, a hand. [*Shakes them by the hand.*]

All. Oh!

Oath. Why, Nicholas *St. Antlings*, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, has the devil possessed you, that you swear no better? you half-christen'd catamites, you ungodmother'd varlets.§ Does the first lesson teach you to be proud, and the second to be coxcombs, proud coxcombs, not once to do duty to a man of mark? ||

Frail. A man of mark, quoth-a! I do not think he can show a beggar's noble.¶

Oath. A corporal, a commander, one of spirit, that is able to blow you up all three, with your books at your girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir; for we know the breath of man is weak. [*OATH breathes on FRAILTY.*]

Frail. Foh! you lie, Nicholas; for here's one strong enough.

* Leathern upper-coat.

† The name of a church near Lombard-street. *Antling's* is a corruption of *Antholin's*.

‡ A common sign in the time of Shakspeare, &c., consisting of two men in fool's coats. The spectator or inquirer concerning its meaning, was supposed to make the third.

§ The Puritans objected to the practice of having godfathers and god-mothers.

|| *I. e.* of distinction.

¶ *I. e.* a farthing. A quibble between *mark*, an ancient coin, value 6s. 8d., and *mark*, eminence.

Blow us up, quoth-a ! he may well blow me above twelve score* off on him : I warrant, if the wind stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate to the leads of Ludgate.†

Oath. Sirrah, thou hollow book of wax-candle‡—

Nich. Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear not.

Oath. I swear by the—

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal Oath ; for if you swear once, we shall all fall down in a swoon presently.

Oath. I must and will swear, you quivering coxcombs : my captain is imprison'd ; and by Vulcan's leather codpiece point§—

Nich. O Simon, what an oath was there !

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor man's breeches would fall down about his heels ; for Venus allows him but one point to his hose.

Oath. With these my bully feet I will thump ope the prison doors, and brain the keeper with the begging-box, but I'll set my honest sweet Captain Idle at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain Idle ? my old aunt's son, my dear kinsman, in cappadochio ?||

Oath. Ay, thou church-peeling, thou holy paring, religious outside, thou. If thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nich. Assure you, corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

Oath. Why, do't now then, marmozet. Bring forth thy yearly wages ; let not a commander perish.

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nich. Well, corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my kinsman ; if I can do him any good, I will ; but I have nothing for him. Simon St. Mary-Overies and Frailty, pray make a lie for me to the knight my master, old Sir Godfrey.

Oath. A lie ! may you lie then ?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our neighbour's wife, but we must not swear we did so.

Oath. O, an excellent tag of religion !

Nich. O Simon, I have thought upon a sound excuse ; it will go current : say that I am gone to a fast.

Sim. To a fast ? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a fast, say, with master Full-belly the minister.

Sim. Master Full-belly ? an honest man : he feeds the stock well, for he's an excellent feeder.

[*Exeunt OATH and NICHOLAS.*]

Frail. O ay ; I have seen him eat a whole pig, and afterward fall to the pettitoes.

[*Exeunt SIMON and FRAILTY.*]

* *I. e.* yards.

† The old gate had a flat leaded roof.

‡ Alluding to the rolls of wax-candle coiled up in the form of a book.

§ A string with a metal tag to it.

|| A cant term used among vulgar jokers for *captivity*. Cappadocia was a country famous for slaves.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Marshalsea Prison.*

Enter IDLE; *to him afterwards* PYEBOARD and SKIRMISH.

Pye. [*within*]. Pray turn the key.

Skir. [*within*]. Turn the key, I pray.

Idle. Who should those be? I almost know their voices.
[PYEBOARD and SKIRMISH *enter*.] O my friends! you are welcome to a smelling-room here. You newly took leave of the air; has it not a strange savour?

Pye. As all prisons have, smells of sundry wretches, who, though departed, leave their scents behind them. By gold, captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Idle. By my troth, George, I thank thee; but, pish—what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your offence?

Idle. Faith, my offence is ordinary, common; a highway: and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too;—a halter.

Pye. Nay, prophesy not so ill; it shall go hard, but I'll shift for thy life.

Idle. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest George. I'll tell you. Silver flowed not with me, as it had done; for now the tide runs to bawds and flatterers. I had a start out, and by chance set upon a fat steward, thinking his purse had been as pursy as his body; and the slave had about him but the poor purchase* of ten groats. Notwithstanding, being descried, pursued, and taken, I know the law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unsettled soldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their pipe for't.†

Skir. I am twice sorry for you, captain; first, that your purchase was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

Idle. Pish; the worst is but death. Have you a pipe of tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

Idle. Here's a clean gentleman‡ too, to receive.

[IDLE *smokes a pipe*.

Pye. Well, I must cast about some happy sleight: Work brain, that ever didst thy master right.

[OATH and NICHOLAS *knock within*.

Oath [*within*]. Keeper, let the key be turn'd.

Nich. [*within*]. Ay, I pray, master keeper, give us a cast of your office.

Enter OATH and NICHOLAS.

Idle. How now? More visitants? What, Corporal Oath?

Pye. } Corporal.
Skir. }

Oath. In prison, honest captain? this must not be.

Nich. How do you, captain kinsman?

* A thing got by plunder.

† *I. e.* be hanged.

‡ *I. e.* a clean pipe.

Idle. Good coxcomb, what makes that pure, starched fool here?

Nich. You see, kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do. I heard you were safe enough; and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Idle. This is a double torture now. This fool, by the book, doth vex me more than my imprisonment. What meant you, corporal, to hook him hither?

Oath. Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee; I'll make him do't.

Idle. Fie, what vain breath you spend. He supply! I'll sooner expect mercy from an usurer when my bond's forfeited, sooner kindness from a lawyer when my money's spent, nay, sooner charity from the devil, than good from a Puritan. I'll look for relief from him when Lucifer is restored to his blood,* and in heaven again.

Nich. I warrant my kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most tyrannically.

Pye. Captain Idle, what's he there? he looks like a monkey upward, and a crane downward.

Idle. Psha! a foolish cousin of mine, I must thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change clothes with him, and leave him here, and so—

Idle. Pish! I published him e'en now to my corporal: he will be damned ere he do me so much good. Why, I know a more proper, a more handsome device than that, if the slave would be sociable. Now, goodman Fleerface?

Nich. O, my cousin begins to speak to me now; I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look, what ridiculous raptures take hold of his wrinkles.

Pye. Then, what say you to this device? a happy one, captain?

Idle. Speak low, George; prison rats have wider ears than those in malt-lofts.

Nich. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say, to do—

Idle. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that; but ne'er talk further on't; the fool will be hanged e'er he do't.

[To the Corporal.

Oath. Pox, I'll thump him to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the fopster, and break it to him bluntly.

Idle. And so my disgrace will dwell in his jaws, and the slave slaver out our purpose to his master; for, would I were but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, cousin, if any of my friendships, as they say, might—stand, ha—

Pye. Why, you see he offers his friendship foolishly to you already.

Idle. Ay, that's the hell on't; I would he would offer it wisely.

* I. e. to his family honours.

Nich. Verily and indeed la, cousin—

Idle. I have took note of thy fleers a good while. If thou art minded to do me good (as thou gap'st upon me comfortably, and giv'st me charitable faces,—which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are Puritans), wilt soon at night steal my thy master's chain?

Nich. Oh, I shall swoon.

Pye. Corporal, he starts already.

Idle. I know it to be worth three hundred crowns; and with the half of that I can buy my life at a broker's, at second-hand, which now lies in pawn to the law. If this thou refuse to do, being easy and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy master, why, 'tis a palpable argument thou hold'st my life at no price: and these thy broken and unjointed offers are but only created in thy lip; now born, and now buried; foolish breath only. What, wilt do't? shall I look for happiness in thy answer?

Nich. Steal my master's chain, quoth-a? No, it shall ne'er be said, that Nicholas St. Antlings committed bird-lime.

Idle. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? Though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true man.*

Nich. Why, cousin, you know 'tis written, *Thou shalt not steal.*

Idle. Why, and fool, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour*, and help him in extremities.

Nich. Mass, I think it be indeed; in what chapter's that, cousin?

Idle. Why, in the first of Charity, the second verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quoth-a? That's a good jest; there's no such chapter in my book.

Idle. No, I knew 'twas torn out of thy book, and that makes it so little in thy heart.

Pye. [*takes NICHOLAS aside*]. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a kinsman, i' faith; the captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the pomewater of his eye,† and you to be so uncomfortable: fie, fie.

Nich. Pray, do not wish me to be hanged. Anything else that I can do, had it been to rob, I would have done't; but I must not steal: That's the word, the literal, *Thou shalt not steal*; and would you wish me to steal then?

Pye. No, faith, that were too much, to speak truth: why, wilt thou nym‡ it from him?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why, enough, bully; he will be content with that, or he shall have none: let me alone with him now. Captain, I have dealt with your kinsman in a corner; a good, kind-natured fellow, methinks: go to; you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't: he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nym it from him.

* *I. e.* an honest man.

† The apple of the eye.

‡ To filch; probably from the German *nehmen*, to take, to appropriate.

Nich. Ay, that I will, cousin.

Idle. Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

Oath. Here's no notable gullery !

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, gentleman. Because we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't, the knight shall not lose his chain neither, but it shall be only laid out of the way some one or two days.

Nich. Ay, that would be good indeed, kinsman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better by the missing of't only, than if we had it outright ; as my discourse shall make it known to you. When thou hast the chain, do but convey it out at a back-door into the garden, and there hang it close in the rosemary-bank, but for a small season ; and by that harmless device I know how to wind Captain Idle out of prison : the knight thy master shall get his pardon, and release him, and he satisfy thy master with his own chain, and wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed, la. Pray, let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou shouldst know, because thou must be employed as an actor.

Nich. An actor ? O no ; that's a player ; and our parson rails against players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upon the stage once ;—as he will be horribly drunk.

Oath. Mass, I cannot blame him then, poor church-spout.

Pye. Why, as an intermedler, then.

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me audience, then. When the old knight, thy master, has raged his fill for the loss of the chain, tell him thou hast a kinsman in prison, of such exquisite art that the devil himself is French lackey to him, and runs bareheaded by his horse-belly, when he has one ; whom he will cause, with most Irish dexterity, to fetch his chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of sea-coal, and ne'er make spade or pick-axe his instruments : tell him but this, with farther instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou showest thyself a kinsman indeed.

Oath. A dainty bully.

Skir. An honest book-keeper.

Idle. And my three-times-thrice-honey cousin.

Nich. Nay, grace of God, I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the rosemary bank ; but I bear that mind, cousin, I would not steal anything, methinks, for mine own father.

Skir. He bears a good mind in that, captain.

Pye. Why, well said ; he begins to be an honest fellow, 'faith.

Oath. In troth he does.

Nich. You see, cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness ; always saving myself harmless.

Idle. Why, I thank thee. Fare thee well ; I shall requite it.

[*Exit* NICHOLAS.

Oath. 'Twill be good for thee, captain, that thou hast such an egregious ass to thy cousin.

Idle. Ay, is he not a fine fool, corporal ?

But, George, thou talk'st of art and conjuring ;
How shall that be ?

Pye. Puh ! be't not in your care :
Leave that to me and my directions.
Well, captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
Even with the vantage, man, to gain by prison,
As my thoughts prompt me. Hold on, brain and plot !
I aim at many cunning far events,
All which I doubt not but to hit at length.
I'll to the widow with a quaint assault :
Captain, be merry.

Idle. Who, I ? Kerry, merry buff-jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more sleights ; and one will knit
strong in another. Corporal Oath.

Oath. Ho ! bully !

Pye. And thou, old Peter Skirmish, I have a necessary task
for you both.

Skir. Lay it upon us, George Pyeboard.

Oath. Whate'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you to maintain a quarrel before the lady-
widow's door, and draw your swords i' the edge of the evening :
clash a little, clash, clash.

Oath. Fuh !

Let us alone to make our blades ring noon,
Though it be after supper.

Pye. I know you can : and out of that false fire, I doubt not
but to raise strange belief. And, captain, to countenance my
device the better, and grace my words to the widow, I have a
good plain satin suit, that I had of a young reveller t'other
night ; for words pass not regarded now-a-days, unless they
come from a good suit of clothes ; which the Fates and my wits
have bestowed upon me. Well, Captain Idle, if I did not highly
love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve score* of a prison ;
for I protest, at this instant, I walk in great danger of small
debts. I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such jills
will quickly be upon a man's jack.†

Idle. True, George.

Pye. Fare thee well, captain. Come, corporal and ancient.
Thou shalt hear more news next time we greet thee.

Oath. More news ?—Ay, by yon bear at Bridge-foot,‡ in even,
shalt thou. [Exeunt PYEBOARD, SKIRMISH, and OATH.]

Idle. Enough : my friends, farewell !
This prison shows as ghosts did part in hell. [Exit.]

* I. e. yards.

† I. e. jacket.

‡ I. e. the sign of a well-known tavern at the foot of London Bridge.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the WIDOW'S House.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Not marry! forswear marriage! Why, all women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a man; and I, to spite my sister's vow the more, have entertained a suitor already, a fine gallant knight of the last feather.* He says he will coach me, too, and well appoint me; allow me money to dice withal; and many such pleasing protestations he sticks upon my lips. Indeed, his short-winded father i' the country is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable† farmer, and therefore he may do it in time. Troth, I'll venture upon him. Women are not without ways enough to help themselves: if he prove wise, and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an ass, why, in a quarter of an hour's warning I can transform him into an ox;—there comes in my relief again.

Enter FRAILTY.

Frail. O, Mistress Mary, Mistress Mary!

Mary. How now? what's the news?

Frail. The knight your suitor, Sir John Pennydub.

Mary. Sir John Pennydub? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the gallery.

Mary. Has my mother seen him yet?

Frail. O no; she's spitting‡ in the kitchen.

Mary. Direct him hither softly, good Frailty: I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time. [Exit.

Enter SIR JOHN PENNYDUB.

Mary. 'Tis happiness my mother saw him not.
O welcome, good Sir John.

Sir John. I thank you, 'faith.—Nay, you must stand me till I kiss you: 'tis the fashion everywhere, i' faith, and I came from court even now.

Mary. Nay, the Fates forfend that I should anger the fashion!

Sir John. Then, not forgetting the sweet§ of new ceremonies, I first fall back; then recovering myself, make my honour to your lip thus; and then accost it. [Kisses her.

Mary. Trust me, very pretty and moving; you're worthy of it, Sir.—O, my mother, my mother! now she's here, we'll steal into the gallery. [Exeunt SIR JOHN and MARY.

Enter WIDOW and SIR GODFREY.

Sir God. Nay, sister, let reason rule you; do not play the fool; stand not in your own light. You have wealthy offers,

* I. e. of the newest fashion.

† I. e. preposterously large.

‡ I. e. spitting fowls.

§ I. e. course.

large tenderings; do not withstand your good fortune. Who comes a-wooing to you, I pray? No small fool; a rich knight o' the city, Sir Oliver Muckhill; no small fool, I can tell you. And furthermore, as I heard late by your maid-servants (as your maid-servants will say to me anything, I thank them), both your daughters are not without suitors, ay, and worthy ones, too; one a brisk courtier, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, suitor afar off to your eldest daughter; and the third a huge wealthy farmer's son, a fine young country knight; they call him Sir John Pennydub: a good name, marry;—he may have it coined when he lacks money. What blessings are these, sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan! do I look like Satan? I hope the devil's not so old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my senses, brother, when you name
A suitor to me. O, I cannot abide it;
I take in poison when I hear one named.

Enter SIMON.

How now, Simon? where's my son Edmond?

Sim. Verily, madam, he is at vain exercise, dripping in the Tennis-court.

Wid. At Tennis-court? O, now his father's gone, I shall have no rule with him. Oh, wicked Edmond! I might well compare this with the prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior: As Harry of Monmouth won all, and Harry of Windsor lost all; so Edmond of Bristow, that was the father, got all, and Edmond of London, that's his son, now will spend all.

Sir God. Peace, sister, we'll have him reformed; there's hope of him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter FRAILTY.

Frail. Forsooth, madam, there are two or three archers at door would very gladly speak with your ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your husband's fletcher,* I warrant.

Wid. O,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his;
Troth, I should have forgot them. How now, villain!
Which be those archers?

*Enter SIR ANDREW TIPSTAFF, SIR OLIVER MUCKHILL, and
SIR JOHN PENNYDUB.*

Frail. Why, do you not see them before you? Are not these archers?—what do you call 'em—shooters?—Shooters and archers are all one, I hope.†

Wid. Out, ignorant slave!

Sir Oliv. Nay, pray be patient, lady;
We come in way of honourable love—

Sir And. }
Sir John. } We do.

* A maker of arrows.

† A confusion between *suitors* and *shooters*.

Sir Oliv. To you.

Sir And. } And to your daughters.
Sir John. }

Wid. O, why will you offer me this, gentlemen (indeed, I will not look upon you), when the tears are scarce out of mine eyes, not yet washed off from my cheeks; and my dear husband's body scarce so cold as the coffin? What reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your widows, that will bury one in the evening, and be sure to have another ere morning. Pray, away; pray, take your answers, good knights. An you be sweet knights, I have vowed never to marry; and so have my daughters too.

Sir John. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good wench.

Sir Oliv. Lady, a shrewd answer, marry. The best is, 'tis but the first; and he's a blunt wooer, that will leave for one sharp answer.

Sir And. Where be your daughters, lady? I hope they'll give us better encouragement.

Wid. Indeed, they'll answer you so; take it on my word, they'll give you the very same answer *verbatim*, truly la.

Sir John. Mum: Mary's a good wench still; I know what she'll do.

Sir Oliv. Well, lady, for this time we'll take our leaves, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O, never, never, an I live these thousand years. An you be good knights, do not hope; 'twill be all vain, vain. Look you put off all your suits, an you come to me again.

[*Exeunt SIR JOHN and SIR ANDREW.*]

Frail. Put off all their suits, quoth-a? ay, that's the best wooing of a widow, indeed, when a man's non-suited; that is, when he's a-bed with her.

Sir Oliv. Sir Godfrey, here's twenty angels more. Work hard for me; there's life in't yet.

Sir God. Fear not, Sir Oliver Muckhill; I'll stick close for you: leave all with me. [*Exit SIR OLIVER.*]

Enter PYEBOARD.

Pye. By your leave, lady widow.

Wid. What, another suitor now?

Pye. A suitor! No; I protest, lady, if you'd give me yourself, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, Sir? then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, heaven bless me from a widow, unless I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntness. Well, your business, Sir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

[*Exit SIR GODFREY.*]

Frail. I should laugh, now, if this blunt fellow should put them all beside the stirrup, and vault into the saddle himself. I have seen as mad a trick. [*Exit FRAILTY.*]

Wid. Now, Sir, here's none but we.

Enter MARY and FRANCES.

Daughters, forbear.*

Pye. O, no, pray let them stay; for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as to you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious ear,
For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. Ay, if it pass unregarded, and unaffected; else peace and joy: I pray attention. Widow, I have been a mere stranger in these parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the husband of you, and father of them; but I truly know, by certain spiritual intelligence, that he is in purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory! tuh; that word deserves to be spit upon. I wonder that a man of sober tongue, as you seem to be, should have the folly to believe there's such a place.

Pye. Well, lady, in cold blood I speak it; I assure you that there is a purgatory, in which place I know your husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, till the dissolution of the world, till the last general bonfire; when all the earth shall melt into nothing, and the seas scald their finny labourers: so long is his abidance, unless you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your daughters theirs; that is, the purpose of single life in yourself and your eldest daughter, and the speedy determination of marriage in your youngest.

Mary. How knows he that? what, has some devil told him?

Wid. Strange, he should know our thoughts.—Why, but daughter, have you purposed speedy marriage?

Pye. You see she tells you, ay, for she says nothing. Nay, give me credit as you please; I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come to me metaphysically,† and by a supernatural intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Fran. Know our secrets?

Mary. I had thought to steal a marriage. Would his tongue had dropped out when he blabbed it!

Wid. But, Sir, my husband was too honest a dealing man to be now in any purgatories.

Pye. O do not load your conscience with untruths;
'Tis but mere folly now to gild him o'er,
That has pass'd but for copper. Praises here
Cannot unbind him there. Confess but truth;
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
O, hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is most strange of all: how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean up;
And had his drink from many a poor man's brow
Even as their labour brew'd it. He would scrape
Riches to him most unjustly: the very dirt
Between his nails was ill got, and not his own.

* *I. e.* leave us.

I. e. spiritually.

O, I groan to speak on't; the thought makes me
Shudder, shudder!

Wid. It quakes me* too, now I think on't. [*Aside.*] Sir, I am much grieved that you, a stranger, should so deeply wrong my dead husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A man that would keep church so duly; rise early, before his servants, and even for religious haste, go ungartered, unbuttoned, nay (sir reverence†), untrussed, to morning prayer?

Pye. O, uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon high days; and when I had great guests, would even shame me, and rise from the table, to get a good seat at an afternoon sermon.

Pye. There's the devil, there's the devil! True: he thought it sanctity enough, if he had killed a man, so it had been done in a pew; or undone his neighbour, so it had been near enough to the preacher. O, a sermon's a fine short cloak of an hour long, and will hide the upper part of a dissembler.—Church! ay, he seemed all church, and his conscience was as hard as the pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with me?

Pye. No, lady, 'tis but the induction‡ to it.

You may believe my strains; I strike all true;§

And if your conscience would leap up to your tongue, yourself would affirm it. And that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present, a brother of your husband shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry, heaven forfend! Sir Godfrey, my brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, till I have told you the fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented. For your part and your daughters', if there be not once this day some blood shed before your door, whereof the human creature dies, the two elder of you shall run mad;—

Wid. and Fran. Oh!

Mary. That's not I yet.

Pye. And, with most impudent prostitution, show your naked bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked bodies? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me—and your younger daughter be stricken dumb.

Mary. Dumb? out, alas! 'tis the worst pain of all for a woman. I'd rather be mad, or run naked, or anything. Dumb!

Pye. Give ear: Ere the evening fall upon hill, bog, and mea-

* *I. e.* makes me shudder.

† A phrase apparently equivalent to, and perhaps originally a corruption of, another expression that was also formerly in use—*save reverence*, or *save your reverence*; like the old French *sauf notre respect*.

‡ Introduction.

§ An allusion to a musical instrument.

dow, this my speech shall have past probation, and then shall I be believed accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all shamed, all undone.

Mary. Dumb! I'll speak as much as ever I can possibly before evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and blood-shedding (which I before told you of), take heed, upon your lives, that two of you which have vowed never to marry, seek out husbands with all present speed; and you, the third, that have such a desire to outstrip chastity, look you meddle not with a husband.

Mary. A double torment.*

Pye. The breach of this keeps your father in purgatory; and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would with horror kill the ear should hear them related.

Wid. Marry! Why, I vowed never to marry.

Fran. And so did I.

Mary. And I vowed never to be such an ass, but to marry. What a cross fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a fortune-teller, I cannot better fortunes; you have them from me as they are revealed to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellows with your bloods; that's all the bitterness I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a just vengeance for my husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink yourselves, and leave them.

Wid. I'll to Sir Godfrey, my brother, and acquaint him with these fearful presages.

Fran. For, mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. O, ay, they do, they do.

If any happy issue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pye. 'Tis enough, lady; I wish no higher.

[*Exeunt* WIDOW and FRANCES.]

Mary. Dumb? and not marry? worse:

Neither to speak, nor kiss; a double curse.

[*Exit.*]

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet. I play the fortune-teller as well as if I had had a witch to my grannam: for by good happiness, being in my hostess's garden, which neighbours the orchard of the widow, I laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the wall, and heard them make these vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my forgery the more, I may now perceive in them a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the widow, I have advised old Peter Skirmish, the soldier, to hurt Corporal Oath upon the leg; and in that hurry I'll rush amongst them, and instead of giving the corporal some cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature, to make him seem as dead; for the which the old soldier being apprehended,

* *I. e.* the being deprived both of speech and a husband.

and ready to be borne to execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the cure of the dead man, upon pain of dying the condemned's death. The corporal will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought itself; and so shall I get myself into a most admired opinion, and, under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion. And if that foolish Nicholas St. Antlings keep true time with the chain, my plot will be found, the captain delivered, and my wits applauded amongst scholars and soldiers for ever. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Garden.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the chain. My master put it off e'en now, to 'say on* a new doublet; and I sneak'd it away by little and little, most puritanically. We shall have good sport anon, when he has missed it, about my cousin the conjurer. The world shall see I'm an honest man of my word; for now I'm going to hang it between heaven and earth, among the rosemary branches. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Street before the WIDOW'S House.

Enter SIMON and FRAILTY.

Frail. Sirrah, Simon St. Mary-Overies, my mistress sends away all her suitors, and puts fleas in their ears.

Sim. Frailty, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous woman; for widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

Frail. Yet, Simon, many widows will do't, whatso comes on't.

Sim. True, Frailty; their filthy flesh desires a conjunction copulative. What strangers are within, Frailty?

Frail. There's none, Simon, but Master Pilfer, the tailor: he's above with Sir Godfrey, 'praising† of a doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master Suds, the barber.

Sim. Master Suds:—a good man; he washes the sins of the beard clean.

Enter SKIRMISH.

Skir. How now, creatures? what's o'clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be Jacks o' the clock house?‡

Skir. I say again to you, what is't o'clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the clock of our conscience. All worldly clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken sextons.

* *Essay*, try on.

† *I. e.* estimating the price.

‡ Figures formerly placed in the clocks of churches, which by mechanism struck the hours, such as those some years since at St. Dunstau's Church, in Fleet-street.

Skir. Then what is't o'clock in your conscience?—O, I must break off; here comes the corporal.

Enter OATH.

Hum, hum: what is't o'clock?

Oath. O'clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen! Nay, he has met with his match now; Corporal Oath will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not balk or baffle me, dost thou? I am a soldier. Past seventeen!

Oath. Ay, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee: twelve and one is thirteen, I hope; two fourteen, three fifteen, four sixteen, and five seventeen; then past seventeen: I will take the dial's part in a just cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Oath. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then. Dost thou not know numbers? Canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i' the street? *

[*They draw and fight.*]

Oath. Ay, and in the market-place.

Sim. Clubs, clubs, clubs.†

[*SIMON runs away.*]

Frail. Ay, I knew by their shuffling, clubs would be trump. Mass, here's the knave, an he can do any good upon them: Clubs, clubs, clubs. [Exit.]

Enter PYEBOARD.

Oath. O villain, thou hast open'd a vein in my leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame; put up, put up.

Oath. By yon blue welkin,† 'twas out of my part, George, to be hurt on the leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. O, peace now: I have a cordial here to comfort thee.

Off. Down with 'em, down with 'em; lay hands upon the villain.

Skir. Lay hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be seen among them now. [Exit PYEBOARD.]

Oath. I'm hurt, and had more need have surgeons lay hands upon me, than rough officers.

Off. Go, carry him to be dress'd then: this mutinous soldier shall along with me to prison.

[*Exeunt some of the Sheriff's Officers with Corporal OATH.*]

Skir. To prison? Where's George?

Off. Away with him. [Exeunt Officers with SKIRMISH.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Re-enter PYEBOARD.

Pye. So,

All lights as I would wish. The amazed widow
Will plant me strongly now in her belief,

* A play on *cast*, to vomit, and *cast*, to reckon.

† A cry of the period, equivalent to our *police*!

‡ I. e. sky

And wonder at the virtue of my words:
 For the event turns those presages from them
 Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
 Mingled with admiration. These empty creatures,
 Soldier and corporal, were but ordain'd
 As instruments for me to work upon.
 Now to my patient; here's his potion.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the WIDOW'S House.

Enter WIDOW, FRANCES, and MARY

Wid. O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts!
 O lucky fair event! I think our fortunes
 Were blest even in our cradles. We are quitted
 Of all those shameful violent presages
 By this rash bleeding chance. Go, Frailty, run, and know
 Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
 That here before my door received his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the surgeon; but if he had
 no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this
 time. [Exit FRAILTY.]

Fran. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller; never looked
 upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us: a wondrous fel-
 low, surely!

Mary. I am glad I have the use of my tongue yet, though of
 nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope, shortly.

Wid. O where's my brother, Sir Godfrey? I would he were
 here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning
 gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter SIR GODFREY.

Sir God. O my chain, my chain! I have lost my chain.
 Where be these villains, varlets?

Wid. O, he has lost his chain.

Sir God. My chain, my chain!

Wid. Brother, be patient; hear me speak. You know I told
 you that a cunning man told me that you should have a loss, and
 he has prophesied so true—

Sir God. Out! he's a villain to prophesy of the loss of my
 chain. 'Twas worth above three hundred crowns. Besides, 'twas
 my father's, my father's father's, my grandfather's huge grand-
 father's: I had as lief have lost my neck, as the chain that hung
 about it. O my chain, my chain!

Wid. O brother, who can be guarded against a misfortune?
 'Tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly sister, would you had
 me lost more? my best gown too, with the cloth of gold lace?
 my holiday gaskins,* and my jerkin set with pearl? No more!

Wid. O brother, you can read—

Sir God. But I cannot read where my chain is. What
 strangers have been here? You let in strangers, thieves, and

* Breeches.

catchpoles. How comes it gone? There was none above with me but my tailor; and my tailor will not steal, I hope.

Mary. No; he's afraid of a chain.

Enter FRAILTY.

Wid. How now, sirrah? the news?

Frail. O mistress, he may well be call'd a corporal now, for his corpse is as dead as a cold capon's.

Wid. More happiness.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my chain? Where's my chain, knave?

Frail. Your chain, Sir?

Sir God. My chain is lost, villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in chains that has it then for me. Alas, Sir, I saw none of your chain, since you were hung with it yourself.

Sir God. Out, varlet! it had full three thousand links; I have oft told it over at my prayers; Over and over: full three thousand links.

Frail. Had it so, Sir! Sure it cannot be lost then; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why, if your chain had so many links, it cannot choose but come to light.*

Enter NICHOLAS.

Sir God. Delusion! Now, long Nicholas, where is my chain?

Nich. Why, about your neck, is't not, Sir?

Sir God. About my neck, varlet? My chain is lost; 'tis stolen away; I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, brother, show yourself a man.

Nich. Ay, if it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, mistress, I could bring him to a cunning kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a sesarara.†

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient: say, where dwells he?

Nich. Marry, he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell an he could choose; in the Marshalsea, Sir. But he's an excellent fellow if he were out; has travelled all the world over he, and been in the seven-and-twenty provinces:‡ why, he would make it be fetch'd, Sir, if it were rid a thousand mile out of town.

Sir God. An admirable fellow! What lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a steward of ten groats t'other night, as any man would ha' done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace. A trifle! I'll get his pardon, Besides a bountiful reward. I'll about it. But see the clerks, the Justice will do much.

I will about it straight. Good sister, pardon me;

All will be well, I hope, and turn to good:

The name of conjurer has laid my blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

* A play upon *link*, a torch.

† *Certiorari.*

‡ A misnomer for the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter PUTTOCK,* RAVENSHAW,† and DOGSON.

Put. His hostess where he lies will trust him no longer. She hath feed me to arrest him; and if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Sergeant Ravenshaw. I have the good angel‡ to arrest him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, sergeant; not for the sake of the money so much, as for the hate I bear to a scholar. Why, sergeant, 'tis natural in us, you know, to hate scholars,—natural, because they will publish our imperfections, knaveries, and conveyances, upon scaffolds and stages.

Put. Ay, and spitefully too. Troth I have wondered how the slaves could see into our breasts so much, when our doublets are button'd with pewter.

Rav. Ay, and so close without yielding. O, they're parlous§ fellows; they will search more with their wits, than a constable with his officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist.|| Yeoman Dogson, Yeoman Dogson.

Dog. Ha, what says sergeant?

Put. Is he in the 'pothecary's shop still?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an eye, have an eye.

Rav. The best is, sergeant, if he be a true scholar, he wears no weapon, I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no weapon.

Rav. 'Mass, I am glad of that: it has put me in better heart. Nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him, if he be stiff-necked. I have been one of the six myself, that has dragg'd as tall¶ men of their hands, when their weapons have been gone, as ever bastinadoed a sergeant. I have done, I can tell you.

Dog. Sergeant Puttock, Sergeant Puttock.

Put. Ho.

Dog. He's coming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy; let him play a little, let him play a little; we'll jerk him up of a sudden: I ha' fish'd in my time.

Rav. Ay, and caught many a fool, sergeant.

Enter PYEBOARD.

Pye. I parted now from Nicholas: the chain's couch'd,**
And the old knight has spent his rage upon't.
The widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning art: 'mongst joys, I'm even lost,
For my device can no way now be cross'd:
And now I must to prison to the captain,
And there—

Put. I arrest you, Sir.

* *I. e.* a kite.

† The coin so called.

¶ *I. e.* stout.

† *I. e.* a thicket where ravens collect.

§ Perilous.

** Laid.

|| Hist!

Pye. Oh—I spoke truer than I was aware; I must to prison indeed.

Put. They say your're a scholar.—Nay, Sir—Yeoman Dogson, have care to his arms.—You'll rail against sergeants, and stage 'em? You'll tickle their vices?

Pye. Nay, use me like a gentleman; I'm little less.

Put. You a gentleman! that's a good jest i' faith. Can a scholar be a gentleman, when a gentleman will not be a scholar? Look upon your wealthy citizens' sons, whether they be scholars or no, that are gentlemen by their fathers' trades. A scholar a gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me. A gentleman is *accidens inseparabile* to my blood.

Rav. A rablement!* nay, you shall have a bloody rablement upon you, I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman Dogson, before, and enter the action i' the Counter. [Exit DOGSON.]

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly; I'll go whither you please to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame; let him loose, sergeant.

Pye. Pray at whose suit is this?

Put. Why, at your hostess's suit where you lie, Mistress Cony-burrow, for bed and board; the sum four pound five shillings and five pence.

Pye. I know the sum too true; yet I presumed Upon a farther day. Well, 'tis my stars, And I must bear it now, though never harder. I fear now my device is cross'd indeed: Captain must lie by't: this is deceit's seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you; this is no pains to attend thus. [PYEBOARD pretends to tie his garter.]

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable: I shall ne'er recover of this disease. Hot iron gnaw their fists! They have struck a fever into my shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again, I fear me, till with a *truo habeas corpus* the sexton remove me. O, if I take prison once. I shall be press'd to death with actions; but not so happy as speedily: perhaps I may be forty years a pressing, till I be a thin old man; that looking through the grates, men may look through me. All my means is confounded. What shall I do? Have my wits served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a train'd servant) when I have most need of them? No device to keep my poor carcase from these puttocks?—Yes, happiness: have I a paper about me now? Yes, two: I'll try it, it may hit; *Extremity is the touchstone unto wit.* Ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot, how many yards are in thy garters, that thou art so long a tying of them? Come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth, sergeant, I protest you could never have took me

* An ignorant play upon *rabie*, in the preceding speech.

at a worse time; for now at this instant I have no lawful picture* about me.

Put. 'Slid, how shall we come by our fees then?

Rav. We must have fees, sirrah.

Pye. I could have wish'd, i' faith, that you had took me half an hour hence for your own sake; for I protest, if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a gentleman, for the device of a mask here, drawn in this paper. But now, come, I must be contented; 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that gentleman?

Rav. Ay, well said, sergeant; 'tis good to cast about for money.

Put. Speak; if it be not far—

Pye. We are but a little past it; the next street behind us.

Put. 'Slid, we have waited upon you grievously already. If you'll say you'll be liberal when you have it, give us double fees, and spend upon us, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well said; still, sergeant, urge that.

Pye. 'Troth if it will suffice, it shall be all among you; for my part I'll not pocket a penny: my hostess shall have her four pound five shillings, and bate me the fivepence; and the other fifteen shillings I'll spend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good scholar.

Put. An excellent scholar i' faith; hast proceeded very well a-late. Come, we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt* PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, and PYEBOARD, who knocks at the door of a gentleman's house at the inside of the stage.

SCENE V.—A Gallery in a Gentleman's House.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Who knocks? Who's at door? We had need of a porter. [Opens the door.

Pye. [*within*]. A few friends here. Pray is the gentleman your master within?

Ser. Yes; is your business to him? [*Servant opens the door.*

Enter PYEBOARD, PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, and DOGSON.

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me: I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay, by my troth, Sir; pray come near; I'll in and tell him of you. Please you to walk here in the gallery till he comes.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Pye. We will attend his worship. Worship, I think, for so much the posts at his door should signify,† and the fair coming-in, and the wicket; else I neither knew him nor his worship: but 'tis happiness he is within doors, whatsoe'er he be. If he be not too much a formal citizen, he may do me good. [*Aside.*] Sergeant

* No king's picture (coin).

† Justices of peace and sheriffs, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, had two posts placed before their door.

and yeoman, how do you like this house? Is't not most wholesomely plotted?*

Rav. Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he† should forget me,—for he never knew me. [*Aside.*] No matter; what is forgot in him will be remembered in his master. A pretty comfortable room this, methinks: you have no such rooms in prison now?

Put. O, dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes, indeed. I can tell you, I have great hope to have my chamber here shortly, nay, and diet too; for he's the most free-hearted'st gentleman, where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine gallery were here for me to walk and study and make verses!

Put. O, it stands very pleasantly for a scholar.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things neatly, delicately,—Mass, here he comes; he should be a gentleman; I like his beard well.—All happiness to your worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Mass, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.

Pye. I have the thing here for you, Sir—[*Takes the gentleman apart.*] I beseech you conceal me, Sir; I'm undone else. [*Aside.*] I have the mask here for you, Sir; look you, Sir. I beseech your worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extremes make me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar, and now most unfortunately fallen into the fangs of unmerciful officers; arrested for debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I am destitute of lands, money, and friends; so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinch'd clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this paper; and to bear their unletter'd eyes, I told them there was a device for a mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for't. They, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me,‡ offer'd their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, Sir, which my thoughts show'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance; and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

* *I. e.* in a most wholesome situation.

† *I. e.* the servant.

‡ *I. e.* plunder me.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent device.

Put. An excellent device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. O' my faith, I never heard a better,

Rav. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, sergeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't;* he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask.†

Gent. Give me your paper, your device; I was never better pleased in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought! Come in, Sir, and receive your money, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Pye. I'll follow your good worship.—You heard how he liked it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not choose but like it. Go thy ways; thou art a witty fine fellow i' faith: thou shalt discourse it to us at the tavern anon; wilt thou?

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will. Look, sergeant, here are maps, and pretty toys: be doing in the mean time; I shall quickly have told out the money, you know.

Put. Go, go, little villain; fetch thy chink; I begin to love thee: I'll be drunk to-night in thy company.

Pye. This gentleman I well may call a part Of my salvation in these earthly evils, For he has saved me from three hungry devils. [*Exit PYEBOARD.*]

Put. Sirrah sergeant, these maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet: methinks they're too busy, and full of circles and conjurations. They say all the world's in one of them; but I could ne'er find the Counter‡ in the Poultry.

Rav. I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dog. Mass, that's true; then we must look o'er the back-side for't. 'Sfoot here's nothing; all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee, that stands for the Counter; for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.

Put. 'Faith, like enough, sergeant; I never mark'd so much before. Sirrah sergeant, and yeoman, I should love these maps out o' cry now,§ if we could see men peep out of door in 'em. O, we might have 'em in a morning to our breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.

Rav. Ay, marry, Sir; I'd buy one then myself. But this talk is by the way.—Where shall us sup to-night? Five pound received—let's talk of that. I have a trick worth all. You two shall bear him to the tavern, whilst I go close with his hostess, and work out of her. I know she would be glad of the sum, to finger money, because she knows 'tis but a desperate debt, and full of hazard. What will you say, if I bring it to pass that the hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other fifty shillings, bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee king of sergeants, and thou shouldst be chronicled in the Counter-book for ever.

* *I. e.* No doubt on't.

† A pie-board (*i. e.* a board on which bakers carry their pies to the oven) is still called a peel (*paille*, Fr. *instrument de patissier*).

‡ The prison so called.

§ Beyond everything.

Rav. Well, put it to me; we'll make a night on't, i' faith.

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more money, he stays so long.

Put. He tarries long indeed. May be I can tell you, upon the good liking on't, the gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare; we'll search him.

Put. Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Rav. O, here comes the gentleman. By your leave, Sir.

Gent. God you good den,* Sirs. Would you speak with me?

Put. No, not with your worship, Sir; only we are bold to stay for a friend of ours that went in with your worship.

Gent. Who? not the scholar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your worship.

Gent. Did he make you stay for him? He did you wrong, then: why, I can assure you he's gone above an hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir.

Gent. I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our prisoner, Sir; we did arrest him.

Gent. What! he was not! You, the sheriff's officers! You were to blame, then. Why did not you make known to me as much? I could have kept him for you. I protest, he received all of me in Britain gold of the last coining.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't!

Put. 'Sfoot, has he gulled us so?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, sergeants?

Put. Sup, Simon, now!† eat porridge for a month.—Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of goodwill in your worship. You did but as another would have done. 'Twas our hard fortunes to miss the purchase;—but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Rav. The Hole shall rot him.‡

Dog. Amen.

[*Exeunt Sergeants.*]

Gent. So;

Vex out your lungs without doors. I am proud
It was my hap to help him. It fell fit;
He went not empty neither for his wit.
Alas, poor wretch, I could not blame his brain,
To labour his delivery, to be free
From their un pitying fangs. I'm glad it stood
Within my power to do a scholar good.

[*Exit.*]

* Good even.

† This alludes to the character of "Simon of Southampton, alias Sup-broth," in *Thomas of Reading*.

‡ The Hole was one of the meanest apartments in the Counter prison.

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Marshalsea Prison.**Enter IDLE; to him PYEBOARD.**Idle.* How, now! Who's that? What are you?*Pye.* The same that I should be, captain.*Idle.* George Pyeboard? Honest George? Why camest thou in half-faced, muffled so?*Pye.* O captain, I thought we should ne'er have laughed again, never spent frolic hour again.*Idle.* Why? Why?*Pye.* I coming to prepare thee, and with news As happy as thy quick delivery, Was traced out by the scent; arrested, captain.*Idle.* Arrested, George?*Pye.* Arrested. Guess, guess,—how many dogs do you think I had upon me?*Idle.* Dogs? I say, I know not.*Pye.* Almost as many as George Stone, the bear;* three at once, three at once.*Idle.* How didst thou shake them off, then?*Pye.* The time is busy, and calls upon our wits. Let it suffice,

Here I stand safe, and scaped by miracle:

Some other hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep

Our eyes in laughter. Captain, my device

Leans to thy happiness; for ere the day

Be spent to the girdle,† thou shalt be free.

The corporal's in's first sleep; the chain is miss'd:

Thy kinsman has express'd thee;‡ and the old knight

With palsy hams, now labours thy release.

What rests, is all in thee;—to conjure, captain.

Idle. Conjure? 'Sfoot, George, you know, the devil a conjuring I can conjure.*Pye.* The devil a conjuring? Nay, by my fay, I'd not have thee do so much, captain, as the devil a conjuring. Look here; I have brought thee a circle ready charactered and all.*Idle.* 'Sfoot, George, art in thy right wits? Dost know what thou sayest? Why dost talk to a captain of conjuring? Didst thou ever hear of a Captain Conjure in thy life? Dost call't a circle? 'Tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a lesser circle, then I knew what to have done.*Pye.* Why, every fool knows that, captain. Nay, then I'll not cog with you, captain: if you'll stay and hang the next sessions, you may.*Idle.* No, by my faith, George. Come, come; let's to conjuring.*Pye.* But if you look to be released (as my wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to further it), besides to put

* George Stone was a noted bear exhibited at Paris Garden.

† *I. e.* before mid-day.‡ *I. e.* drawn thee forward.

crowns in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes; and whereas, before you were a captain of poor soldiers, to make you now a commander of rich fools, which is truly the only best purchase peace can allow you, safer than highways, heath, or cony-groves, and yet a far better booty; for your greatest thieves are never hanged, never hanged: for why? they're wise, and cheat within doors; and we geld fools of more money in one night, than your false-tailed gelding* will purchase in twelve-months' running; which confirms the old beldam's saying, *He's wisest, that keeps himself warmest*; that is, he that robs by a good fire.

Idle. Well opened i' faith, George; thou hast pulled that saying out of the husk.

Pye. Captain Idle, 'tis no time now to delude† or delay. The old knight will be here suddenly; I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Idle. 'Sfoot, George, I know not what to say to't. Conjure? I shall be hanged ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, captain; you'll ne'er conjure after you're hanged, I warrant you. Look you, Sir; a parlous matter, sure! First, to spread your circle upon the ground, with a little conjuring ceremony (as I'll have an hackney-man's wand silvered o'er o' purpose for you); then arriving in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample—as for instance—have you never seen a stalking, stamping player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heels?

Idle. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like such a one. For anything will blear the old knight's eyes; for you must note, that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the room; only perhaps peep fearfully through the keyhole, to see how the play goes forward.

Idle. Well, I may go about it when I will; but mark the end on't; I shall but shame myself i' faith, George. Speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at keyhole! why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all. Nay, I'll tell thee, George; when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative laughter, that if the devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his face.

Pye. Puh! that's but the babe of a man,‡ and may easily be hush'd;—as to think upon some disaster, some sad misfortune;—as the death of thy father i' the country.

Idle. 'Sfoot, that would be the more likely to drive me into such an ecstasy, that I should ne'er lin§ laughing.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Idle. Mass that's well remembered: Now I'll do well, I warrant thee; ne'er fear me now. But how shall I do, George, for boisterous words and horrible names?

* *I. e.* a horse for a highwayman, with a false tail to take on and off.

† Lose time in talking.

‡ *I. e.* the devil is but the creature of man's imagination.

§ *I. e.* leave off.

Pye. Puh! any fustian invocations, captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well: or you may go to a 'pothecary's shop, and take all the words from the boxes.

Idle. Troth, and you say true, George; there's strange words enough to raise a hundred quack-salvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin. But here lies the fear on't; how, if in this false conjuration a true devil should pop up indeed?

Pye. A true devil, captain? why there was ne'er such a one. Nay, 'faith he that has this place, is as false a knave as our last church-warden.

Idle. Then he's false enough o' conscience, i' faith, George.

Prisoners cry within]. Good gentlemen over the way, send your relief: Good gentlemen over the way,—good Sir Godfrey!

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Enter SIR GODFREY, EDMOND, and NICHOLAS.

Nich. Master, that's my kinsman, yonder, in the buff jerkin. Kinsman, that's my master, yonder, i' the taffety hat. Pray salute him entirely.

[*SIR GODFREY and IDLE salute, and PYEBOARD salutes EDMOND.*

Sir God. Now my friend. [*SIR GODFREY and IDLE talk aside.*

Pye. May I partake your name, Sir?

Edm. My name is Master Edmond.

Pye. Master Edmond? Are you not a Welshman, Sir?

Edm. A Welshman? why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christian name, and Edmond your sir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home: Master Edmond Plus is my full name at length.

Pye. O, cry you mercy, Sir.

Idle [*aside to SIR GODFREY*]. I understand that you are my kinsman's good master; and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your service. But had you fortun'd a mere stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the man; both by reason of the act of Parliament against conjurers and witches, as also, because I would not have my art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good captain conjurer; and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my sister's house; mine own house I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.*

Idle. Very good, Sir. What may I call your loss, Sir?

Sir God. O you may call it a great loss, a grievous loss, Sir; as goodly a chain of gold, though I say it, that wore it—How say'st thou, Nicholas?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a chain of gold, kinsman, you know—

Sir God. You know? Did you know't, captain?

Idle. Trust a fool with secrets!—Sir, he may say, I know. His

* We have equal shares in it.

meaning is, because my art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Idle. A pox of all fools! The excuse stuck upon my tongue like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown, not to come off in haste. [*Aside.*] By'r lady, knight, to lose such a fair chain of gold, were a foul loss. Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't: if it be between heaven and earth, knight, I'll have it for you.

Sir God. A wonderful conjurer! O ay, 'tis between heaven and earth, I warrant you; it cannot go out of the realm: I know 'tis somewhere above the earth;—

Idle. Ay, nigher the earth than thou wot'st on. [*Aside.*

Sir God. For first, my chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heaven, you know.

Nich. And as for the devil, master, he has no need on't; for you know he has a great chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou say'st true, Nicholas, but he has put off that now; that lies by him.

Idle. 'Faith, knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the power of my art, that I could warrant your chain again.

Sir God. O dainty captain!

Idle. Marry, it will cost me much sweat; I were better go to sixteen hot-houses.*

Sir God. Ay, good man, I warrant thee.

Idle. Beside great vexation of kidney and liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, cousin; because you have not been used to't.

Sir God. No, have you not been used to't, captain?

Idle. Plague of all fools still! [*Aside.*] Indeed, knight, I have not used it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir God. O, it will, it will.

Idle. What plunges he puts me to! Were not this knight a fool, I had been twice spoil'd now. That captain's worse than accursed that has an ass to his kinsman. 'Sfoot, I fear he will drivel it out, before I come to't.—Now, Sir, to come to the point indeed: You see I stick here in the jaw of the Marshalsea, and cannot do't.

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning: thou wouldst say thou'rt a prisoner: I tell thee thou'rt none.

Idle. How, none? why, is not this the Marshalsea?

Sir God. Wilt hear me speak? I heard of thy rare conjuring; My chair was lost; I sweat for thy release, As thou shalt do the like at home for me:—
Keeper.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this man free?

Keep. Yes, at his pleasure, Sir, the fees discharged.

Sir God. Go, go; I'll discharge them, I.

* *I. e.* brothels.

Keeper. I thank your worship.

[*Exit KEEPER.*]

Idle. Now, trust me, you're a dear knight. Kindness unexpected! O, there's nothing to a free gentleman. I will conjure for you, Sir, till froth come through my buff jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a bounty; for at the first sight of my chain again, forty fine angels shall appear unto thee.

Idle. 'Twill be a glorious show, i' faith, knight; a very fine show. But are all these of your own house? Are you sure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay;—no, no. What's he yonder talking with my wild nephew? Pray heaven he give him good counsel.

Idle. Who, he? He's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow, knight; the finest fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my lady sister, and foretold the loss of my chain: I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my fortune to lose it. By your leave, master fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my sister's the widow's; there you prophesied of the loss of a chain: simple* though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. O' my troth, nuncle, he's the rarest fellow; has told me my fortune so right! I find it so right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't? God send it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, nuncle; for he says I shall prove such an excellent gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my father got it.

Sir God. There's a fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humour so pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't. Will the curse of the beggar prevail so much, that the son shall consume that foolishly which the father got craftily? Ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, stay, stay.

[*Opens an Almanack, and takes IDLE aside.*]

Idle. Turn over, George.

Pye. June—July—Here, July; that's this month; Sunday thirteen, yesterday fourteen, to-day fifteen.

Idle. Look quickly for the fifteenth day. If within the compass of these two days there would be some boisterous storm or other, it would be the best; I'd defer him off till then. Some tempest, an it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth day. [*Reads*] *Hot and fair.*

Idle. Puh! would it had been *hot and foul.*

Pye. The sixteenth day; that's to-morrow: [*Reads*] *The morning for the most part fair and pleasant—*

Idle. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, lightning and thunder.

Idle. Lightning and thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll conjure to-morrow just at high-noon, George.

Pye. Happen but true to-morrow, almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lie all the year after.

* *I. e.* a simple gentleman.

Idle. Sir, I must crave your patience, to bestow this day upon me, that I may furnish myself strongly. I sent a spirit into Lancashire t'other day, to fetch back a knave drover, and I look for his return this evening. To-morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

Sir God. O, you shall be most welcome.

Idle. And about noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fine time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? Do you mean to conjure at our house to-morrow, Sir?

Idle. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't. O rare! Nicholas, we shall have conjuring to-morrow.

Nich. Puh! ay, I could ha' told you of that.

Idle. La, he could have told him of that! fool, coxcomb, could you? [*Aside.*

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir? I desire more acquaintance on you. You shall earn some money of me, now I know you can conjure:—but can you fetch any that is lost?

Idle. O, anything that's lost.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell it you as a friend and a conjurer. I should marry a 'pothecary's daughter, and 'twas told me, she lost her maiden-head at Stony-Stratford: now if you'll do but so much as conjure for't, and make all whole again—

Idle. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Idle. A little merry with your sister's son, Sir.

Sir God. O, a simple young man, very simple. Come, captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a gallon of wine till to-morrow breakfast.

Pye. { Troth, agreed, Sir.

Idle. {

Nich. Kinsman—scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good knave; worth a hundred Brownists.*

Nich. Am I indeed, la? I thank you heartily, la. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Widow's House.

Enter MARY and SIR JOHN PENNYDUB.

Sir John. But I hope you will not serve a knight so, gentlewoman, will you? to cashier him, and cast him off at your pleasure! What do you think I was dubb'd for nothing? No, by my faith, lady's daughter.

Mary. Pray, Sir John Pennydub, let it be deferr'd awhile. I have as big a heart to marry as you can have; but as the fortune-teller told me—

* Sectaries, so called from Robert Brown.

Sir John. Pox o' the fortune-teller! Would Derrick had been his fortune seven years ago,* to cross my love thus! Did he know what case I was in? Why this is able to make a man drown himself in his father's fish-pond.

Mary. And then he told me, moreover, Sir John, that the breach of it kept my father in purgatory.

Sir John. In purgatory? why let him purge out his heart there; what have we to do with that? There's physicians enough there to cast his water:† is that any matter to us? How can he hinder our love? Why let him be hanged, now he's dead.—Well, have I rid post day and night, to bring you merry news of my father's death, and now——

Mary. Thy father's death? Is the old farmer dead?

Sir John. As dead as his barn-door, Moll.

Mary. And you'll keep your word with me now Sir John; that I shall have my coach and my coachman?

Sir John. Ay, 'faith.

Mary. And two white horses with black feathers to draw it?

Sir John. Two.

Mary. A guarded lackey to run before it,‡ and pyed liveries to come trashing after't?

Sir John. Thou shalt, Moll.

Mary. And to let me have money in my purse, to go whither I will?

Sir John. All this.

Mary. Then, come; whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the maids i' the kitchen. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Widow's House, with a door at the side, leading to another apartment.

Enter WIDOW, FRANCES, and FRAILTY.

Wid. How, now? Where's my brother Sir Godfrey? Went he forth this morning?

Frail. O no, madam; he's above at breakfast, with (Sir Reverence) a conjurer.

Wid. A conjurer! What manner of fellow is he?

Frail. O, a wondrous rare fellow, mistress; very strongly made upward, for he goes in a buff jerkin. He says he will fetch Sir Godfrey's chain again, if it hang between heaven and earth.

Wid. What! he will not? Then he's an excellent fellow, I warrant. How happy were that woman to be blest with such a husband! A cunning man! How does he look, Frailty? Very swartly, I warrant; with black beard, scorched cheeks, and smoky eyebrows.

Frail. Fo! He's neither smoke-dried, nor scorched, nor black, nor nothing. I tell you, madam, he looks as fair to see to as one of us. I do not think but if you saw him once, you'd take him to be a Christian.

* Derrick was the common hangman at the time.

† I. e. to inspect it.

‡ A running footman with facings to his livery.

Fran. So fair, and yet so cunning! that's to be wondered at, mother.

Enter SIR OLIVER MUCKHILL and SIR ANDREW TIPSTAFF.

Sir Oliv. Bless you, sweet lady.

Sir And. And you, fair mistress. [*Exit FRAILTY.*]

Wid. Coades! what do you mean, gentlemen? Fie, did I not give you your answers?

Sir Oliv. Sweet lady.

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you for a kiss: daughter, kiss the gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes, forsooth.

Sir And. I'm proud of such a favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir Oliver, you're much to blame, to come again when you know my mind so well delivered as a widow could deliver a thing.

Sir Oliv. But I expect a further comfort, lady.

Wid. Why la you now! did I not desire you to put off your suit quite and clean when you came to me again? How say you? Did I not?

Sir Oliv. But the sincere love which my heart bears you—

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off:—And, Sir Oliver, to put you in comfort afar off, my fortune is read me; I must marry again.

Sir Oliv. O blest fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can choose:—nay, I'll hold out well.

Sir Oliv. Yet are my hopes now fairer.

Enter FRAILTY.

Frail. O madam, madam.

Wid. How, now? what's the haste? [*FRAILTY whispers her.*]

Sir And. 'Faith, Mistress Frances, I'll maintain you gallantly. I'll bring you to court; wean you among the fair society of ladies, poor kinswomen of mine, in cloth of silver: beside, you shall have your monkey, your parrot, and your musk-cat, and your Pisse, Pisse, Pisse.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid. What, does he mean to conjure here, then? How shall I do to be rid of these knights?—Please you, gentlemen, to walk awhile in the garden, to gather a pink, or a gillyflower?

Both. With all our hearts, lady, and 'count us favoured.

[*Exeunt SIR ANDREW, SIR OLIVER, and FRAILTY. The WIDOW and FRANCES go into the adjoining room.*]

Sir God. [*within*]. Step in, Nicholas; look, is the coast clear?

Nich. [*within*]. O, as clear as a cat's eye, Sir.

Sir God. [*within*]. Then enter, Captain Conjuror.

Enter SIR GODFREY, IDLE, PYEBOARD, EDMOND, and NICHOLAS.

Now, how like you your room, Sir?

Idle. O, wonderful convenient.

* Perhaps he means a lapdog.

Edm. I can tell you, captain, simply though it lies here,* 'tis the fairest room in my mother's house : as dainty a room to conjure in, methinks—Why, you may bid, I cannot tell how many devils welcome in't; my father has had twenty in't at once.

Pye. What! devils?

Edm. Devils! no; deputies,—and the wealthiest men he could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your chats now; fall to your business roundly: the fescue† of the dial is upon the christ-cross of noon. But O, hear me, captain; a qualm comes o'er my stomach.

Idle. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Sir God. O, how if the devil should prove a knave, and tear the hangings?

Idle. Foh! I warrant you, Sir Godfrey.

Edm. Ay, nuncle, or spit fire upon the ceiling?

Sir God. Very true, too, for 'tis but thin plastered, and 'twill quickly take hold o' the laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the boards.

Idle. My life for yours, Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. My sister is very curious and dainty of this room, I can tell you; and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit in the chimney.

Pye. Why, assure you, Sir Godfrey, he shall not be brought up with so little manners, to spit and spawl o' the floor.

Sir God. Why, I thank you, good captain; pray have a care. [IDLE and PYEBOARD retire to the upper end of the room.] Ay, fall to your circle; we'll not trouble you I warrant you. Come, we'll into the next room; and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with some of the godly's zealous works.

Edm. That will be a fine device, nuncle; and because the ground shall be as holy as the door, I'll tear two or three rosaries‡ in pieces, and strew the pieces about the chamber. [*Lightning and thunder.*] Oh! the devil already.

[SIR GODFREY and EDMOND run into the adjoining room.]

Pye. 'Sfoot, captain, speak somewhat for shame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin. Why, when—

Idle. Pray, peace, George; thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all. [*Lightning and thunder.*]

Pye. O, now it begins again; now, now, now, captain.

Idle. *Rhumbos ragdayon pur pur colucundrion hois plois.*

Sir God. [at the door]. O admirable conjurer! he has fetched thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark!—again captain.

Idle. *Benjamino gaspois kay gosgothoteron umbrois.*

Sir God. [at the door]. O, I would the devil would come away quickly; he has no conscience to put a man to such pain.

Pye. Again.

Idle. *Flowste kakopumpo dragone leloomenos hodge podge.*

Pye. Well said, captain.

* *I. e.* simple as it is.

† Hand.

‡ A rosary is a pair of beads.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. So long a-coming? O, would I had ne'er begun it now! for I fear me these roaring tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn—
[*thunder*] oh—in the country.

Idle. *Gogdegog hobgoblin hunks hounslow hockleyte coomb-park.*

Wid. [*at the door*]. O brother, brother, what a tempest's in the garden! Sure there's some conjuration abroad.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. 'Tis at home, sister.

Pye. By-and-by I'll step in, captain.

Idle. *Nunc nunc rip-gaskins ips drip—dropite—*

Sir God. [*at the door*]. He drips and drops, poor man: alas, alas!

Pye. Now, I come.

Idle. O—*sulphure sootface.*

Pye. Arch-conjurer, what wouldest thou with me?

Sir God. [*at the door*]. O, the devil, sister, in the dining-chamber! Sing, sister; I warrant you that will keep him out:—quickly, quickly, quickly.

Pye. So, so, so; I'll release thee. Enough captain, enough; allow us some time to laugh a little: They're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an earthquake were in their kidneys.

Idle. Sirrah, George, how was't, how was't? Did I do't well enough?

Pye. Would believe me, captain? better than any conjurer; for here was no harm in this, and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well. You were much beholden to thunder and lightning at this time; it graced you well, I can tell you.

Idle. I must needs say so, George. Sirrah, if we could have conveyed hither cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheel, it had been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt! there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, captain.

Idle. Pain? I protest, George, my heels are sorer than a Whitsun morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now; only to reveal that the chain's in the garden, where thou know'st it has lain these two days.

Idle. But I fear that fox Nicholas has revealed it already.

Pye. Fear not, captain; you must put it to the venture now. Nay, 'tis time; call upon them, take pity on them; for I believe some of them are in a pitiful case by this time.

Idle. Sir Godfrey, Nicholas, kinsman. 'Sfoot they're fast at it still, George.—Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. [*at the door*]. O, is that the devil's voice? How comes he to know my name?

Idle. Fear not, Sir Godfrey; all's quieted.

Enter SIR GODFREY, the WIDOW, FRANCES, and NICHOLAS.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Idle. Laid; and has newly dropped your chain in the garden.

Sir God. In the garden? in our garden?

Idle. Your garden.

Sir God. O sweet conjurer! whereabouts there?

Idle. Look well about a bank of rosemary.

Sir God. Sister, the rosemary-bank. Come, come; there's my chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run.

[*Exeunt WIDOW, SIR GODFREY, FRANCES, and NICHOLAS.*]

Edm. [at the door]. Captain Conjuror?

Idle. Who? Master Edmond?

Edm. Ay, Master Edmond. May I come in safely without danger, think you?

Idle. Puh, long ago; it is all as 'twas at first. Fear nothing, pray, come near: how now, man?

Enter EDMOND.

Edm. O! this room's mightily hot i' faith. 'Slid, my shirt sticks to my belly already. What a steam the rogue has left behind him! Foh! this room must be air'd, gentlemen; it smells horribly of brimstone: let's open the windows.

Pye. 'Faith, Master Edmond, 'tis but your conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i' faith. Why, do you think I cannot smell his savour from another? Yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a fear, i' faith. On my troth, I shall love you for this the longest day of my life.

Idle. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir; love me when you see more.

Edm. Mass, now I remember, I'll look whether he has singed the hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come, make him believe you'll charm him invisible. He's apt to admire anything, you see. Let me alone to give force to it.

Idle. Go; retire to yonder end, then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellow; are you not?

Idle. O Master Edmond, you know but the least part of me yet. Why now at this instant I could but flourish my wand thrice o'er your head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What! you could not? make me walk invisible, man! I should laugh at that i' faith. Troth, I'll requite your kindness, an you'll do't, good Captain Conjuror.

Idle. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master Edmond Plus. Why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus, and again, and now you're invisible.

Edm. Am I i' faith? Who would think it?

Idle. You see the fortune-teller yonder, at farther end o' the chamber. Go toward him; do what you will with him, he shall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you so? I'll try that i' faith. [*Jostles him.*]

Pye. How now, captain? Who's that jostled me?

Idle. Jostled you? I saw nobody.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha! Say 'twas a spirit.

Idle. Shall I?—May be some spirit that haunts the circle.

[*EDMOND pulls PYEBOARD by the nose.*]

Pye. O my nose, again! Pray conjure then, captain.

Edm. Troth, this is excellent; I may do any knavery now, and never be seen. And now I remember, Sir Godfrey, my uncle abused me t'other day, and told tales of me to my mother. Troth now I'm invisible, I'll hit him a sound wherret on the ear, when he comes out o' the garden. I may be revenged on him now finely.

Enter SIR GODFREY, the WIDOW, and FRANCES.

Sir God. I have my chain again; my chain's found again. O sweet captain! O admirable conjurer! [*EDMOND strikes him.*] Oh! what mean you by that, nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your uncle, Sir?

Edm. Why, captain, am I not invisible?

Idle. A good jest, George.—Not now you are not, Sir. Why, did not you see me, when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my troth, captain.—Then pray you pardon me, uncle; I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? Go, you're a foolish boy; And were I not o'ercome with greater joy, I'd make you taste correction.

Edm. Correction! pish. No, neither you nor my mother shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you: let me embrace you. O my sweet chain! gladness e'en makes me giddy. Rare man! 'twas just i' the rosemary-bank, as if one should have laid it there. O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tells me I must marry, let me marry a man of wit, a man of parts. Here's a worthy captain, and 'tis a fine title truly la to be a captain's wife. A captain's wife! it goes very finely: beside, all the world knows that a worthy captain is a fit companion to any lord; then why not a sweet bed-fellow for any lady? I'll have it so.

Enter FRAILTY.

Frail. O mistress — gentlemen — there's the bravest sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave sight?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.

Wid. A rueful sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, captain, I'll pawn my life the corporal's coffin'd, and old Skirmish, the soldier, going to execution; and 'tis now full about the time of his waking. Hold out a little longer, sleepy potion, and we shall have excellent admiration; for I'll take upon me the cure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street before the WIDOW's House.*

Enter, from the House, SIR GODFREY, the WIDOW, IDLE, PYE-BOARD, EDMOND, FRAILTY, and NICHOLAS. A Coffin, with CORPORAL OATH in it, brought in. Then enter SKIEMISH bound, and led in by Officers; the Sheriff, &c. attending.

Frail. O here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the soldier; prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing! These were those brothers that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What! they were not, sister?

Skir. George, look to't; I'll peach at Tyburn else.

Pye. Mum.—Gentles all, vouchsafe me audience, And you especially, good Master Sheriff:

Yon man is bound to execution,

Because he wounded this that now lies coffin'd.

Sher. True, true; he shall have the law,—and I know the law.

Pye. But under favour, Master Sheriff, if this man had been cured and safe again, he should have been released then?

Sher. Why make you question of that, Sir?

Pye. Then I release him freely; and will take upon me the death that he should die, if within a little season I do not cure him to his proper health again.

Sher. How, Sir! recover a dead man? That were most strange of all.

Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours. O do not undertake such an impossible venture!

Pye. Love you me? Then for your sweet sake I'll do't. Let me entreat the corpse to be set down.

Sher. Bearers, set down the coffin. This were wonderful, and worthy Stowe's Chronicle.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedom of the air upon our wholesome art. Mass, his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth. Nay, good corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer sleep than you. 'Sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully revenged upon me for making a property of him: yet I had rather run upon the ropes,* than have a rope like a tetter† run upon me? O, he stirs! he stirs again! look, gentlemen! he recovers! he starts, he rises!

Sher. O, O, defend us! Out, alas!

Pye. Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else. He knows nobody yet.

Oath. Zounds, where am I? Covered with snow! I marvel!

Pye. Nay, I knew he would swear the first thing he did as soon as ever he came to his life again.

* Play ropish, *i. e.* roguish tricks, than be hanged.

† A tetter (a ring-worm) is a humour that forms itself into a circle. To this he compares the operation of the noose at the end of a halter.

Oath. 'Sfoot, hostess, some hot porridge. O, O! lay on a dozen of faggots in the Moon parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i' faith, and send him in to your kitchen fire.

Wid. O, with all my heart, Sir: Nicholas and Frailty, help to bear him in.

Nich. Bear him in, quoth-a! Pray, call out the maids; I shall ne'er have the heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither; I cannot abide to handle a ghost, of all men.

Oath. 'Sblood, let me see—where was I drunk last night? heh?

Wid. O, shall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail. Why, we are as fearful as you, I warrant you. Oh.

Wid. Away, villains! bid the maids make him a caudle presently, to settle his brain,—or a posset of sack; quickly, quickly.

[*Exeunt FRAILTY and NICHOLAS, pushing in the Corporal.*

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O ay, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of them? O wonderful!—Officers, I discharge you; set him free; all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff; to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late prisoner there. See you this goodly chain, Sir? Mum! no more words; 'twas lost and is found again. Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling charnico;* and instead of a jester, we'll have the ghost in the white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.†

Sher. Excellent, merry man, i' faith!

[*Exeunt all but FRANCES.*

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoin'd to love, and marry,

My foolish vow thus I cashier to air,

Which first begot it. Now, Love, play thy part;

The scholar reads his lecture in my heart.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before the WIDOW'S house.*

Enter EDMOND and FRAILTY.

Edm. This is the marriage morning for my mother and my sister.

Frail. O me, Master Edmond! we shall have rare doings.

* Lisbon wine.

† Dr. Farmer thinks this was intended as a sneer at Macbeth.

Edm. Nay, go, Frailty, run to the sexton; you know my mother will be married at Saint Antling's. Hie thee; 'tis past five; bid them open the church-door: my sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, Master Edmond?

Edm. Nay, go; hie thee. First run to the sexton, and run to the clerk; and then run to Master Pigman the parson; and then run to the milliner, and then run home again.

Frail. Here's run, run, run.

Edm. But hark, Frailty.

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the maids remembered to strew the way to the church?

Frail. Foh! an hour ago; I helped them myself.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then. [*Exit FRAILTY.*]

Edm. I shall have a simple father-in-law, a brave captain, able to beat all our street; Captain Idle. Now my lady mother will be fitted for a delicate name; my lady Idle, my lady Idle! the finest name that can be for a woman: and then the scholar, Master Pyeboard, for my sister Frances, that will be Mistress Frances Pyeboard; Mistress Frances Pyeboard! they'll keep a good table, I warrant you. Now all the knights' noses are put out of joint; they may go to a bone-setter's now.

Enter IDLE and PYEBOARD, with Attendants.

Hark, hark! O, who come here with two torches before them? My sweet captain, and my fine scholar. O, how bravely they are shot up in one night! They look like fine Britons now methinks. Here's a gallant change i' faith! 'Slid, they have hired men and all, by the clock.

Idle. Master Edmond; kind, honest, dainty Master Edmond.

Edm. Foh, sweet captain father-in-law! A rare perfume i' faith!

Pye. What, are the brides stirring? May we steal upon them, think'st thou, Master Edmond?

Edm. Foh, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you; for they were at their torch e'en now: by the same token I tumbled down the stairs.

Pye. Alas, poor Master Edmond.

Enter Musicians.

Idle. O, the musicians! I pr'ythee, Master Edmond, call them, and liquor them a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet captain father-in-law; and make each of them as drunk as a common fiddler. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter MARY in a Balcony. To her below, SIR JOHN PENNYDUB.

Sir John. Whew! Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll.

Mary. Who's there?

Sir John. 'Tis I.

Mary. Who? Sir John Pennydub? O, you're an early cock i' faith. Who would have thought you to be so rare a starrer?

Sir John. Pr'ythee, Moll, let me come up.

Mary. No, by my faith, Sir John; I'll keep you down; for you knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Sir John. I'll not stay i' faith.

Mary. I' faith you shall stay; for, Sir John, you must note the nature of the climates: your northern wench in her own country may well hold out till she be fifteen; but if she touch the south once, and come up to London, here the chimes go presently after twelve.

Sir John. O, thou'rt a mad wench, Moll: but I pr'ythee make haste, for the priest is gone before.

Mary. Do you follow him; I'll not be long after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in SIR OLIVER MUCKHILL'S House.

Enter SIR OLIVER MUCKHILL, SIR ANDREW TIPSTAFF, and SKIRMISH.

Sir Oliv. O monstrous, unheard-of forgery!

Sir And. Knight, I never heard of such villany in our own country, in my life.

Sir Oliv. Why, 'tis impossible. Dare you maintain your words?

Skir. Dare we? even to their weazon pipes. We know all their plots; they cannot squander with us. They have knavishly abused us, made only properties of us, to advance themselves upon our shoulders; but they shall rue their abuses. This morning they are to be married.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis too true. Yet if the widow be not too much besotted on sleights and forgeries, the revelation of their villanies will make them loathsome. And to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me; and therefore presume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me: and to speak truth, for such needful occasions, I only preserve him in bond: and sometimes he may do me more good here in the city by a free word of his mouth, than if he had paid one half in hand, and took doomsday for t'other.

Sir And. In troth, Sir, without soothing* be it spoken, you have published much judgment in these few words.

Sir Oliv. For you know, what such a man utters will be thought effectual and to weighty purpose; and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved theme of their forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, knight, if you'll be true.

Enter a SERVANT.

Sir Oliv. How now, fellow?

* Flattery.

Ser. May it please you, Sir, my lord is newly lighted from his coach.

Sir Oliv. Is my lord come already? His honour's early.

You see he loves me well. Up before seven!

Trust me, I have found him night-capp'd at eleven.

'There's good hope yet: come, I'll relate all to him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Street; a Church appearing.

Enter IDLE, PYEBOARD, SIR GODFREY and EDMOND; *the* WIDOW *in a bridal dress*; SIR JOHN PENNYDUB, MARY and FRANCES; NICHOLAS, FRAILTY, and other Attendants. *To them a* NOBLEMAN, SIR OLIVER MUCKHILL, and SIR ANDREW TIPSTAFF.

Nob. By your leave, lady.

Wid. My lord, your honour is most chastely welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from court, I come not to flatter you. Upon whom can I justly cast this blot, but upon your own forehead, that know not ink from milk? such is the blind besotting in the state of an unheaded woman that's a widow. For it is the property of all you that are widows (a handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of credit, state, and posterity; and strongly to dote on those that only love you to undo you. Who regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most are best beloved. And if there be but one man amongst ten thousand millions of men, that is accursed, disastrous, and evilly planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all societies esteem least, that man is sure to be a husband. Such is the peevish moon that rules your bloods. An impudent fellow best woos you, a flattering lip best wins you; or in a mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest: nor can you distinguish truth from forgeries, mists from simplicity; witness those two deceitful monsters, that you have entertained for bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful!

Pye. All will out.

Idle. 'Sfoot, who has blabb'd, George? that foolish Nicholas.

Nob. For what they have besotted your easy blood withal, were nought but forgeries: the fortune-telling for husbands, the conjuring for the chain Sir Godfrey heard the falsehood of, all, nothing but mere knavery, deceit, and cozenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wonder'd that my husband, with all his craft, could not keep himself out of purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder'd, that my chain should be gone, and my tailor had none of it.

Mary. And I wonder'd most of all, that I should be tied from marriage, having such a mind to it. Come, Sir John Pennydub, fair weather on our side: The moon has changed since yesternight.

Pye. The sting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold

their fellow-actor in those forgeries; who full of spleen and envy at their so sudden advancements, revealed all their plot in anger.

Pye. Base soldier, to reveal us!

Wid. Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that false which too soon you believed true?

Wid. O, to my shame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my lord, my chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

Nob. Resolve him of that, soldier.

Skir. In few words, knight, then thou wert the arch-gull of all.

Sir. God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: for the chain was but hid in the rosemary-bank all this while; and thou got'st him out of prison to conjure for it, who did it admirably, fustianly; for indeed what needed any other, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O villany of villanies! But how came my chain there?

Skir. Where's *Truly la*, *Indeed la*, he that will not swear, but lie; he that will not steal, but rob; pure Nicholas Saint-Antlings?

Sir God. O villain, one of our society,
Deem'd always holy, pure, religious,
A puritan a thief! When was't ever heard?
Sooner we'll kill a man, than steal, thou know'st.
Out slave! I'll rend my lion from thy back,*
With mine own hands.

Nich. Dear master! O!

Nob. Nay, knight, dwell in patience. And now, widow, being so near the church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a husband. Draw nearer, you of true worship, state, and credit; that should not stand so far off from a widow, and suffer forged shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true title of a captain, or blot the fair margin of a scholar; for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful virtues in the other. Come lady, and you, virgin, bestow your eyes and your purest affections upon men of estimation both in court and city, that have long wooed you, and both with their hearts and wealth sincerely love you.

Sir God. Good sister, do. Sweet little Franke, these are men of reputation: you shall be welcome at court; a great credit for a citizen.—Sweet sister.

Nob. Come, her silence does consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what face—

Nob. Poh, poh, with your own face; they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my daughter have wrong'd your loves.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis easily pardon'd, lady, if you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my soul.

* *I. e.* his crest, which was wrought in the back of his servant's livery

Fran. And I with all my heart.

Mary. And I, Sir John, with soul, heart, lights, and all.

Sir John. They are all mine, Moll.

Nob. Now, lady:

What honest spirit, but will applaud your choice,

And gladly furnish you with hand and voice?

A happy change, which makes even heaven rejoice.

Come, enter into your joys; you shall not want

For fathers, now; I doubt it not, believe me,

But that you shall have hands enough to give ye.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* *I. e.* those of the favouring audience.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

"A BOOKE called A Yorkshire Tragedy" was entered by Thomas Pavier at Stationers' Hall, May 2, 1608, and the play, or rather interlude, was printed by him in the same year, under the title of "A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new as lamentable and true." The murder on which this short drama is founded was committed in 1604, and a ballad was made upon it in the following year, of which probably this tragedy is only an enlargement. The fact is thus related in "Stowe's Chronicle," anno 1604: "Walter Calverly of Calverly in Yorkshire Esquier, murdred 2 of his young children, stabbed his wife into the bodie with full purpose to have murdred her, and instantly went from his house to have slaine his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact at his triall in Yorke hee stood mute, and was judged to be prest to death, according to which judgment he was executed at the castell of Yorke the 5th of August."

The piece before us was acted at the Globe, together with three other short dramas that were represented on the same day under the name of "All's One," as appears from one of the titles of the quarto, 1608, which runs thus: "All's One, or one of the foure plaies in one, called a Yorkshire Tragedy; as it was plaid by the king's majestie's plaiers." Shakspeare's name is affixed to this piece.

Malone could form no decided opinion about this play.

"The Yorkshire Tragedy," says Dr. Farmer, "has been frequently called Shakspeare's earliest attempt in the drama; but most certainly it was not written by our poet at all."

Hazlitt ascribes it rather to Heywood.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HUSBAND.
MASTER OF A COLLEGE.
A KNIGHT, *a Magistrate*.
SEVERAL GENTLEMEN.
OLIVER, }
RALPH, } *Servants*.
SAMUEL, }

Other SERVANTS and OFFICERS.
A LITTLE BOY, &c.

WIFE.
MAID SERVANT.

SCENE.—Calverly, in Yorkshire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Calverly Hall.

Enter OLIVER and RALPH.

Oliv. Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love—

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe, make so many fallings; so mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop off themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every man to take them up.

Oliv. Mass thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed. But sirrah, is neither our young master return'd, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the puritan bawd says. 'Slid I hear Sam. Sam's come; here he is; come i' faith: now my nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so does mine elbow.

Sam. [*within*]. Where are you there? Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion. I have rid him simply: I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat. If he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not?

Enter SAM.

What, Ralph and Oliver!

Both. Honest fellow Sam, welcome i' faith. What tricks hast thou brought from London?

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest fashion; three hats, and two glasses bobbing upon them; two rebato wires upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush at my back, an almanack in my pocket, and three ballads in my codpiece. Nay, I am the true picture of a common serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art; thou mayst set up when thou wilt: there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the news from London, Sam?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said; what's the news from London, sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

Sam. Why the more fool she; ay, the more ninnyhammer she.

Oliv. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Both. I' faith? You jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her. For you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years' wages my young mistress knew so much; she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she were blest in her cradle, had he never come in her bed. Why, he has consumed all, pawn'd his lands, and made his university brother stand in wax for him:* there's a fine phrase for a scrivener. Puh! he owes more than his skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his wife whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll; and his children bastards, as naturally as can be.—But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pulled down my breeches; I quite forgot my two poking sticks:† these came from London. Now anything is good here that comes from London.

Oliv. Ay, far fetch'd, you know, Sam,‡—But speak in your conscience i' faith; have not we as good poking sticks i' the country as need to be put in the fire?

Sam. The mind of a thing is all; the mind of a thing is all; and as thou saidst even now, far-fetch'd are the best things for ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for waiting gentlewomen too.

Sam. But Ralph, what, is our beer sour this thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me; I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in: I learned it at London last week.

Both. I' faith? Let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour! 'twould do a man good to be drunk

* Enter into a bond.

† These were used to adjust the plaits of the ruff.

‡ Alluding to the proverb, "Far fetched and dear bought."

in it: they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.

Both. 'Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come, follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Apartment in the same.

Enter WIFE.

Wife. What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That Riot's child must needs be beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward; which makes him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vex'd his money cannot make them last:
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
O, yonder he comes; now in despite of ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Pox o' the last throw! It made five hundred angels
Vanish from my sight. I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd;
The angels* have forsook me. Nay it is
Certainly true; for he that has no coin
Is damn'd in this world; he is gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear husband.

Hus. O! most punishment of all, I have a wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked! thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property; thou, thou, thou. [*Exit.*]

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse; both beggary of the soul
And of the body;—and so much unlike
Himself at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him. He comes again.

* A quibble between *angels* of heaven, and *angel*, the gold coin.

Re-enter HUSBAND.

He says I am the cause : I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.

Hus. If marriage be honourable, then cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool ! what meant I to marry to get beggars ? Now must my eldest son be a knave or nothing ; he cannot live upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him. That mortgage sits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance, and makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter ; * and my third a thief, or an under-putter ; a slave pander. Oh beggary, beggary, to what base uses dost thou put a man ! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd ; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit. Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty !

Wife. Good Sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.

Hus. Money, money, money ; and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent ;
Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desire ; but I beseech you,
As you are a gentleman by many bloods, †
Though I myself be out of your respect,
Think on the state of the three lovely boys
You have been father to.

Hus. Puh ! bastards, bastards, bastards ; begot in tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heaven knows how those words wrong me : but I may
Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
O call to mind your lands already mortgaged,
Yourself wound into debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon ; and——

Hus. Have done, thou harlot,
Whom though for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou, thy words
Shall kill my pleasures ? Fall off to thy friends ;
Thou and thy bastards beg ; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you,
And revel in your company ! Curb'd in !
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom ? that I flagg'd in money ?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Hus. Nay, I protest (and take that for an earnest)

[*Spurns her.*]

I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorced in bed, till thou consent

* An informer.

† *I. e.* by many deacents.

Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Hus. Look it be done. Shall I want dust,
And like a slave wear nothing in my pockets

[*Holds his hands in his pockets.*]

But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails?
O much against my blood!* Let it be done;
I was never made to be a looker on,
A bawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs myself,
And make them yield: I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave: it shall.

[*Exit.*]

Hus. Speedily, speedily.

I hate the very hour I chose a wife:
A trouble, trouble! Three children, like three evils,
Hang on me. Fie, fie, fie! Strumpet and bastards!

Enter three GENTLEMEN.

Strumpet and bastards!

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad,
Endanger others; but he's more than mad
That wounds himself; whose own words do proclaim
Scandals unjust, to soil his better name
It is not fit; I pray, forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good Sir, let modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest kindness sway so much with you.

Hus. Good den;† I thank you, Sir; how do you? Adieu!
I am glad to see you. Farewell instructions, admonitions!

[*Exeunt GENTLEMEN.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

How now, sirrah? What would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, Sir, that my mistress was met by the
way, by them who were sent for her up to London by her
honourable uncle, your worship's late guardian.

Hus. So, Sir, then she is gone; and so may you be;
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house
At home.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who? me?

Chide me? Do't finely, then; let it not move me:
For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

* I. e. my inclination.

† Good even.

Gent. Strike thine own follies, for 'tis they deserve
To be well beaten. We are now in private ;
There's none but thou and I. Thou art fond and peevish ;*
An unclean rioter ; thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption :
I am sorry for thee. That man spends with shame
That with his riches doth consume his name ;
And such art thou.

Hus. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.
Thy father's and forefathers' worthy honours,
Which were our county's monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into men's beliefs,
Such dearth should hang upon thee. We that see it,
Are sorry to believe it. In thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurl'd—
Thou and the devil have deceived the world.

Hus. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.

Hus. Nay, then, I know thee ;
Thou art her champion, thou ; her private friend ;
The party you wot on.†

Gent. O ignoble thought !
I am past my patient blood. Shall I stand idle,
And see my reputation touch'd to death ?

Hus. It has gall'd you, this ; has it ?

Gent. No, monster ; I will prove
My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.

Hus. Love of her virtues ? there it goes.

Gent. Base spirit,
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed ! [They fight, and the HUSBAND is hurt.]

Hus. Oh !

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet ?

Hus. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do. [They fight again.]

Hus. Have you got tricks ? Are you in cunning with me ?

Gent. No, plain and right :
He needs no cunning‡ that for truth doth fight.
[HUSBAND falls down.]

Hus. Hard fortune ! am I levell'd with the ground ?

Gent. Now, Sir, you lie at mercy.

Hus. Ay, you slave.

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave !
You see, my sword 's not thirsty for your life :

* I. e. weak and silly.

† I e. you know whom I mean.

‡ I. e. great skill.

I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
 You're of a virtuous house ; show virtuous deeds ;
 'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds.
 Much good has been expected in your life ;
 Cancel not all men's hopes : you have a wife,
 Kind and obedient ; heap not wrongful shame
 On her and your posterity ; let only sin be sore,
 And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
 And so I leave you.

[Exit.

Hus. Has the dog left me, then,
 After his tooth has left me ? O, my heart
 Would fain leap after him. Revenge, I say ;
 I'm mad to be revenged. My strumpet wife,
 It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
 And makes my breast spit blood ;—but thou shalt bleed.
 Vanquish'd ? got down ? unable even to speak ?
 Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak :
 Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me : I'd ne'er been down else.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter WIFE, in a riding suit, and a SERVANT.

Ser. 'Faith, mistress, if it might not be presumption
 In me to tell you so, for his excuse
 You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had ; but alas,
 Why should our faults at home be spread abroad ?
 'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
 Mine uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
 As perfectly as if his serious eye
 Had number'd all his follies :
 Knew of his mortgaged lands, his friends in bonds,
 Himself wither'd with debts ; and in that minute
 Had I added his usage and unkindness,
 'Twould have confounded every thought of good :
 Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
 Which time and tame experience will shake off,—
 Guessing his kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
 With all the skill I had, though his deserts
 Are in form uglier than an unshaped bear),
 He's ready to prefer him to some office
 And place at court ; a good and sure relief
 To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means, I hope,
 To make new league between us, and redeem
 His virtues with his lands.

Ser. I should think so, mistress. If he should not now be
 kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the
 devil himself kept open house in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will. Now pr'ythee leave me ; I
 think I hear him coming.

Ser. I am gone.

[Exit.

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
 And free my husband out of usurers' hands.

Now there's no need of sale ; my uncle's kind :
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Now, are you come? Where's the money? Let's see the money. Is the rubbish sold? those wise-acres, your lands? Why when? The money? Where is it? Pour it down; down with it, down with it: I say, pour't on the ground; let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope my words shall like* you well. I bring you better comfort than the sale of my dowry.

Hus. Ha! What's that?

Wife. Pray, do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me hearing. My uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild usage (for so I made it to him), hath, in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoyed me—

Hus. Out on thee, filth! over and overjoyed, when I'm in torment? [*Spurns her.*] Thou politic whore, subtler than nine devils, was this thy journey to nunck? to set down the history of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall I that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in service? to crouch and stand, like an old man, i' the hams;† my hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head i' the church? Base slut! this fruit bear thy complaints.

Wife. O, heaven knows
That my complaints were praises, and best words,
Of you and your estate. Only, my friends
Knew of your mortgaged lands, and were possess'd
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me,
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor children's (though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs),
Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood:
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you.
And all I wish even clemency affords;
Give me but pleasant looks and modest words.

Hus. Money, whore, money, or I'll— [*Draws a dagger.*

Enter a SERVANT hastily.

What the devil! How now! thy hasty news?

Ser. May it please you, Sir—

Hus. What! may I not look upon my dagger?
Speak, villain, or I will execute the point on thee:
Quick, short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a gentleman from the University stays below to speak with you. [*Exit.*

* Please.

† I. e. with his knees bent.

Hus. From the University? so; University:—that long word runs through me. [Exit.

Wife. Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?
 Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
 Had offer'd violence unto my breast.
 That which some women call great misery,
 Would show but little here; would scarce be seen
 Among my miseries. I may compare,
 For wretched fortunes, with all wives that are.
 Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
 He calls it slavery to be preferr'd;
 A place of credit, a base servitude.
 What shall become of me, and my poor children,
 Two here, and one at nurse? my pretty beggars!
 I see how Ruin with a palsied hand
 Begins to shake this ancient seat to dust:
 The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
 Over my dankish* eyes: I can scarce see;
 This grief will last;—it wakes and sleeps with me. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Apartment in the same.

Enter HUSBAND and the MASTER of a College.

Hus. Please you draw near, Sir; you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt; I fear I come not to be welcome.

Hus. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable. That hopeful young gentleman your brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence lies in bond executed for your debt,—a prisoner; all his studies amazed,† his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Hus. Umph, umph, umph!

Mast. O you have killed the towardest hope of all our University: wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgments to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, is now by your careless courses cast into prison, which you must answer for; and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

Hus. O God! oh!

Mast. Wise men think ill of you; others speak ill of you; no man loves you: nay, even those whom honesty condemns condemn you: And take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother; never look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet sleep, contented walks, nor anything that makes man perfect,‡ till you redeem him. What is your answer? How will you bestow him? Upon desperate misery, or better hopes?—I suffer till I hear your answer.

* *I. e.* moistened.

† *I. e.* stunned.

‡ *I. e.* perfectly happy.

Hus. Sir, you have much wrought with me; I feel you in my soul: you are your art's master. I never had sense till now; your syllables have cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother; mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs. Within, there.

Enter a Servant.

Hus. Fill me a bowl of wine. [*Exit Servant.*] Alas, poor brother, bruised with an execution for my sake!

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal sore,
Till the grave cure them.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Hus. Sir, I begin to you; you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wished it better for your sake. I pledge you, Sir:—To the kind man in prison.

Hus. Let it be so. Now, Sir, if you please to spend but a few minutes in a walk about my grounds below, my man here shall attend you. I doubt not but by that time to be furnished of a sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the angels would be pleased,
And the world's murmurs calm'd; and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky day.

[*Exeunt MASTER and Servant.*]

Hus. O thou confused man! Thy pleasant sins have undone thee; thy damnation has beggared thee. That heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women! give our senses way to find pleasure, which being found, confounds us! Why should we know those things* so much misuse us? O, would virtue had been forbidden! We should then have proved all virtuous; for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden. Had not drunkenness been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine,—to show tricks in the mire? What is there in three dice,† to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a little round table, and with the gentleman's palsy in the hand shake out his posterity, thieves or beggars? 'Tis done; I have don't i' faith: terrible, horrible misery!—How well‡ was I left! Very well, very well. My lands showed like a full moon about me; but now the moon's in the last quarter,—waning, waning; and I am mad to think that moon was mine; mine and my father's, and my forefathers'; generations, generations.—Down goes the house of us; down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beggar; begs in me. That name which hundreds of years has made this shire famous, in me and my posterity runs out. In my seed five are made miserable besides myself: my riot is now my brother's gaoler, my wife's sighing, my three boys' penury, and mine own confusion.

Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head? [*Tears his hair.*]
Will not this poison scatter them?§ O, my brother's

* (That.)

‡ (Off.)

† Passage, or pass-dice, was played with three dice.

§ Alluding to the effects of some kinds of poison.

In execution among devils that
 Stretch him and make him give;* and I in want,
 Not able for to live, nor to redeem him!
 Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
 But in my heart its several torments dwell;
 Slavery and misery. Who, in this case,
 Would not take up money upon his soul?
 Pawn his salvation, live at interest?
 I that did ever in abundance dwell,
 For me to want, exceeds the throes of hell.

Enter a little Boy with a top and scourge.

Son. What ail you, father? Are you not well? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up all the room with your wide legs. Puh! you cannot make me afraid with this; I fear no vizards, nor bugbears.†

[He takes up the child by the skirts of his long coat with one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.]

Hus. Up, Sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.‡

Son. O, what will you do, father? I am your white boy.

Hus. Thou shalt be my red boy; take that. *[Strikes him.]*

Son. O, you hurt me, father.

Hus. My eldest beggar,
 Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread;
 To cry at a great man's gate; or follow,
Good your honour, by a coach; no, nor your brother:
 'Tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn, now my head's broke?

Hus. Bleed, bleed, *[Stabs him.]*
 Rather than beg. Be not thy name's disgrace:
 Spurn thou thy fortunes first; if they be base,
 Come view thy second brother's. Fates! My children's blood
 Shall spin into your faces; you shall see,
 How confidently we scorn beggary! *[Exit with his SON.]*

SCENE V.

A Maid discovered with a Child in her arms; the Mother on a couch by her, asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep:
 It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.
 Hush, pretty boy; thy hopes might have been better.
 'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour won:
 Hard, when the father plays away the son!
 Nothing but misery serves in this house;
 Ruin and desolation. Oh!

Enter HUSBAND, with his Son bleeding.

Hus. Whore, give me that boy. *[Strives with her for the child.]*

* Leather when stretched is said to give.

† The child mistakes the distortions of real passion for grimaces exhibited only with a sportive intention to frighten him.

‡ He means that his child having nothing left on earth, he will send him to heaven.

Maid. O help, help ! Out alas ! murder, murder !

Hus. Are you gossiping, you prating, sturdy quean ?
I'll break your clamour with your neck. Down stairs ;
Tumble, tumble headlong. So :—

[*He throws her down and stabs the child.*]

The surest way to charm* a woman's tongue,
Is—break her neck : a politician did it.†

Son. Mother, mother ; I am kill'd, mother. [*WIFE awakes.*]

Wife. Ha, who's that cried ? O me ! my children !

Both, both, bloody, bloody ! [*Catches up the youngest child.*]

Hus. Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

Wife. O my sweet husband !

Hus. Filth, harlot.

Wife. O, what will you do, dear husband ?

Hus. Give me the bastard.

Wife. Your own sweet boy—

Hus. There are too many beggars.

Wife. Good my husband—

Hus. Dost thou prevent me still ?

Wife. O God !

Hus. Have at his heart. [*Stabs at the child in her arms.*]

Wife. O, my dear boy !

Hus. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house—

Wife. Oh heaven ! [*She is hurt, and sinks down.*]

Hus. And perish !—Now be gone :

There's whores enough, and want would make thee one.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. O Sir, what deeds are these ?

Hus. Base slave, my vassal !

Com'st thou between my fury to question me ?

Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, Sir.

Hus. Hold me ? Presumption ! I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Hus. Tug at thy master ?

Ser. Tug at a monster.

Hus. Have I no power ? shall my slave fetter me ?

Ser. Nay then the devil wrestles ; I am thrown.

Hus. O villain ! now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee ;

Set quick spurs to my vassal ;‡ bruise him, trample him.

So ; I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

My horse stands ready saddled. Away, away ;

Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar :

Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on !

[*Exit.*]

* *I. e.* to silence.

† The reference here is to the Earl of Leicester, the death of whose first wife is said, in the celebrated libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, to have been occasioned by her being thrown down stairs at Cunmor, by her husband's order.

‡ The ancient spurs had rowels whose points were more than an inch long.

SCENE VI.—Court before the House.

Enter HUSBAND; to him the MASTER of the College.

Mast. How is it with you, Sir?

Methinks you look of a distracted colour.

Hus. Who, I, Sir? 'Tis but your fancy.

Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you:

I want one small part to make up the sum,

And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it: Sir, I'll attend you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—A Room in the House.

The WIFE, SERVANT, and CHILDREN discovered.

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up myself,

He has so bruised me with his devilish weight,

And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur:

A man before of easy constitution,

Till now Hell-power supplied, to his soul's wrong:

O how damnation can make weak men strong!

Enter the MASTER of the College and two SERVANTS.

Ser. O the most piteous deed, Sir, since you came!

Mast. A deadly greeting! Hath he summ'd up these

To satisfy his brother? Here's another;

And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh! ho!

Mast. Surgeons! surgeons! she recovers life:—

One of his men all faint and bloodied!

1 *Ser.* Follow; our murderous master has took horse

To kill his child at nurse. O, follow quickly.

Mast. I am the readiest; it shall be my charge

To raise the town upon him.

1 *Ser.* Good Sir, do follow him.

[*Exeunt MASTER and two SERVANTS.*]

Wife. O my children!

1 *Ser.* How is it with my most afflicted mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? Why half live,

To see my children bleed before mine eyes?

A sight able to kill a mother's breast, without

An executioner.—What, art thou mangled too?

1 *Ser.* I, thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs

Had so soon acted, came and rush'd upon him.

We struggled; but a fouler strength than his

O'erthrew me with his arms; then did he bruise me,

And rent my flesh, and robb'd me of my hair;

Like a man mad in execution,

Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it has beguiled him of all grace,

And stole away humanity from his breast?

To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,

And spoil his servants—

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Please you to leave this most accursed place :
A surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it ?

'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood :
Murder has took this chamber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—A High Road.

Enter HUSBAND. He falls.

Hus. O stumbling jade, the spavin overtake thee !
The fifty diseases stop thee !*
Oh, I am sorely bruised ! Plague founder thee !
Thou runn'st at ease and pleasure. Heart of chance !
To throw me now, within a flight † o' the town,
In such plain even ground too ! 'Sfoot, a man
May dice upon it, and throw away the meadows. ‡
Filthy beast !

[*Cry within.*] Follow, follow, follow.

Hus. Ha ! I hear sounds of men, like hue and cry.
Up, up, and struggle to thy horse ; make on ;
Dispatch that little beggar, and all's done.

[*Cry within.*] Here, here ; this way, this way.

Hus. At my back ! Oh,
What fate have I ! my limbs deny me go.
My will is barred ; beggary claims a part.
O could I here reach to the infant's heart !

*Enter the MASTER of the College, three GENTLEMEN, and
Attendants with halberds.*

All. Here, here ; yonder, yonder.

Master. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous !
The Scythians, or the marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds,
In their relentless natures, than these of thine.
Was this the answer I long waited on ?
The satisfaction for thy prison'd brother ?

Hus. Why, he can have no more of us than our skins,
And some of them want but fleaing.

1 *Gent.* Great sins have made him impudent.

Master. He has shed so much blood, that he cannot blush.

2 *Gent.* Away with him, bear him to the justice's.

A gentleman of worship dwells at hand :
There shall his deeds be blazed.

Hus. Why, all the better.

My glory 'tis to have my action known ;
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.

Master. There's little of a father in that grief :

Bear him away.

[*Exeunt.*]

* There is an old book entitled the "Fifty Diseases of a Horse," by
Gervase Markham.

† *I. e.* an arrow's reach.

‡ Play them away.

SCENE IX. *A Room in the House of a Magistrate.**Enter a KNIGHT and three GENTLEMEN.**Knight.* Endanger'd so his wife? murder'd his children?*1 Gent.* So the cry goes.*Knight.* I am sorry I e'er knew him;
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honour'd stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.*1 Gent.* Here come the men.*Enter MASTER of the College, &c. with the Prisoner.**Knight.* The serpent of his house! * I am sorry
For this time, that I am in place of justice.*Mast.* Please you, Sir—*Knight.* Do not repeat it twice; I know too much:
Would it had ne'er been thought on! Sir, I bleed for you.*1 Gent.* Your father's sorrows are alive in me.

What made you show such monstrous cruelty?

Hus. In a word, Sir, I have consumed all, played away long-
acre; and I thought it the charitablest deed I could do, to cozen
beggary, and knock my house o' the head.*Knight.* O, in a cooler blood you will repent it.*Hus.* I repent now that one is left unkill'd;
My brat at nurse. I would full fain have wean'd him.*Knight.* Well, I do not think, but in to-morrow's judgment,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of death remembers † you:
To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was act play'd more unnaturally.*Hus.* I thank you, Sir.*Knight.* Go lead him to the gaol:
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.*Hus.* Come, come; away with me. [*Exeunt HUSBAND, &c.*]*Mast.* Sir, you deserve the worship of your place:
Would all did so! In you the law is grace.*Knight.* It is my wish it should be so.—Ruinous man!
The desolation of his house, the blot

Upon his predecessors' honour'd name!

That man is nearest shame, that is past shame. ‡ [*Exeunt.*]SCENE X.—*Before Calverly Hall.**Enter HUSBAND guarded, MASTER of the College, GENTLEMEN,
and Attendants.**Hus.* I am right against my house,—seat of my ancestors:
I hear my wife's alive, but much endanger'd.
Let me entreat to speak with her, before
The prison gripe me.

* Because he had destroyed his whole family, as the serpent of Aaron.

† *I. e.* comes upon you.‡ *I. e.* nearest to public, who is lost to private shame.

His WIFE is brought in.

Gent. See, here she comes of herself.

Wife. O my sweet husband, my dear distressed husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding;
Now my soul bleeds.

Hus. How now? Kind to me? Did I not wound thee?
Left thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far, far greater wounds did my breast feel;
Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
You have been still unkind to me.

Hus. 'Faith, and so I think I have;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Desperate and sudden; but thou hast devised
A fine way now to kill me: thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds apiece. Now glides the devil from me,
Departs at every joint; heaves up my nails.
O catch him torments that were ne'er invented!
Bind him one thousand more,* you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies;
To spread into a father, and in fury
Make him his children's executioner;
Murder his wife, his servants, and who not?—
For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.

Wife. O my repentant husband!

Hus. O my dear soul, whom I too much have wrong'd:
For death I die, and for this have I long'd.

Wife. Thou shouldst not, be assured, for these faults die.
If the law could forgive as soon as I.

[*The two children laid out.*]

Hus. What sight is yonder?

Wife. O, our two bleeding boys,
Laid forth upon the threshold.

Hus. Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack.
O were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks!†
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me, who, void of grace,
Kill'd you in beggary.
O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd:
O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd!‡
O, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live!

* *I. e.* years.

† *I. e.* blushes or tears for your murders dart along my cheeks.

‡ *I. e.* the devil, who so deceived me.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other sorrows,
And live apart with this.

Offi. Come, will you go?

Hus. I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then I'll go:
My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.
Farewell, dear wife; now thou and I must part;
I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart.

Wife. O stay; thou shalt not go.

Hus. That's but in vain; you see it must be so.
Farewell ye bloody ashes of my boys!
My punishments are their eternal joys.*
Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

[*Exeunt* HUSBAND and OFFICERS.]

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind wife,
Be comforted; one joy is yet unmurder'd;
You have a boy at nurse; your joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.
Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint
With much expense of blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends
To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.

Mast. Was it in man to wound so kind a creature?
I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.
I must return with grief; my answer's set;†
I shall bring news weighs heavier than the debt.
Two brothers, one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* *I. e.* that for which I shall be punished, has proved their introduction to everlasting happiness.

† *I. e.* fixed, settled.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THE preponderance of criticism is altogether opposed to the admission of this play among the undoubted works of Shakspeare. The most probable statement connecting our author with the play is that made by Ravenscroft, who, in the preface to an alteration of the tragedy, published in 1687, says that he had been "told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakspeare's, but brought by a private author to be acted; he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"Titus Andronicus," observes Hazlitt, "is certainly as unlike Shakspeare's usual style as it is possible. It is an accumulation of vulgar physical horrors, in which the power exercised by the poet bears no proportion to the repugnance excited by the subject."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.	ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.	ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.	CHIRON, }
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.	DEMETRIUS, }
LUCIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.	AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
QUINTUS, }	A CAPTAIN, TRIBUNE, MESSENGER, and CLOWN, Romans.
MARTIUS, }	
MUTIUS, }	
YOUNG LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.	TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.	LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
	A NURSE, and a BLACK CHILD.
	KINSMEN OF TITUS, SENATORS, TRIBUNES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—Rome, and the country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome, before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the TRIBUNES and SENATORS aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title* with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;

* *I. e.* my title to the succession.

And suffer not dishonour to approach
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence, and nobility :
 But let desert in pure election shine ;
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have, by their common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls :
 He by the senate is accited* home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS go into the Capitol, and
exeunt with SENATORS, MARCUS, &c.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a CAPTAIN, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS: after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; soldiers and people following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught,*
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,†
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,

* Freight.

† Jupiter.

Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam Stay, Roman brethren ;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion† for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O ! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful ;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with your swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,*
with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive
To tremble under 'Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved ; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their
swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

* It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

† Suffering.

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons:

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,†
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament‡ of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,

* "May thy life be longer than mine, and thy praise longer than fame."

† No man can be pronounced happy before his death.

‡ A robe.

Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
 What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all ?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country :
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world :
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.*

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?—

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor —
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
 That you create your emperor's eldest son,
 Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's† rays on earth,
 And ripen justice in this common-weal :
 Then if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians, and plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
 And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !* [*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

* Imperial dignity.

† The sun.

Thy name, and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my empress,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
 Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[*To TAMORA.*

To him that, for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
 Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, Sir? Are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal,
 To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
 This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
 Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
 Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*TITUS kills MUTIUS.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust: and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale* of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle† in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany

* A stalking-horse.

† Bully.

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON, and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid* to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to talk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ? What villain was it spoke that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

Mar. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :
My foes I do repute you every one :
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Livinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.
 Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
 The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,—
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these sullen dumps,—
 How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
 Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
 Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
 Is she not then beholden to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so far?
 Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

[*Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;
 TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the
 other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*]

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
 God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
 Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
 My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
 But let the laws of Rome determine all;
 Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir: You are very short with us;
 But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
 Only thus much I give your grace to know,
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
 That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
 To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome forfend,*
I should be author to dishonour you !

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last.

[*Aside.*

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
'To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—Come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot : and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash ;
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown,
Then Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming* eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis ;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla ! what storm is this ?

* Fascinating.

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy ears want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners to intrude where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! * these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared, and full resolved,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet† upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

* Equivalent to "help."

† Encroach.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice :
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad ? or, know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her !—How ?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,* we know :
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality ?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so,
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too ;
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square† for this ? Would it offend you then
That both should speed ?

Chi. I' faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends ; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand :
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind‡ for rape and villany :
Single you thither then this dainty doe,

* Slice.

† Quarrel.

‡ By nature.

And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred* wit,
 To villany and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit *fas* aut *nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.
 Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* ; MARCUS, LUCIUS,
 QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
 LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and *Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good !—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting.

[*To TAMORA.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

* *Accursed*; a Latinism.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A desert part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit* it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest, [Hides the gold.
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—

* Possess.

This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here, Rome's royal empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her ;
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps !
 Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
 And to be doubted that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments :
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequester'd from all your train ?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being interrupted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :
 Good king ! to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
 Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have 'ticed me hither to this place,
 A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,*
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they called me, foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs* BASSIANUS.]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted† hope braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were a eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
 To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

* Hedgehogs.

† Specious.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband;
[Dragging off LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exeunt.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*aside*]. Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend

Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;

Brought thither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ? I know, thou dost but jest :

He and his lady both are at the lodge,

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and
LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless* tragedy ;

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*reads*]. *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;

Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree :

Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. [*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps [*to TITUS*], fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life :—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;

* Untimely.

There let them bide, until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—The same.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA ravished; her
hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungente hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Ceberus at the Thracian poet's* feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution: TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see

* Orpheus.

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed :
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain ;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones :
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death :
For which attempt, the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine : How happy art thou, then,

From these devourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
What fool hath added water to the sea ?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy ?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too :
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use :
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage :
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me ; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;
 Looking all downwards, to behold thy cheeks
 How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece :—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin* cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee ;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
 Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the king : he for the same,

* Handkerchief.

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand :

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe. [*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine,

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

[*Aside.*]

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*He cuts off TITUS' Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers : bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee :—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany

[*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
 Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call ;—What, wilt thou kneel with me ? [*To LAVINIA.*
 Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
 Then be my passions* bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes :
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ? †
 I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
 For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a MESSENGER, with two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne !
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name.
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

* Sufferings.

† Stir, bustle.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these aims;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever lived in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tfore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in TITUS' House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;

And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thou dost talk in signs ! [*To LAVINIA.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life !

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk !

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—

Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—

Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks : *—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers :

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still † practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

* An allusion to brewing.

† Constant, continual.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny;
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O.

Then pradon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before TITUS' House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean :
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia, never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;

Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :

And madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence* thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:—

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis ;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes† the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

* Succession.

† To quote is to observe.

Forced in the ruthless vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—The lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,*
And father, of that chaste, dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,

* Husband.

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad* of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by : the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
 And where's your lesson then ? Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
 Fore these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both :
 Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.
 Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
 Ay, marry, will we, Sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and BOY.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him ?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield :
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door ; at another
 door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons,
 and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
 And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
 For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
 My grandsire, well-advised, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome : for so he bade me say ;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

* The point of a spear.

You may be armed and appointed well :
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt BOY and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round about ?
Let's see ;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace : right, you have it.—
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass ! [*Aside.*]
Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found their guilt ;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
It did me good, before the Palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter a NURSE with a Black-a-moor child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords :

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is : and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !
Now, help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep !
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she's the devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. Done ! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point ;
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up,
[*Takes the child from the NURSE and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir !

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what ; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-limed walls ; ye alehouse painted signs,

Coal black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue :

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

This, before all the world, do I prefer ;

This, maugre* all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

* Spite of.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.*

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.†

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :

Fie, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !

Here's a young lad framed of another leer :‡

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light :

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; When we all join in league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :

Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said :—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore didst thou this ?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy :

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?

A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;

His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go pack§ with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all ;

And how by this their child shall be advanced

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;

* Escapade.

† *I. e.* ignominy.

‡ Complexion.

§ Bargain with.

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her physic,
[Pointing to the NURSE.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse, well made away,
 'Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee
[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing off the NURSE.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same. A Public Place.

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them ;
 with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with
 bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come :—Kinsmen, this is the way :—
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :
Terras Astræa reliquit :
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
 Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may find her in the sea ;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land ;
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him th's petition :
 Tell him, it is for Justice, and for aid :
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,—
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd ;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Plutus sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclop's size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung* with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear.† You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

* Strained.

† Business.

Enter a CLOWN, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

Clo. From heaven ? alas, Sir, I never came there : God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,* to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?

Clo. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor :

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold ;—meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, Sir : see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, Sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, Sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go :—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, LORDS, and others : SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus : and, for the extent

* *I. e.* tribunal of the people.

Of egal* justice, used in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze† with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

[*Aside.*

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen, give you good den:—I
 have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, Sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a
 fair end. [Exit, guarded.]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds;

* Equal.

† Flatter.

May this be borne? as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege :—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman ;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths;
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say
(When I have walked like a private man),
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear, is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious,* like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint† their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know thou, emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador;
Say, that the emperor requests a parley

[To ÆMILIUS.]

* Imperial.

† Stop.

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths,
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and GOTHs, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs :
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,*
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a GOTH, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from your troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying bade controll'd with this discourse :
Peace, tawny slave ; half me and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,

* Harm.

*Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth :
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.*

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eye'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No, not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason ; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious* woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands: and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse),

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

* Licentious.

Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a GOTH.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come.—March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS' House.

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
 I will encounter with Andronicus ;
 And say, I am Revenge, come from below,
 To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
 Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door ;

That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceived: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge.
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes;
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves;
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are !
And you the empress ! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by. [*Exit TITUS from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius :
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths ;
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths :
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
 Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him till I come again.

[*Aside.*

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit* TAMORA.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
 Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. Th' empress' sons.

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much deceived ;
 The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
 And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
 Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :
 Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. *lay hold on* CHIRON
and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear : we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word :
Is he sure bound ? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA ; *she bearing a*
basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound ;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin* I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.†
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged :
And now prepare your throats,—Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

* Crust.

† Produce.

So,
Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and GOTHs, with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours,* with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* GOTHs, with AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators,
and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots† it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;‡
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*]

Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook. LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS,
and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread queen:
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

* Our mind.

† Benefits.

‡ I. e. Leave off parley.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [*He kills LAVINIA.*]
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their partisans ascend the steps before TITUS' house.*]

Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend [*to LUCIUS*]; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy ;
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel ;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance ; even i' the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration :
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
 And they it were that ravish'd our sister :
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;
 Our father's tears despised ; and* basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserved her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I :
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,
 [*Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendant.*]
 Of this was Tamora delivered ;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
 Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal
emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house; [*To an Attendant.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious
governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—

For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof:—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done :
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will ;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*

THE
P O E M S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF
TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen : only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear* so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.†

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

* *I. e.* plough.

† Lord Southampton was at this period twenty years old.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

[Our author himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April, 1593; and again by ——— Harrison, sen., on the 23rd of June, 1594; in which year it was probably published.]

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.*—Ovid.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

“Thrice fairer than myself (thus she began),
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves and roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

“Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

“And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.”

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent * of pith and livelihood,
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
 Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under the other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
 She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love !) ;
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove :
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 " If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He says, she is immodest, blames her miss ; †
 What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires ‡ with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone,
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, § but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breathing in her face ;
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
 Rain added to a river that is rank, ||
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

* Pattern.

† Misbehaviour.

‡ Pecks.

§ I. e. to be contented to remain.

|| Full.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty air she tunes her tale;
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale;
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.*

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a di-dapper † peering through a wave,
 Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
 So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
 She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
 "Oh pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy;
 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
 Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus him that over-ruled, I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine
 (Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red),
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
 What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
 Look in mine eyeballs where thy beauty lies: ‡
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?"

* The red which before was *best* is bettered by the *white*; the *white* by the *red*, as he alternately blushes and turns pale.

† The water-fowl, called a dab-chick.

‡ *I. e.* as in a mirror.

" Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
 And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
 Love keeps his revels where there be but twain.
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
 Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

" The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted;
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

" Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-natured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'er-worn, despiséd, rheumatic and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,*
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

" Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
 Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

" Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,†
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

" Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

" Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
 Narcissus so, himself, himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

" Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:‡
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
 Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

* *Juice*, Dr. Farmer states, is pronounced *joyce*, in the Midland counties.

† Pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our author's native county it is still so pronounced by the vulgar.

‡ *I. e.* that grow, or keep wholly to themselves.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
 By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
 And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spite,
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
 His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love;
 The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind!
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs:
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears."

"The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,*
 And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
 And were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun."

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
 O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind."

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?†
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
 Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain."

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
 For men will kiss even by their own direction."

* *I. e.* genially: not burns.

† *I. e.* contemptuously refuse this favour.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments* break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
 Love made those hollows,† if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
 "Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse"‡—
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

* *I. e.* intentions.

† (So that).

‡ Mercy.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd* crest now stands on end ;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride :
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who should say, Lo ! thus my strength is tried ;
 And thus I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering *holla*, or his *Stand, I say* ?
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay ?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;
 So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,†
 And whê† he run, or fly, they knew not whether ;
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness,§ seems unkind ;
 Spurs at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

* Arched.

† As at prisoners'-base.

‡ Whê† for *whether*.

§ I. e. seeming coyness.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vails his tail,* that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
 His love perceiving how he is enraged,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
 When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning† his boisterous and unruly beast;
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
 So of concealed sorrow may be said;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage:
 But when the heart's attorney‡ once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow
 (Even as a dying coal revives with wind),
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly§ to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now, her cheek was pale, and by-and-by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
 His tender cheeks receive her soft hands' print,
 As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.||

O what a war of looks was then between them!
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumb play had its acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like,¶ her eyes did rain.

* Lowers.

† I. e. cursing.

‡ I. e. the voice.

§ Closely.

|| Dent.

¶ I. e. acting the explanatory part of a Chorus, in an old play.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like to silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts* began :
 " O fairest mover on this mortal round,†
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

" Give me my hand," saith he, " why dost thou feel it ?"
 " Give me my heart," saith she, " and thou shalt have it ;
 O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :‡
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

" For shame," he cries, " let go, and let me go ;
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so ;
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies : " Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

" How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,§
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

" Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

" Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage of presented joy ;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
 O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And, once made perfect, never lost again."

* *I. e.* her voice.

† Engrave it, *i. e.* make an impression on it.

‡ The Globe.

§ Tribute.

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will I know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it :
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;*
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
 The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love's alarm† it will not ope the gate.
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."‡

"What ! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue ?
 O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !
 Thy mermaid's§ voice hath done me double wrong :
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Earth's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible ;
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me that were but sensible ;
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
 For from the still'tory|| of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
 Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
 And bid suspicion double-lock the door ?

Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gust and foul flaws¶ to herdmen and to herds.

* My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.

† Alarm ; trumpet summons.

‡ Impression.

§ Our ancient writers commonly use *mermaid* for *syren*.

|| Still.

¶ I. e. violent blasts of wind.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
 And blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
 The silly boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day ;
 Her two blue windows* faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumined with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;†
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

" O, where am I," quoth she ? " in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
 What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
 But now I lived, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

" O thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

* *I. e.* her eyes.

† *I. e.* been darkened by the discontented knitting of his brows.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
 O never let their crimson liveries wear! *
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year! †
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
 To sell myself I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips, ‡
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses, buy, my heart from me;
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
 What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years; §
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the West:
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis *very late*;
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
 The coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
 "*Good night*," quoth she; and, ere he says *adieu*,
 The honey fee|| of parting tender'd is:
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
 Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain of drought:
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glued fall to the earth.

* Ruddy dress wear out.

† "I have read," says Stevens, "that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome."

‡ I. e. of counterfeit money.

§ Attribute my uncouthness to my youth.

|| Payment.

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never fillet^h;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willet^h;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tired with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.*

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission: †
 Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck'd:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool ‡ prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence encaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she, whereat a sudden pale, §
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
 She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

* All she would be pleased to have.

† Which is subject to no rules.

‡ This was formerly an expression of tenderness.

§ Paleness.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:—
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manege * her, although he mount her;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip † Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless ‡ berries saw:
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
 She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
 Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
 "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
 You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.
 O be advised; thou know'st not what it is
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal § butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
 His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes || slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
 Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne, ¶
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
 But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread ! **)
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
 Come not within his danger by thy will;
 They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

* Ride her: *manège*.

† Touch, embrace.

‡ Not helping.

§ Deadly.

|| Tusks.

¶ Eyes.

** *i. e.* a fear, involving the wonder that anything should have so impracticable a person at an advantage.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
 Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*;
 Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
 As air and water doth abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate*-breeding spy,
 This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
 This carry-tale; dissensious jealousy,
 That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That trembling at the imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
 And fear doth teach it divination:
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
 Pursue these fearful† creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark, the poor wretch to overshoot his troubles,
 How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
 The many musits‡ through the which he goes,
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell:
 And sometime where earth-delving conies§ keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
 And sometime sorteth|| with a herd of deer;
 Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

* Strife, contention.

† Full of fear.

‡ Gaps in a hedge.

§ Rabbits.

|| Consorts with.

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;*

Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat,† far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting‡ with the way;
Each envious § brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:

For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself,|| thou hear'st me moralize;
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends;

The night is spent."—"Why, what of that," quoth she.

"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;

And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."

"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.¶

"Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

* Recovered the defaulting scent.

† A name formerly applied to a wily, cautious person, and analogously to a hare.

‡ Running in and out.

§ Malicious.

|| *I. e.* rude, rough; not delicate like thyself.

¶ *I. e.* having broken her oath of virginity.

" And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;*
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and much misery ;

" As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,†
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

" And not the least of all these maladies,
But, in one minute's sight, brings beauty under :
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done.‡
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

" Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

" What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith § in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

" So in thyself, thyself art made away ;
A mischief worse than civil, home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that 'reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets, ||
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets."

" Nay then," quoth Adon, " you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme ;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream :
For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

" If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

* From *defaire*, Fr. to undo.

† Frantic.

‡ Destroyed.

§ Since.

|| Eats away.

" Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet 'closure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

" What have you urged that I cannot reprove? *
 The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

" Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled
 Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

" Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
 Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

" More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore in sadness, now I will away;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen; †
 Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood; ‡
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way. §

* Refute.

† Sorrow.

‡ A wood whose paths are little known, and therefore distrusted.

§ The fair object she had discovered on her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :

Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall,* and old men dote ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish, witty :

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,†
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?‡

She said, 'tis so : they answer all 'tis so ;
And would say after her if she said no.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow :
" O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn,§
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth|| to the cry.

And as she runs the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

* Thrall, among other meanings, means *enslaved*, and hard, *cruel*: the context suggests the latter meaning here.

† Flatterers.

‡ Wild, eccentric gallants.

§ Wondering the morning is so far advanced.

|| Approaches.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses, and her spright* confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :

Finding their enemy to be so curst,†
 They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.‡

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;§
 Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless phantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more ;—
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not wither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens|| bear her a thousand ways ;
 She treads the paths that she untreads again ;
 Her more than haste is mated¶ with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
 Full of respect,** yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary catiff for his master ;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceased his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

* Spirit.

† Ill-conditioned.

‡ Each is courteously disposed to let the rest precede it in attack.

§ A violent perturbation of mind.

|| Eager haste.

¶ Checked.

** Regard to some point.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing* them with dreadful prophesies;

So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meager, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," thus chides she death,
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?"

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost its power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower;
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd† her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting‡ for foul weather.

* Mixing them up.

† Lowered.

‡ Meeting together.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
 The dire imagination she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
 It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
 Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
 Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect* she doth extenuate;
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories†
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,
 To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

* Suspicion.

† Set forth.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound:
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd*
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;†
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

* Cut.

† Goes half mad.

" My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet," quoth she, " behold two Adons dead !
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
 Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire !
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

" Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
 Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;
 But true-sweet beauty lived and died in him.

" Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear !
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
 Having no fair to lose,* you need not fear ;
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
 But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair ;

" And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;
 The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
 Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep :
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

" To see his face, the lion walk'd along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear† him ;
 To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him :
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

" When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries ;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

" But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,‡
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
 Witness the entertainment that he gave :
 If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

" 'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain ;
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

* Fair was formerly used substantively in the sense of *beauty*.

† Terrify.

‡ The urchin is the sea-hedgehog.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more I am accurst."

With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful words she told:

She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:

"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,*
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, too high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match its woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;†
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread‡ the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy."

* This is purposely to vex me.

† In a breath.

‡ To dance.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white ;
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood,

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

" Poor flower," quoth she, " this was thy father's guise
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire),
For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

" Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
 There shall not be one minute of an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus, weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF
TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater : mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's, in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.*

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

* This argument appears to have been written by Shakspeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594, and is a curiosity; being, with the two dedications to the Earl of Southampton, the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatic form) now remaining.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

[“A BOOK entitled the ‘Ravishment of Lucrece’ was entered on the Stationers’ register, by Mr. Harrison, sen., May 9, 1594, and the poem was first printed in 4to. in the same year. It was again published in 16mo. in 1598, 1600, and 1607. There were also editions in 1596 and 1602. There was an edition published in 1616, purporting to be *newly revised and correct*, but it is of all the editions the most inaccurate and corrupt. The story of Lucrece is given in the first volume of Painter’s ‘Palace of Pleasure,’ whence our author probably borrowed the argument of his poem.”]

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine’s fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply* that name of *chaste* unhapp’ly set
This bateless† edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let‡
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph’d in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven’s beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he, the night before, in Tarquin’s tent,
Unlock’d the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

* Possibly.

† Not to be abated.

‡ Omit.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done *
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !
 An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun :
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator ;
 What needeth then apology be made
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
 Suggested † this proud issue of a king ;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
 The golden hap ‡ which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows. §
 O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty || spring still blasts, ¶ and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
 Which of them both should underprop her fame ;
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that or ** with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled, ††
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

* Consumed.

† Prompted, instigated.

‡ Chance.

§ The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love.

|| Too early.

¶ Becomes blighted.

** Or, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

†† Taking its title from that whiteness.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right :
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
 (The niggard prodigal that praised her so)
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,*
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
 For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil ;
 Birds never limed no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits† of majesty ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never coped with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling‡ looks,
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;§
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize|| his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

* *Praise* here signifies *the object of praise*, i. e. Lucretia. To *owe*, in old language, means *to possess*.

† Folds.

‡ Speaking.

§ In all our ancient English books, the comment is printed in the margin.

|| Interpret.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there.
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
 Doth yet in his fair welkin* once appear;
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending† weariness with heavy spright;‡
 For, after supper, long he questioned§
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
 And every one to rest himself betakes,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
 Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond
 That what they have (not that which they possess)||
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;¶
 As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
 Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave** to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,

* Sky.

† Pretending.

‡ Spirit.

¶ Held conversation.

|| I. e. which they truly possess.

¶ Risk.

** Cease.

In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
 And for himself, himself he must forsake :
 For where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes ;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries,
 Now serves the season that* they may surprise
 The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
 The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm ;
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly : †
 " As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise :
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust, ‡
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

" Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine !
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed. §

* The season now serving when.

‡ Still slaughtering ?

† Deliberately.

§ Garment.

“ O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave ! *
 O impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy's † slave !
 True valour still a true respect ‡ should have ;
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

“ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive, §
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote ; ||
 That my posterity, shamed with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been.

“ What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :
 Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week ?
 Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ;
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

“ If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

“ O what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

“ Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

* The sepulchre of my ancestors.

† Love.

‡ Aim.

§ In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who “ discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will.”

|| To perpetuate my mad infatuation.

" *Shameful it is* ;—ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
 I'll beg her love ;—*but she is not her own* :*
 The worst is but denial, and reproving :
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."†

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure affects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, " She took me kindly by the hand,
 And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies.

O how her fear did make her colour rise !
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took‡ away.

" And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
 Forced it to tremble with her loyal§ fear !
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

" Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

" Then childish fear avaunt ! debating die !
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
 Sad|| pause and deep regard beseem the sage ;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :¶
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?"

* The words in Italics in these lines may be supposed spoken by conscience.

† In the old tapestries, or painted cloths, many moral sentences were wrought.

‡ Being taken.

§ Faithful.

|| Sad, in ancient, *grave*.

¶ The poet seems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the Vice of the old moralities in his thoughts.

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust:
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires* his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,†
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:‡
The threshold grates the door to have him heard:§
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct|| in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies;¶
And griping it, the neeld** his finger pricks:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,

* Draws back.

† Reproach his evil deed by creaking.

‡ Consider about.

§ Discover him.

|| Conduct for conductor.

¶ Rooms in England were strewed with rushes in our author's time.

** Neeld for needle.

He takes for accidental things of trial;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,*
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,†
 And give the sneaped‡ birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;§
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
 So from himself impiety hath wrought
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour.
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower;
 The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?"

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
 My will is back'd with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide:
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch!
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
 By their high treason is his heart misled;
 Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

* Retard.

† Spring.

‡ Checked.

§ Everything worth having causes pain or trouble in its acquisition.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
 Then had they seen the period* of their ill!
 Then Collatine again by Lucrece's side,
 In his clear† bed might have reposed still:
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;‡
 Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,

* End.

† Spotless.

‡ Among the poems of Sir John Suckling (who is said to have been a great admirer of our author) is one entitled *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. William Shakspeare's*, which begins with these lines, somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would have called a passage extracted from a regular poem an *imperfect copy of verses*. Perhaps Shakspeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy) on some occasion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. In a subsequent page the reader will find some verses that appear to have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was composed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by Suckling.—The variations are distinguished by Italic characters.

I.

" *One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,*
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss:
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other blush'd 'cause it had done the wrong.

II.

" *Out of the bed the other fair hand was,*
On a green satin quilt; whose perfect white
Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass,‡
 And show'd like unmelt snow unto the sight:
 There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
 The rest o' the body that lay fast asleep.

III.

" Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
 Strove to imprison beauty till the morn;
 But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
 That it broke through and show'd itself in scorn;
 Throwing a kind of light about the place,
 Which turn'd to smiles, still as't came near her face.

§ Thus far (says Suckling) *Shakspeare*.

Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
 Between whose hills her head intomb'd is :
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,*
 To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
 And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
 O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,†
 And death's dim look in life's mortality.
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath‡ they truly honoured.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he not'd ?
 What did he note, but strongly he desired ?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tired.§
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,

* On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on *pillows*.

† The similitude of death : sleep.

‡ *I. e.* the *matrimonial* oath.

§ Fed.

IV.

“ Her beams, which some dull men call'd hair, divided
 Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport ;
 But these, as rude, her breath put by still : some ||
 Wiselier downward sought ; but falling short,
 Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again
 To bite the part so unkindly held them in.”

MALONE.

|| From the want of rhyme here, I suspect this line to be corrupt.

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits affecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
Anon his beating heart, alarum* striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye 'commends the leading to his hand :
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;
What terror 'tis ! but she in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)
May feel her heart (poor citizen !) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk †, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,

* War-cry.

† Body.

The reason of this rash alarm to know
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : " The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace),
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

" Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide ;
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.*

" I see what crosses my attempt will bring :
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends :
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

" I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth† the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies :
So under the insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

" Lucrece," quoth he, " this night I must enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

* Renewed.

† Makes it cower.

" So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :*
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited† up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

" But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
 A little harm, done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound ; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

" Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit :‡ bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot ;
 Worse than a slavish wipe,§ or birth-hour's blot :||
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype's¶ sharp claws,
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws.
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vultur folly,**
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

* An illegitimate child has no name by inheritance.

† Set forth.

‡ Regard it.

§ The brand with which slaves were marked.

|| The corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born.

¶ The *griffin* ; generally, any bird of prey.

** Wicked infatuation.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place,
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
 By her untimely* tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she: "Reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;†
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:‡
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
 Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolved to water do convert.§
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded|| in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

* Unseasonably excited.
 § Turn.

† Intended.
 || Full of seeds.

‡ Shot be fired.

What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
 O be remember'd,* no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wiped away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.†

"This deed will make thee only loved for fear,
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?
 Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
 When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
 To view thy present trespass in another.
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
 Their own transgressions partially they smother:
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
 That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heaved up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;‡
 I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;§
 Let him return, and fluttering thoughts retire:
 His true respect will 'prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
 That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the wind in greater fury fret:
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

* Bear it in your mind.

† The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain after their death.

‡ Thy reckless supporter.

§ Recall.

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
 "No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear thee:
 Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
 Instead of love's coy touch,* shall rudely tear thee;
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone† lust should stain so pure a bed!
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will that lived by foul devouring.

* Delicate, tender.

† Headstrong.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,*
 Ere he can see his own abomination.

While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels ; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall †
 To living death, and pain perpetual :
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor, that hath lost in gain ;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
 She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;
 She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,‡
 She there remains a hopeless cast-away :
 He in his speed looks for the morning light,
 She prays she never may behold the day :
 " For day," quoth she, " night-scapes§ doth open lay ;
 And my true eyes have never practised how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

* What it has received.

† A slave.

‡ Convert.

§ Misdeeds.

" They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And 'grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
 Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
 Against the unseen secrecy of night.

" O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !
 Dim register and notary of shame !
 Black stage for tragedies* and murders fell !
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
 With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

" O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night,
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time !
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

" With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
 Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ; †
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

" Were Tarquin Night (as he is but Night's child),
 The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
 Her twinkling handmaids ‡ too, by him defiled,
 Through night's black bosom should not peep again ;
 So should I have copartners in my pain :
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

" Where § now I have no one to blush with me,
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;

* In our author's time, the stage was hung, more or less, with black, when tragedies were performed.

† *I. e.* the point of noon on the dial.

‡ The stars.

§ Whereas.

But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

“ O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace !
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade !

“ Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
The light will show, charáctér'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow :
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote* my loathsome trespass in my looks.

“ The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :
Feast-finding minstrels,† tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

“ Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

“ O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot‡ afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows !

“ If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

* Mark or observe.

† Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts.

‡ The motto or word.

" Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck ;
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
 Besides of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue :—O unlook'd for evil,
 When virtue is profaned in such a devil !

" Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly* lurk in gentle† breasts ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

" The aged man that coffers up his gold
 Is plagued with cramps, and gout, and painful fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

" So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursed-bless'd fortune long.
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

" Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
 What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexed opportunity
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

" O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

" Thou makest the vestal violate her oath ;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

* Depravity.

† Well-born.

" Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name ;
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

" When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?
 When wilt thou sort* an hour great strifes to end ?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained ?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

" The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

" When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;
 They buy thy help : but sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd†
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

" Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation ;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination :
 An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

" Misshapen Time, copesmate‡ of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post, § carrier of grisly Care ;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !
 Be guilty of my death, since|| of my crime.

" Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes ?
 Time's office is to fine¶ the hate of foes ;

To eat up error by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

* Occasion a fitting hour.

† Pleased.

‡ Companion.

§ Postman.

|| (Thou hast been so).

¶ To end.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wring the wronger till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with* thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish† springs;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,‡
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

"To show the beldame, daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild:
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
 One poor retiring§ minute in an age
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
 O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan, but pity not his moans;
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,||
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar's orts¶ to crave;

* (The flight of).

† *I. e.* the *springs* or *shoots* of new.

‡ *I. e.* costly monuments of cast iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety.

§ Given back.

|| Curled hair is always mentioned by Shakspeare as a distinguishing characteristic of a person of rank.

¶ Leavings.

And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

" Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort :
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport :

And ever let his unrecalling crime*
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

" O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

" The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list

" The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away ;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

" Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
To trembling clients be you mediators :
For me, I force† not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

" In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

" Poor hand, why quiverest thou at this decree ?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame :
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

* Unrecalling.

† Esteem.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.

But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth,

As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.

I fear'd by *Tarquin's* falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;

But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;

So am I now :—O no, that cannot be;

Of that true type hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

"O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.

To clear this spot by death, at least I give

A badge of fame to slander's livery,*

A dying life to living infamy:

Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear *Collatine*, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;

I will not wrong thy true affection so,

To flatter thee with an infringed oath;

This bastard graft shall never come to growth:

He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,

That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,

Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;

But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespass never will dispense,

Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,

Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;

My sable ground of sin I will not paint,

To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:

My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting *Philomel* had ended

The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,

And solemn night with slow-sad gate descended

To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow

Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

But cloudy *Lucrece* shames herself to see,

And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

* In our author's time the servants of the nobility all wore *badges* on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
 To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
 Why pri'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
 True grief is fond and testy* as a child,
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
 Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
 Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,
 And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
 No object but her passion's strength renews;
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
 Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
 Sad souls are slain in merry company;
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
 True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed,
 When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken † of shore;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts!
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb
 (My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests):
 Relish your nimble notes (is) to pleasing ‡ ears;
 Distress likes dumps § when time is kept with tears.

"Come Philomel that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 And with deep groans the diapason bear;
 For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin's ill,
 While thou on Tereus descant'st, better still.

* Silly.

† Within sight.

‡ Pleased.

§ A dump is a melancholy song.

" And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

" And for,* poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and Death Reproach's debtor.†

" To kill myself," quoth she, " alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,‡

Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

" My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer ?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,

His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

" Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

" Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament

* Because.

† *I. e.* Death, the debtor of her conscience, reproves.

‡ Cruel experiment.

" My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead;
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

" Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

" This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

" Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;*
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *So be it.*
Yield to my hand: my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts† a sad look to her lady's sorrow
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery);
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns‡ were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

* Be its executor.

† Selects; adapts.

‡ Her eyes.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :*
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smart,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts :

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ; †
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign ‡ plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep : §
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No ¶ man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd !
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild **
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd ††
 With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread ;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead ? ‡‡

By this, §§ mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining ; ||||
 " My girl," quoth she, " on what occasion break
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining ?
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,

* Weeps merely for the sake of company.

† I. e. as the marble minds of men choose.

‡ Open.

§ As a level, smooth surface betrays the course of the smallest worm, so the smallest faults are salient on the smooth, gentle nature of woman ; while the misdeeds of rough man lie hidden and unnoticed, as evil things in the caves of a thick wood.

¶ I. e. let no man.

** I. e. held of, attributed to.

†† Filled full.

‡‡ I. e. she had feared that even death would not have saved her body from being abused.

§§ (Time).

|||| Her maid, whose countenance exhibited a portrait of her mistress's grief.

Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood ;
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) "Tarquin from hence?"

"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;

Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away."

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."

"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;

For more it is than I can well express :

And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.

What should I say?—One of my husband's men,

Bid thou be ready, by-and-by, to bear

A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;

Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:

The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gotie, and she prepares to write,

First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :

Conceit* and grief an eager combat fight ;

What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will ;

This is too-curious good,† this blunt and ill :

Much like a press of people at a door,

Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord

Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,

Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford

(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see),

Some present speed, to come and visit me :

So I commend me from our house in grief ;

My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,

Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.

By this short schedule Collatine may know

Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :

She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,

Ere she with blood hath stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion

She hoards to spend when he is by to hear her ;

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her

From that suspicion which the world might bear her,

* Conception.

† Fastidiously framed.

To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

Deep floods make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste :
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
 Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems :
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein* curt'sies to her low ;
 And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
 And forthwith bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
 Before the which is drawn† the power of Greece,

* Slave.

† Drawn up in battle array.

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy,
Which the conceited* painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop† seemed a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:‡
Such sweet observance§ in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd|| either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.¶

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech,** it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd†† up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

* Fanciful, ingenious.

‡ Pleasure, satisfaction.

|| Deciphered.

** With speaking.

† I. e. dry on the canvas.

§ Careful congruity.

¶ Profound wisdom, self-control.

†† Curled, eddied.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red;
 Another, smother'd, seems to pelt* and swear;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,†
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan‡ where they fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than §
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stèl'd||
 Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which ¶ bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
 Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends** her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,

* To be in a fury.

† So natural.

‡ Shore of Dardania, i. e. the district of Troy.

§ Than for then.

|| Steeled, engraved as on steel.

¶ I. e. wounds.

** Fixes.

And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
 The painter was no god to lend her those;
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the public plague of many moe?*"
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,†
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

* *Moe for more.*

† *I. e. not knowing each other.*

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show*
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
 Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
 For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old Priam after slew;
 Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly† perused,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,
 So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill;
 And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"
 (She would have said) "*can lurk in such a look*;"
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted),
 To me came Tarquin arm'd; so beguiled‡
 With outward honesty, but yet defiled
 With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
 To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
 For every tear he falls,§ a Trojan bleeds;
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
 Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

* *I. e.* painted figure.

‡ So covered, so masked.

† Attentively.

§ He lets fall.

“ Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
 These contraries such unity do hold,
 Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
 So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter,
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.”

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :

At last she smilingly with this gives o’er ;

“ Fool ! fool ! ” quoth she, “ his wounds will not be sore.”

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
 And time doth weary time with her complaining.
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining :
 Short time seems long in sorrow’s sharp sustaining.
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
 And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp’d her thought,
 That she with painted images hath spent ;
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
 By deep surmise of others’ detriment ;
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
 To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
 Brings home his lord and other company ;
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
 And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream’d, like rainbows in the sky.

These water-galls in her dim element*

Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look’d red and raw,
 Her lively colour kill’d with deadly cares.
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
 But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each other’s chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
 And thus begins : “ What uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand ?
 Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ? †
 Why art thou thus attired in discontent ?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.”

* The *water-gall* is some appearance attendant on the rainbow.

† Exhausted.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe : *

At length address'd † to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;

While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
" Few words," quoth she, " shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
In me more woes than words are now depending ;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

" Then be this all the task it hath to say :—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

" For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

" With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

" Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

* An image derived from a gun-shot.

† Prepared.

"O teach me how to make mine own excuse !
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
 That was not forced ; that never was inclined
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,*
 With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
 With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away, that stops his answer so :
 But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste ;
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forced him on so fast ;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :

"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake,—when† I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine),
 Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to 'venge this wrong of mine ;
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,
 "How may this forced stain be wiped from me ?

* I. e. Collatinus, the owner of the vessel wrecked, as it were.

† If.

"What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
 My low-declined honour to advance?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?
 The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
 And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
 While with a joyless smile she turns away
 The face, that map which deep impression bears
 Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
 "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,
 But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
 Till after many accents and delays,
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
 She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
 Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite,* and through her wounds doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
 'Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly † stood
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a watery rigol ‡ goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrified.

* Spirit.

† *I. e.* like a waste.

‡ Circle.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
 "That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlived?
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and cold,
 Shows me a bare-boned death by time out-worn;
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be, that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this* starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
 Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blew up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, "She's mine:" "O mine she is,"
 Replies her husband: "Do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

* At this point.

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I owed* her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."

My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The dispersed air, who† holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.

He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds :

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations—

Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced—
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets‡ chased.

"Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who wondering at him, did him words allow; §
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

* Owned.

† Which.

‡ (To be).

§ Adopt.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly * did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

* That is, *with acclamations.*



S O N N E T S.

SONNETS.

IF we could once discover the true solution of that enigma which lies hidden in the Sonnets attributed to Shakspeare, we might perhaps learn much that is now mysterious in the history of his life. The internal evidence of their authenticity is irresistible. The extraordinary fact is, that though they were published and republished as his, several years before his death, he never (at least publicly) either acknowledged or disowned them. They were entered on the Stationers' books, 20th May, 1609, by the publisher, one Thomas Thorpe, with the following dedication: "To the only begetter* of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T." It is said, indeed, that they were known so early as 1598 to Meres, who speaks of them in his "Wit's Treasury," as very popular;† but this may only apply to some of them, or even to other short poems of our author. The greater part of the one hundred and fifty-four printed by Thorpe are connected together, as parts of one strange, and not very intelligible story. It would seem from Sonnet lxxiii., and others, that Shakspeare was at that time an aged man,—at least, that he was many years older than the person whom he addresses. That individual, it appears throughout, was a nobleman of high rank, over whom (Son. cxxv.) he had on some occasion borne a canopy; the poet himself being a player, and regarding his occupation as a degraded one, insomuch (says he)

That almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.—(Son. cxi.)

Yet between these two persons, so widely distant in social station, a sort of Platonic affection had arisen, which, on the poet's part, could only be compared with that which attached Socrates to Alcibiades, and was even much more extravagant in admiration of his young friend's personal beauty. This he compares, in a passage which was a peculiar favourite of Charles Lamb's, to

The beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights—(Son. cvi.)

* Begetter here means merely the person who gets or procures a thing.

† "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends."

as if he had said the beauty of those dead ladies and lovely knights was such as to render even the old rhymes beautiful, in which it was chronicled : and herein, he adds,

I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty, as you master now.—(*Ibid.*)

But still they fell short of the admirable form which this young nobleman possessed—

And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing.

The seventeen first sonnets are all employed in earnest exhortations to the young lord to marry, in order that he might perpetuate the beauty in his offspring, which he himself inherited from a beautiful mother.

Thou art thy mother's glass : and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.—(Son. iii.)

In a later portion of the series of sonnets we find the poet attached (as it seems, not very reputably) to a woman, who deserts him for his noble friend (Son. cxliv.); yet he neither breaks with the one nor with the other : and the final result of both connections is left equally in doubt.

That the sort of story to be made out of these poems, taken literally, can be true, seems hardly credible ; and accordingly, various solutions of the difficulty have been proposed by different critics. One suggestion is, that the " W. H., the only begetter of these sonnets," is put, by transposition, for H. W. (Henry Wriothesly) earl of Southampton ; another, that these letters, in their proper order, stand for William Herbert, earl of Pembroke : but there are no circumstances in the history of either earl to which the sonnets seem applicable. Dr. Farmer supposes that many of these sonnets were addressed to our author's nephew, Mr. William Harte ; but Shakspeare's sister, Joan Harte, was not born till April, 1569, and supposing her to have married at so early an age as sixteen, her eldest son William could not have been more than twelve years old in 1598, at which time these sonnets were composed. Mr. Tyrwhitt pointed out to Mr. Malone a line in the twentieth sonnet, which inclined him to think that the initials W. H. stand for W. Hughes. Speaking of this person, the poet says he is

A man in *hew* all *Hews* in his controlling—

so the line is exhibited in the old copy ; and Mr. Malone " considering that one of these sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our author's Christian name," seems disposed to regard this conjec-

ture as not improbable. But, as Mr. Boswell pointed out, that many other words in these poems were, by the printer's mere caprice, originally printed in Italics and with a capital initial letter, Mr. Chalmers started a proposition, that "the lovely boy" whom Shakspeare addressed was no less a person than our maiden Queen Elizabeth; and it is just possible that he may have had her celibacy indirectly in view, as a popular topic. Mr. Coleridge, on the other hand, conceived that all the sonnets were really addressed to a mistress, and that the expressions of a different import were added as a blind. Even this, however, is but an unsatisfactory conjecture. There certainly is a great similitude between the descriptions of a beautiful but inconstant youth in the *Lover's Complaint* and in the *Sonnets*; and these again remind one strongly of passages in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, and in *Venus and Adonis*, which were certainly composed at an early period. After all, it is possible that the events alluded to in the sonnets may have been altogether imaginary. Shakspeare was never the inventor of a tale; he seemed to have considered this as a totally immaterial part of his work: all his plays were founded on previous history or romance. His art consisted in diving into the secret recesses of human thoughts and feelings, and bringing them forth in action under any given data of person, place, position, or circumstance. A rude, barbarous chronicle, or bare legend, sufficed for his purpose. Nothing can be more meagre than the British traditions of Lear or the Danish Hamlet: nothing more profoundly philosophic than the picture of insanity produced by filial ingratitude in the old, passionate king; or than the hesitation of the young prince who believes, yet doubts, the supernatural visitation of his murdered father, spurring him on to revenge against the fratricide uncle, and yet checking it against the scarcely less guilty mother. When we see how small a hint sufficed to set in motion that deep sympathy with human nature in all its modifications which Shakspeare possessed in a degree beyond any other writer whose works at present exist, or probably ever have existed, we may think it not unlikely that the fanciful hint of a friend may have originated the sonnets, which, as applied to any conceivable state of facts, appear so inexplicable. Strange as it seems that Shakspeare should have left his authorship of these very singular compositions in doubt, yet even this perhaps may be explained by that disregard of fame which is so peculiar a feature in his character.

W. H.

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,*
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.†
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.‡

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Were all the treasure of thy lusty days;
 To say,§ within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer, "*This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my whole excuse*"—
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.
 This were to be new made, when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm|| when thou feel'st it cold.¶

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest:
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile** the world, unless some mother.††

* This sonnet seems, in common with the eighteen which follow, to be merely an expansion of the argument of the stanza in *Venus and Adonis* commencing "Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed?" and which will guide the reader to the general purport of the sonnets themselves. The meaning of particular passages is almost impracticable.

† *I. e.* in thy very niggardliness.

‡ *I. e.* what is due to the world, both by death and by thyself.

§ (That it is).

|| *I. e.* in thy child.

¶ *I. e.* in thyself.

** Cheat.

†† *I. e.* leave some woman unblessed with maternity.

For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd* womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond,† will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime : ‡
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?
 For having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit§ canst thou leave ?
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze|| where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair¶ which fairly doth excel ;
 For never-resting Time leads Summer on
 To hideous Winter, and confounds him there ;
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness everywhere :
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty** were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese†† but their show ; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
 Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.

* Unploughed.

† Foolish.

‡ Spring.

§ Account of thyself.

|| Object to be gazed upon.

¶ Make that no longer fair.

** The effect of the meeting of beauty with beauty.

†† Loose.

That use* is not forbidden usury,
 Which happiest† those that pay the willing loan;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
 Then, what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye‡
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
 But when from high-most pitch, with weary car
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract,§ and look another way:
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear,|| why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "Thou, single, wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless¶ wife;

* Usance.

† Makes happy.

‡ Each eye below.

§ Path.

|| O thou, whom it is music to hear.

¶ Mateless.

The world will be thy widow and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but its place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly* thou bestow'st,
 Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.†
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years would make the world away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,‡
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look,§ whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;||
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;

* When young.

† I. e. to be preserved for use.

‡ (Than to others).

† Dost depart.

§ (Thou).

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;*
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him,† when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give:
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination:‡ then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry § in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O! none but unthrifs:—Dear my love, you know,
 You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
 Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict|| that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:¶
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider everything that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge state** presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

* *I. e.* the corn carried home.

† *I. e.* children, who may set Time at defiance.

‡ *I. e.* become a fee-simple.

§ Economical prudence.

|| By what is most frequently prognosticated.

¶ If thou wouldst change thy single state, and create a store of progeny.

** The state of man; the world.

When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night
 And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :
 So should the lines of life† that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,‡
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,§
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still ;||
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, This poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,¶
 And stretched metre of an antique song:
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

* Portrait.

† Living pictures, *i. e.* children.‡ *I. e.* my 'prentice hand.

§ Fairness, beauty.

|| To produce likenesses of yourself (that is, children), will be the means of preserving your memory.

¶ The praises justly due to you, be considered mere poetical raving.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;*
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;†
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest :‡
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ; §
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse live ever young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,||
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.¶

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;

* Divested of ornament.

† That beauty thou possessest.

‡ Death shall not boast he has thee in his power when thou hast become a part of time by means of a series of pictures of thyself.

§ Burn her alive.

|| Nominated by a puncture or mark.

¶ The result of thy love, their future treasure.

Making a couplement* of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure† hems.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :‡
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.§
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
 Who with his fear is put beside his part ;
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charged with burthen of mine own love's might.
 O let my looks be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ :
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd ||
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.

* A union.

† Round.

‡ That is, the stars.

§ I. e. fill up the measure of.

|| Engraved.

For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictured lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves* spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassage,
 To witness† duty, not to show my wit.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind when body's work's expired

* The leaves of hope.

† Give evidence of.

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend* a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the Day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd Night ;
 When sparkling stars twine† not, thou gild'st the even.
 But Day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And Night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :

* Set out upon.

† Twinkle, peep out.

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless* night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.†
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay‡ as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious§ tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers|| gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve¶ them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:*
*But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

* Endless.

† Cost many a past sigh (still rustically called *sighth*). Sighing was formerly deemed prejudicial to the health.

‡ Pay over again.

§ Funereal.

|| Lovers, in all these instances, means simply friends beloved.

¶ I. e. preserve.

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,*
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud† hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain,‡ when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,§
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :||
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate),
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :¶
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.

* Rack is the fleeting motion of the clouds.

† *I. e.* the clouds of this *region*.

‡ Used as a neuter verb.

§ Misbehaviour

|| *I. e.* making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence.

¶ *I. e.* I, thy opponent in the case, extenuate thy fault with the aid of my sense,—my reasoning.

In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,*
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest† spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled‡ in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument,§ too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 Oh, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old Nine, which rhymers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.

* Separable, for separating.

† Dearest is most operative.

‡ Ennobled.

§ Subject.

O, absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sore leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),*
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for† my love thou usest;
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son;
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou mightst, my sweet, forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth;
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse‡ me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.

* *Doth*, instead of *do*.

† (That).

‡ *Deceive*.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,*
 And losing her my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.†

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,‡
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life being made of four, with two alone,§
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;

* *I. e.* my *mistress* gains by my loss.† *I. e.* to me.‡ *I. e.* being so compounded of these two elements.

§ Being made up of the four elements, when two of these are absent—

Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :
 This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie
 (A closet never pierced with crystal eyes),
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide* this title is impannelled
 A quest† of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety,‡ and the dear heart's part :
 As thus ; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other :
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture, then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me ;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them and they with thee ;
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

* To decide.

† An inquest or jury.

‡ *Moiety*, in ancient language, signifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not have been equally divided.

Thou have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle 'closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas* thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects,
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,†
 Against that time do I ensconce me here‡
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend;"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity§ can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:

* When.

‡ Fortify.

† Ceremonious coldness.

§ I. e. the extremest speed.

Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For* blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts† so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.‡
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit§
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires|| are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foizon¶ of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms** have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :

* (Fear of).

† He means the four festivals of the year.

‡ The chief jewels in the necklace.

§ Portrait.

|| Attire.

¶ I. e. the plentiful season, the autumn.

** Canker-rose, or dog-rose.

But, for* their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view:
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those:
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

* (That).

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to suffrance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child ?
 O that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done !*
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r† better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O ! sure I am the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil, all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main‡ of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,§
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;||
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

* *I. e.* let me read a description of you in the earliest manuscript after the first use of letters.

† *Whe'r* for *whether*.

§ The external decoration.

|| Renders what was before smooth, rough and uneven.

‡ In the great body.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious* is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against† my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;‡
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

* Beautiful.

† (The time that).

‡ *Age's steepy night* seems to mean the *precipice of age from which we are to plunge into darkness.*

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich-proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down rased,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay ;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since* brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with his rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?
 O fearful meditation ! where, alack !
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid ?†
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
 O none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,‡
 And captive Good attending captain Ill :
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

* (There is neither).

† *I. e.* the repository into which he is poetically supposed to throw those things which he designs to be forgotten.

‡ *I. e.* folly.

LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace itself* with his society ?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?
 Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head,†
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, himself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve‡ is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

* I. e. embellish itself.

† I. e. be made into a wig.

‡ Solution.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve*
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd† of time;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:
 If some suspect‡ of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.§

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 But let your love even with my life decay:
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit lived in me, that you should love,
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

* Prove.

† Being beloved by future time?

‡ Suspicion.

§ Own, possess.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail, shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by-and-by clean* starved for a look ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or† gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?
 So far from variation or quick change ?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,‡
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument ;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

* Wholly.

† Either.

‡ Known dress.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
 These vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book * this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed † graves will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument ‡
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

* Probably a blank book sent, with the sonnet, as a present.

† That is, *denouring*.

‡ The subject of thee, lovely.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit* doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is),
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or,† I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better used
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

* Spirit is used here monosyllabically. The Better Spirit, to whom Shakspeare refers, Malone conceives to be Spenser.

† Either.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;
 And therefore have I slept in your report,*
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern† quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, that worth‡ in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb,§
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine|| immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so¶ dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired everywhere.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.**

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
 Reserve†† their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the muses filed.‡‡
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

* *I. e.* have not sounded your praises.

† *Common or trite.*

‡ (Which).

§ When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while in fact they debase it by the meanness of their compositions.

|| Inclosure.

¶ In that simple statement.

** *I. e.* being fond of such panegyric as debases what is really praise-worthy in you.

†† Preserve.

‡‡ Polished.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,*
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough, thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.†
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set‡ me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage double vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

* Alluding, perhaps, to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with spirits.

† Determined, ended.

‡ Estimate.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle,* and look strange:
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe
 Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.

* *I. e.* put an end to our acquaintance.

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?—
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not :

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore, in that, I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks, the false heart's history,
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show.
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;*
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose !
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee !

* Waste.

Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less :
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate ! †
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen ?
 What old December's bareness everywhere !
 And yet this time removed ‡ was summer's time ;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime, §
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything ;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story || tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
 They were, my sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

* By great and small.

† Change his natural look into the innocent visage of the lamb.

‡ This time in which I was *remote* or absent from thee.

§ The spring.

|| I. e. any gay fiction.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,*
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make time's spoils despised everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life :
So thou prevent'st† his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay :
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

* For presuming to emulate the whiteness of thy hand.

† Anticipatest.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
 I love not less, though less the show appear :
 That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
 As Philomel, in summer's front* doth sing
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days :
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack ! what poverty my muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.
 O blame me not if I no more can write !
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That over-goes† my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well ?
 For to no other pass my verses tend,
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forest shook three summers' pride ;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green,
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.

* Beginning.

† Exceeds.

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;*
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,†
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.‡

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit ?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
 Nothing, sweet boy, but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same ;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.

* Laugh at the futility of their own predictions.

† Acknowledges.

‡ Worn out.

So that eternal love in love's fresh case*
 Weighs† not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,‡
 Gored mine own thoughts,§ sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.||
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;

* I. e. the poet's own compositions.

† Values not.

‡ Appeared as a fool (of whom the dress was formerly a *motley* coat).

§ Wounded my own sense of rectitude.

|| The author seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage.

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eyse, 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow? *
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense e'er changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic † and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides, methinks, are dead. ‡

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part§ his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch; ||
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, ¶ or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue. **

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?

* So you, as it were, throw a friendly shade over my faults, and approve of my virtues.

† Critic for cynic.

‡ I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more.

§ Partly perform.

|| Catch hold of.

¶ Countenance.

** I. e. the sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth.

O 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
 Mine eye well knows what with its gust* is 'greeing,
 And to its palate doth prepare the cup :
 If it be poison'd,† 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;
 Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
 Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments: Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted‡ all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right ;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

* Taste.

† Alluding to the wine-tasters of princes.

‡ Failed in.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank * of goodness, would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbeckst† foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,‡
 In the distraction of this madding fever !
 O benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruin'd § love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuked to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time ;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.

* Full.

‡ Convulsed as by a fit.

† Alembics.

§ Thrown down.

O that our night of woe might have remember'd *
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No,—I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;†
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables,‡ are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,§
 Nor need I tallies,|| thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.

* Reminded.

† I. e. crooked.

‡ Blank book.

§ I. e. the blank book given to him by his friend, incapable of containing so much as the *tablet of the brain*.

|| Sticks on which scores, &c. were registered by notches.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds,* knows no art,†
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lover's withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,‡
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.

* Materials of an inferior character; such as *seconds flour*.

† Is free from adulteration by any process of art.

‡ Decay.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus, is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,*
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem
 At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem : †
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, ‡ music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear counfounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, § that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 To be so tickled they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight ;
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :

* All the remaining sonnets are addressed to a female.

† I. e. those who are not born fair acquire an artificial beauty, dishonouring nature by their false pretensions.

‡ Thou who art music to me.

§ Jacks were the keys of the *virginal*, or piano of the period.

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream :
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;
 And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck,* do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,

* One close after another.

As those two mourning* eyes become thy face :
 O let it then as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear Beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
 Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will ;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute,† of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,‡
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?

* *I. e.* black.

† Bond.

‡ A play upon his own name.

The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check* thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love, my lovesuit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee, hold
 That nothing-me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name*thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,†
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears‡ that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.

* Reprimand.

† A plot severed from common ground, for the benefit of a particular proprietor.

‡ This sonnet is also found (with some variations) in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, a collection of verses printed as Shakspeare's in 1599. It there stands thus:—

“When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
 O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told.
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so; *
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know):
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although *I know my years be past the best,*
 I *smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,
Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.
 But wherefore says *my love that she is young?*
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is a *soothing tongue,*
 And age in love loves not to have years told.
 Therefore I'll lie with *love,* and *love* with me,
 Since *that our faults in love thus smother'd be."*

* To tell me, thou dost love me.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view, is pleased to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But* my five wits, nor my five senses† can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIH.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing‡ her poor infant's discontent;
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray, that thou mayst have thy Will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

* (Neither).

† "The wits," Dr. Johnson observes, "seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. Wit in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power." From Stephen Hawes' poem called *Graunde Amour* and *La Bell Pucel*, 1554, ch. 24, it appears that the five wits were "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory."

‡ Not regarding.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest* me still;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both to me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 The truth shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 Breathed forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was used in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying *not you*.†

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Starved by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

* Tempt.

† *I. e.* the words *I hate* she divested of their effect upon me by adding—
not you.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,*
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight?
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures† falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?‡
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself all-tyrant,§ for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

* Experience.

† Estimates.

‡ I. e. take part.

§ I. e. entire tyrant.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise* of skill,
 That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,†
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

* Pledge, proof.

† Misdoing.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

[The *Passionate Pilgrim* was first published by W. Jaggard in duodecimo, 1599, with our author's name. That volume contains several poems which, having been since identified as the production of other writers, have been omitted from the present edition of Shakspeare's works.]

I.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,*
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah fool too froward!

* Several of these sonnets seem to have been essays of the author when he first conceived the idea of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of that poem was adjusted.

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
 Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
 thunder,
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook, where Adon used to cool his spleen.
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
 He spying her, bounced in, whereas* he stood;
 "Oh Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A little pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
 Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
 She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth;
 She burnt out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;

* Where.

She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,*
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore:"
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VIII.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

* The line preceding this is lost.

Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young:
 Age, I do defy thee;*
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

IX.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

X.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
 And daft me† to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 " Farewell," quoth she, " and come again to-morrow;"
 Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:‡
 May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 May be, again to make me wander thither:
 Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XI.

Lord, how mine eyes throw grazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch;§ the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
 For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
 And drives away dark, dismal-dreaming night:
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;||
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
 Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
 For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

* Refuse, reject.

† Put me off.

‡ Will not say which.

§ Perhaps the poet, wishing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to hasten through their nocturnal duty.

|| The night so dispatched, I hasten to my pretty one.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
 But now are minutes added to the hours;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;*
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
 Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,†
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
 Alas she could not help it!
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
 For now my song is ended.

XIII.

On a day (alack the day!‡)
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air,
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath:
 "Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love."

* *I. e.* month.

† This and the five following sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to music. Mr. Oldys, in one of his MSS., says they were set by John and Thomas Morley.

‡ This sonnet is likewise found in a collection of verses entitled *Englund's Helicon*, printed in 1600; it is there called *The Passionate Sheepheard's Song*, and our author's name is affixed to it. It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. iii.

XIV.

My flocks feed not,*
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,

All is amiss :

Love's denying,†

Faith's defying,

Heart's renying,‡

Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,

All my lady's love is lost, God wot :

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,

There a nay is placed without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my loss ;

O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !

For now I see,

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,

All fears scorn I,

Love hath forlorn me,§

Living in thrall :

Heart is bleeding,

All help needing

(O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,||

My wethers' bell rings doleful knell ;

My curtail dog¶ that wont to have play'd,

Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;

My sighs so deep,

Procure** to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,††

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,

Sweet birds sing not,

Green plants bring not

Forth ; they die :

Herds stand weeping,

Flocks all sleeping

Nymphs back creeping

Fearfully.

* This sonnet is also found in *England's Helicon*, 1600. It is there entitled *The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint* ; and subscribed *Ignoto*. It is likewise printed in a collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, 4to., 1597. † Denial. ‡ The French *renier*. § Deserted.

|| *I. e.* in no degree, more or less.

¶ *I. e.* a dog which, not paying tax as a game dog, had its tail cut off.

** *I. e.* make the dog.

†† Ground that is exhausted.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XV.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy, partial tike :
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,*
 Lest she some subtle practice smell
 (A cripple soon can find a halt):
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
 Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
 Where thy desert may merit praise,
 By ringing always in her ear :
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
 And in thy suit be humble, true ;
 Unless thy lady prove unjust,
 Seek never thou to choose anew :
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
 And then too late she will repent,
 That she dissembled her delight ;
 And twice desire, ere it be day
 That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban† and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say :
 " Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith you had not had it then."

* With studied or polished language.

† Curse.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know,
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint :
There is no heaven ; they holy then
Begin when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,
For if my lady hear my song ;
She will not stick to wring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.



SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

I.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,*
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

II.

LET the bird of loudest lay,†
On the sole Arabian tree,†
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

* This little poem is not printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, probably because it was not written so early as 1599. The first stanza of it is introduced in *Measure for Measure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the second stanza was also written by Shakspeare cannot now be ascertained. All the songs, however, introduced in our author's plays, appear to have been his own composition; and the present contains an expression ("Seals of love, but seal'd in vain") of which he seems to have been peculiarly fond.

† In 1601, a book was published entitled "Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint, Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano, by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies; being the first Essay of a new British Poet: collected out of diverse authentical Records. To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their severall Workes; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phoenix and Turtle." Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our author's name.

‡ "Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is *one tree*, the *phœnix*' throne; one *phœnix*
At this hour reigning there."—*Tempest*.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,*
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,†
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,‡
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.§

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right ||
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appell'd,
That the self was not the same; ¶
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

* The screech-owl.

† For *can*; i. e. knows, understands tune, real music.

‡ I suppose this expression means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it gives to them as its parent, and by *that* which it takes from other animals, i. e. by first producing its young from itself, and then providing for their support by depredation.

§ I. e. So extraordinary a phenomenon as *hearts remote, yet not asunder*, &c., would have excited astonishment anywhere else *except in these two birds*.

|| I. e. the turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him, in the phoenix.

¶ I. e. this communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that presides over *property*. Finding that *the self was not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual; that all things would become common.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together ;
 To themselves yet either-neither,
 Simple were so well compounded ;
 That it cried, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one !
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.*
 Whereupon it made this threne†
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love ;
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclosed in cinders lie.
 Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,
 Leaving no posterity :—
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.
 Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
 Truth and beauty buried be.
 To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair ;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

III.

PEDLAR'S SONG.‡

FROM the far Lavinian shore,
 I your markets come to store ;
 Muse not, though so far I dwell,
 And my wares come here to sell ;

* Love is reasonable, and reason has no reason, *if two that are dis-united* from each other, can yet remain together and undivided.

† This funeral song.

‡ " These verses, which would form a very appropriate song for Autolycus, were arranged as a glee for three voices, by Dr. Wilson, about the year 1667. They are published in Playford's *Musical Companion* in 1673 ; in Warren's *Collection of Glees and Catches*, and in S. Webbe's *Convito Harmonico*. The words were, I believe, first ascribed to Shakspeare by Clark, in 1824, in his *Words of Glees, Madrigals, &c.* ; but he has not given his authority for so doing. It is stated, however, that they have since

Such is the sacred hunger for gold.

Then come to my pack,

While I cry

“What d’ye lack,

What d’ye buy?

For here it is to be sold.”

I have beauty, honour, grace,

Fortune, favour, time, and place,

And what else thou wouldst request,

Even the thing thou likest best;

First let me have but a touch of your gold.

Then come to me, lad,

Thou shalt have

What thy dad

Never gave;

For here it is sold.

Madam, come, see what you lack,

I’ve complexions in my pack;

White and red you may have in this place,

To hide your old and wrinkled face.

First let me have but a touch of your gold,

Then you shall seem

Like a girl of fifteen,

Although you be threescore and ten years old.

been discovered in a common-place book, written about Shakspeare’s time, with his name attached to them, and with this indirect evidence in favour of their being written by him, that the other pieces in the collection are attributed to their proper writers, Mr. Dance was induced to consider the song to have been written by Shakspeare.”—*Notes and Queries*, Nov. 10, 1849.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

—◆—

[This poem was first printed in 1609, with our author's name,
at the end of the 4to. edition of his *Sonnets*.]

—◆—

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded*
A plaintful story from a sisting vane,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tuned tale:
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.†

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin‡ to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,§
Laundring|| the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,¶
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,**
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted†† their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,‡‡
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in their threaten fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

* Re-echoed.

† *I. e.* sighs and tears.

‡ Handkerchief.

§ Fanciful images.

|| Washing.

¶ Made into round tears.

** The allusion is to a piece of ordnance.

†† Turned from their former direction.

‡‡ Her straw hat.

A thousand favours from a maund* she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules† had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood,
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed and seal'd to curious secrecy.‡

These often bathed she in her fluxive§ eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"
This said, in top of *age*, the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle|| knew,
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew;¶
Towards this afflicted fancy** fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,††
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

* A hand-basket.

† Rolls of paper.

‡ If the reader will consult the *Royal Letters, &c.*, in the British Museum, he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were *ravelled* and placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely.

§ Flowing.

|| Bustle.

¶ *I. e.* though engaged in the bustle of the court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without observation.

** This afflicted *love-sick* lady.

His staff, on which the *grain* of the wood was visible.

" But woe is me ! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodged, and newly deified.

" His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :*
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.†

" Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
 His phoenix down‡ began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless§ skin,
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear ;
 Yet show'd his visage, by that cost, most dear ;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

" His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden tongued he was, and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
 His rudeness so with his authorized youth,
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

" Well could he ride, and often men would say,
*' That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
 makes !'*"

And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manege by the well-doing steed.

" But quickly on his side the verdict went ;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
 All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
 Came for additions ; yet their purposed trim
 Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

* *I. e.* things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them.

† *I. e.* seen.

‡ I suppose she means *matchless, rare* down.

§ Indescribable.

" So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

" * That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted :
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire have granted ;
 And dialogued for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

" Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
 Like fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe† them :

" So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart,
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple (not in part),
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

" Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded ;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded :
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

" But ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent
 The destined ill she must herself assay ?
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-past perils in her way ?
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

" Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof,
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weep, and cry *it is thy last*.

* (So).

† Own.

" For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
 And knew the patterns* of his foul beguiling ;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
 Thought characters, and words merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

" And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me : ' Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid :
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

" ' All my offences that abroad you see,
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind :
 Love made them not ; with acture† they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

" ' Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,‡
 Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" ' Look here, what tributes wounded fancies§ sent me,
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of grief and blushes aptly understood
 In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood ;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" ' And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,||
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
 I have received from many a several fair
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd),
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

* Examples.

† *Acture* is probably synonymous with *action*.

‡ Sorrow.

§ Love.

|| *Lockets* set in gold.

“ ‘ The diamond ; why ’twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invised* properties did tend ;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold ; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon’d, smiled or made some moan.

“ ‘ Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender :
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

“ ‘ O then advance of yours that phraseless† hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy‡ scale of praise ;
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow’d with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
 What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you ; and to your audit comes
 Their distract§ parcels in combined sums.

“ ‘ Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,
 A sister sanctified of holiest note ;
 Which late her noble suit|| in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings¶ made the blossoms dote ;
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,**
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

“ ‘ But O, my sweet, what labour is’t to leave
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives ?
 Paling the place which did no *form* receive,††
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves :
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“ ‘ O pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
 The accident which brought me to her eye,
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly :
 Religious love put out religion’s eye :
 Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

* Invisible.

† Indescribable.

‡ Verbal.

§ Separate.

|| Train of suitors.

¶ Whose so rare *acquisitions* made the flower of the young nobility passionately enamoured.

** By nobles of rich quarterings.

†† Fencing in the place which of itself received no impression.

" 'How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

" 'My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*
Who disciplined and dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

" 'When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?
Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

" 'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

" This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face ; †
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
O how the channel to the stream gave grace !
Who, glazed with crystal, gate ‡ the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

" O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear ?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! § cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath !

* *I. e. the brightest luminary of the cloister.*

† The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a *rest*.

‡ *I. e. got.*

§ O divided and discordant effect !

" For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
 Even there resolved my reason into tears ;
 There my white stole of chastity I daft,*
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil† fears ;
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
 Applied to cautions,‡ all strange forms receives,
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
 In either's aptness as it best deceives,
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows ;

" That not a heart which in his level § came,
 Could scape the ill of his all-hurting aim,
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
 And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim :
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
 When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,||
 He preach'd pure maid,¶ and praised cold chastity.

" Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
 That the unexperienced gave the tempter place,
 Which, like a cherubim, above them hover'd.
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
 Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
 What I should do again for such a sake.

" O, that infected moisture of his eye,
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
 O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
 O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,**
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconciled maid !"

* *I. e.* put off,—*did off*.

‡ *I. e.* to insidious purposes.

|| *I. e.* lasciviousness.

** *I. e.* Seeming his own, owned by him.

† Grave, decorous.

§ *I. e.* within his scope.

¶ *I. e.* pure virginity.

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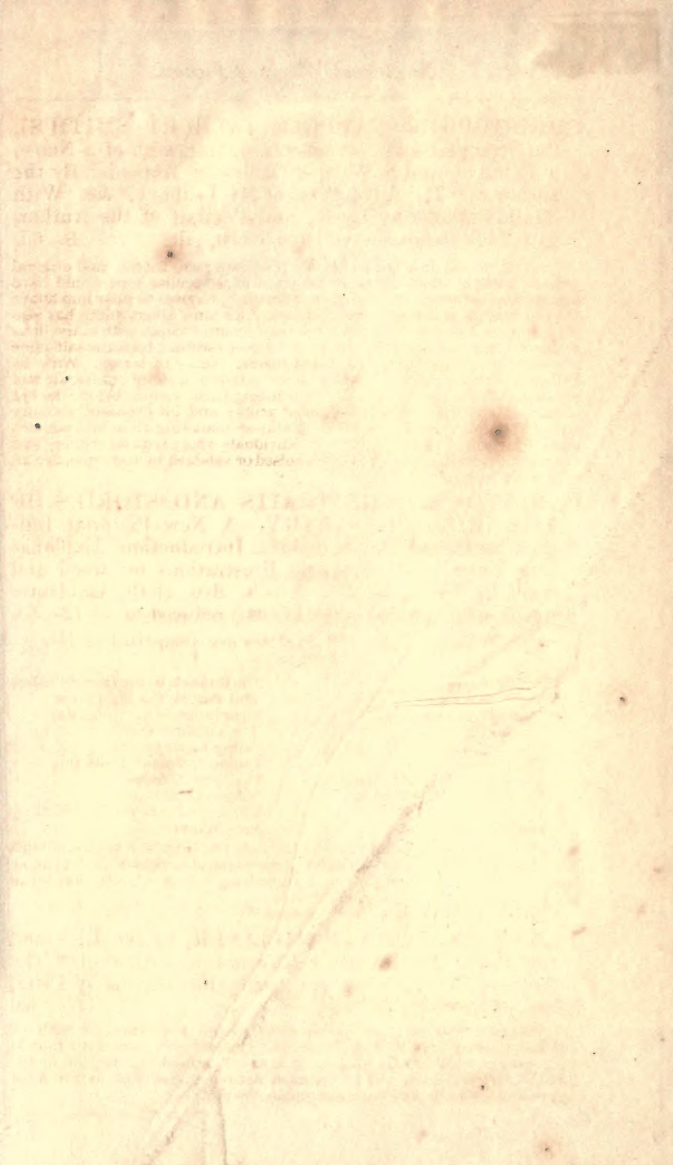
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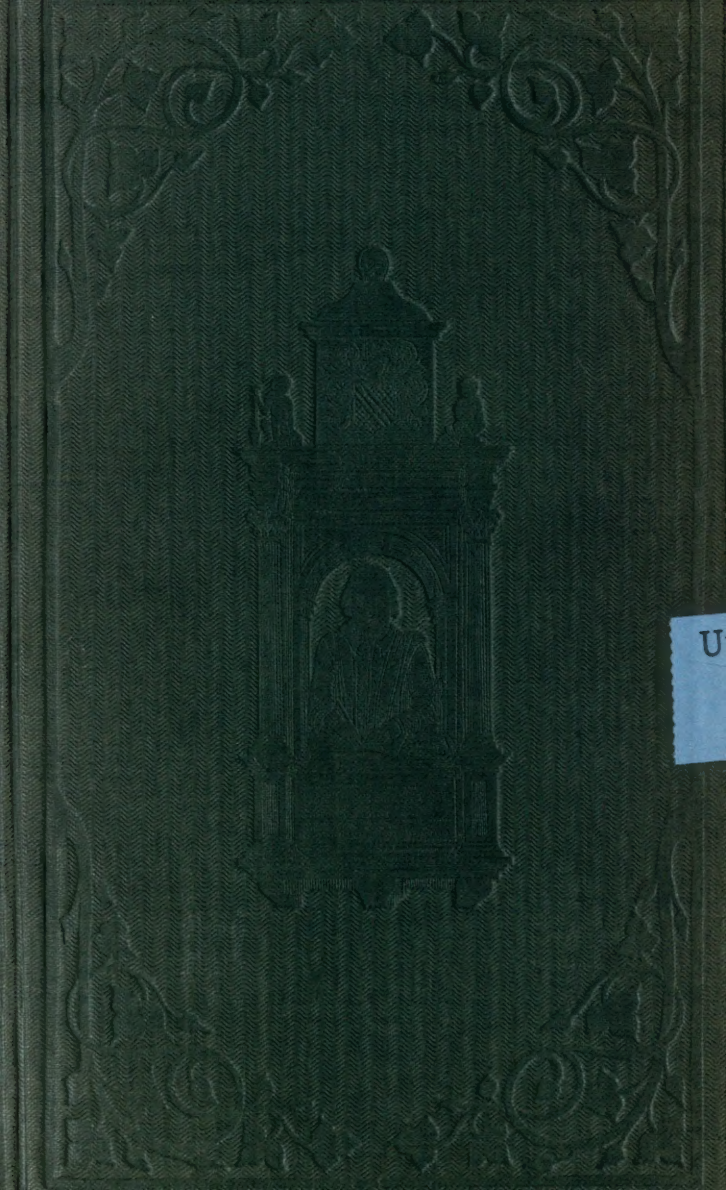


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